



PURSUIT OF THE TRUTH

BOOK 05

Er Gen

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Pursuit of the Truth

(求魔)

by

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Synopsis

Three thousand years of bowing down to the Demon Lord,
I would rather be a mortal than a celestial being when looking
back,
but for her I will...
become one who controls life and death!

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Chapter 401: Execute Heavenly Punishment!

When Su Ming spoke, the eyeball grew larger, continuing to move forward, and swiftly became the size of a fist. Red capillaries spread all over its surface, and the Eight Trigrams appeared faintly on it. Due to its unique appearance, the eyeball gave off a strange and savage presence.

The instant Su Ming flung that eyeball forward, a faint glint appeared in Di Tian's eyes, but he did not stop even for a moment. He simply continued with his actions, as if there was no one and no power in the world that could make him stop even for a single moment if he wanted to continue advancing forward.

Even the ancient art of Hidden Dragon Sect could not do so!

Besides, even if the ancient Art had a great reputation for its power, the old man from Hidden Dragon Sect had only been able to cast a shred of that Art. Even if the red-haired Su Ming could push it slightly closer to perfection, it still could not compare to the true form of the ancient Art. Yet even so, since it was an ancient Art, it was of an incredibly high level among all the divine abilities and Arts. The power it contained was enough to destroy the sky and earth.

Once that eyeball swelled up, the Eight Trigrams within flashed, and a dark power shot out from inside. At the same time that power spread out, the originally bright sky suddenly darkened. Mumbling sounds could be heard echoing in the air, causing people to be unable to hear what was being said clearly.

The sounds grew louder and the number of voices increased. Eventually, they reached a volume so shocking it could shake the sky and earth, deafening the ears. It was as if there was an endless amount of invisible people in the area mumbling at the same time. Right then, the Eight Trigrams in the eyeball started turning slowly, increasing in speed, and in the blink of an eye, the eyeball

could no longer be seen clearly.

With his ever calm face, Di Tian walked over, as if he was completely unconcerned by the strangeness of the eyeball and the endless mumbling voices around him. He merely formed a seal with his right hand, and as he moved forward, he pointed at that eyeball with it.

"I am the heavens. All manner of living exists beneath the sky. Under my rule, all the living are given different souls. If I am unwilling, I can retrieve those souls... Heavenly Deprivation of Souls."

The moment Di Tian calmly said those words, without a shred of emotion, he pointed at the eyeball in the air with his right index finger.

The instant he did so, the turning of the Eight Trigrams in the eyeball started slowing down, and the mumbling voices around them that had just reached a certain volume instantly showed signs of weakening, becoming much softer.

By the looks of it, it would only take the span of a few breaths before they would completely disappear!

Su Ming's expression immediately darkened. He was once again shocked by Di Tian's power. As his expression changed, he instantly bit his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of blood, then let out a low shout.

"Hidden, Shatter!"

"Execution of Justice, Explode!"

The instant Su Ming's words were spoken, the blood capillaries in the eyeball shone with a red glare and a large amount of light spread through the eyeball. It exploded abruptly, and the swirling Eight Trigrams within broke away. Once they absorbed the force of the eyeball's explosion, the Eight Trigrams continued swirling. They then charged towards Di Tian with a howl.

At the same time, the volume of the mumbling voices around the area increased exponentially. All of them rushed towards Di Tian, causing a large amount of ripples and distortions to appear around him.

Su Ming knew that it was difficult for this Art to have a great effect on Di Tian. However, it should be able to hold him back for several breaths. Su Ming did not bother looking at the outcome of the ancient Art.

He swiftly moved back, and as he did so, he started forming seals with his hands. His red hair shone with an enchanting glow, and the crimson hue in his eyes was even more brilliant. In fact, his entire body, including his skin, was shining with such a bright shade of red that it seemed to illuminate the sky.

That shade of red was like blood, and it was a terrifying sight to behold.

‘I don’t believe that I can’t even kill your projection!’ A ferocious expression appeared on Su Ming’s face. As he formed seals, he turned around abruptly, transforming into a red whirlwind. Howling sounds reverberated in the air, and a large amount of bloody spots immediately appeared on Su Ming’s skin.

Once those blood spots appeared, a large amount of fresh blood seeped out of his skin, and right at the moment that blood appeared, it was immediately sucked into the whirlwind. After several breaths, a layer of blood fog filled the entire area outside the red whirlwind!

It was Su Ming’s blood.

"Blood Art!" Su Ming’s voice came from within the whirlwind. At that moment, his face was pale. Most of his blood had been forced out of his body to cast the forbidden divine ability that he could only cast when he was at the peak of his condition!

The moment Su Ming spoke up, the whirlwind, inside of which

he was in, came to an abrupt halt, and once the whirlwind froze for an instant, the blood fog used the whirlwind's turning force to spread out. It covered the entire sky, dyeing it instantly red. At the same time, Su Ming stomped downwards with his right foot and threw himself higher, disappearing into the blood fog.

"Purge the Heavens!"

When Su Ming disappeared into the sky, it was as if the sky roared. The instant muffled buzzing sounds spread out, the blood fog started multiplying swiftly. It only took an instant for the fog to increase so much that it turned into a wave of blood.

With the sky as the sea, and with crimson as its color, the entire sky turned into an endless sea of blood. That sea roared and raged in the sky, bringing up a large amount of furious waves. From the distance, this scene was like the apocalypse, and if anyone saw it, their hearts would tremble in disbelief.

From the sea of blood that filled the entire sky, a gigantic face protruded. It covered about half of the sea, and that face belonged to Su Ming!

It was as if the sea of blood was his hair and his body had become so big it could not be measured. He stood in the sky like the might of heaven itself and roared at Di Tian, then, bringing the sea of blood with him, he charged.

At that moment, the distortions and ripples caused by the endless mumbling voices from the Hidden Execution of Justice disappeared around Di Tian, revealing his body within. He lifted his right hand, and on his palm were the Eight Trigrams that had charged towards him while spinning.

Holding the Eight Trigrams in his hand, he lifted his head to look at the sky. He curled his right hand into a fist, and the Eight Trigrams immediately crumbled, turning into an endless amount of fragments that fell and scattered away. They turned into glittering sparks of light that shone for a moment before they

faded away and disappeared.

"With a swing of mine arm, I can submerge the sun and moon. How dare thou art use tainted blood to stain the sky ere me?"

With a calm expression on his face, Di Tian spoke with a dull tone, and as he did so, he swung his arm towards the sky, right in the face of the rapidly incoming sea of blood and Su Ming's bloody figure within.

That one swing immediately caused his Emperor's robe to shine, before fading off a little. Some wrinkles also appeared on his skin, but it would be difficult to notice unless someone looked closely.

However, clearly, while this swing of the arm intending to submerge the sun and moon might seem easy to do, in truth, to Di Tian, this was not an ordinary swing of his arm.

Golden light erupted forth from his body. Following the movements of his swing, the golden light appeared and spread swiftly in the sky above him, seemingly turning into a gigantic golden sea under that sea of blood. There was a colossal amount of power contained within that gigantic golden sea.

If the sea of blood gave others a feeling that the red-haired Su Ming was an evil incarnate, then compared to the strangeness of the sea of blood, if anyone was watching by the side, they would feel that Di Tian was filled with righteousness and justice!

A large amount of waves churned in that golden sea, and as it continued closing in on that sea of blood, its appearance changed into that of a sleeve. It was a golden sleeve formed by the golden sea. It swung at the incoming sea of blood.

Both crashed into each other in an instant. A shocking boom resounded in the sky and spread through a small part of the land of the Shamans, causing the ground to tremble. As the sound spread, all the powerful warriors in the land of the Shamans noticed it, all the powerful warriors in the land of the Berserkers sensed it, and

they were all shaken to the core.

The booming sounds continued to reverberate in the air, and the sea of blood in the sky was destroyed. When that golden sleeve swung at it, it shattered, and once it turned back into the blood fog, it crumbled once again. Eventually, the fragmented blood-fog gathered in midair and turned back into Su Ming.

Blood trickled down the corners of Su Ming's lips. His face was pale, and that fiery red hair of his had also become dull. There were multiple tears on his robes, and once he formed, he was forced back several thousands of feet. He coughed out a huge mouthful of blood, and a crimson glare appeared in his eyes.

'I can't accept this. It's impossible that I can't even fight against a clone of his!'

Su Ming stared at Di Tian, who stood in the distance. The strength of this Di Tian had surpassed what he was in his faded memories. It made him feel bitter, but at the same time, also incredibly disgruntled.

Di Tian's face was still as aloof as ever. He lifted his foot and walked towards Su Ming.

Since the start, he had been like this, taking his time doing everything, like a king walking in his own world. It was as if even if the sky crumbled and the earth shattered, he would not show a hint of emotion. Perhaps there was truly nothing in the world that could affect him in the slightest bit.

"Since thou art unwilling to be sealed, I wilt grant thy wish. I wilt scatter thy soul and separate thy spirit from this body... Thou has't breathed thy last breath far into the past, yet due to mine seal, I allowed thee to escape heaven's punishment. Now, as thou wilt be scattered away, thou must receive heaven's punishment once again.

"I am the heavens, and I shalt bestow unto thee... Heaven's

Punishment!"

Di Tian spoke slowly, and as he walked towards Su Ming, he lifted his right hand and swung it at the sky.

"Thou art not a soul of this land. There is no need for the Berserkers' heavens to execute their punishment unto thee. Times hath changed, and the heavens now belong to the Immortals!" With a swing of Di Tian's arm, a strange change appeared in the sky. It suddenly darkened, and this was not due to the sky being covered up. Instead, the sky which could be seen had turned into night, as if the sun and moon had reversed their positions!

Stars shone in the sky, but those stars grew indistinct, and some of them began moving. In the blink of an eye, a shocking sight appeared in the sky. The stars were enough to make any Shaman or Berserker feel that they were unfamiliar with them when they looked up. This... was no longer the sky belonging to the Berserker Tribe!

The sky caused all the Immortals in the Land of South Morning show expressions of fear and confusion, because this sky belonged to the Immortals!

If the real Su Ming was awake at this moment, he would definitely be able to recognize that the sky was almost the exact same as the illusionary starry sky that appeared above Dark Mountain in the past when his elder had used the flag pole and changed the sky!

Chapter 402: Dragon Veins of Earth!

The sight of Di Tian changing the sky with just a swing of his sleeve fell into the red-haired Su Ming's eyes and great bitterness appeared on his face.

‘So his power has already reached this level..? This is the power equivalent to that of a Lord of World Plane... But even so, I won't give up, so what if he's a Lord of World Plane?!’

The red-haired Su Ming sucked in a deep breath and forced down the bitterness in his heart. A determined look appeared on his face.

He did not bother himself with Di Tian casting his Art. Instead, he took a step towards the ground and landed on the land several tens of thousands away. The earth was soft, and since it lost some of its soul, Su Ming felt as if he was stepping on mud once he landed, and half of his body sank into the soil.

He chose to sit down cross-legged. Placing his hands on the earth beside him, he closed his eyes, and mumbling sounds started falling off his lips.

At that moment, Di Tian was looking at Su Ming's actions coldly. Once he swung his right arm and changed the sky, he pushed against the sky with all five of his fingers.

"The heaven's punishment is divided in [nine levels of Yang and nine levels of Yin](#). With thy sins, thou shalt bear the punishment of six levels of Yang and seven levels of Yin... Death is assured at the third day of the six upon seven days of punishment. The first day is the punishment of the Dragon of Yin..."

As Di Tian spoke, the Wind of Yin instantly stirred up in the sky of the Immortals. That Wind of Yin had physical form and contained a faint, greenish hue. As it gathered in the sky, the greenish hue reflected the light of the stars, turning into a long dragon, and it immediately started pacing about in the sky while

letting out low, ferocious growls.

Once a Dragon of Yin appeared, a large amount of Wind of Yin gathered together, and gradually, more Dragons of Yin appeared in succession, as the greenish hue of the wind reflected the light of the stars. Eventually, there were nine Dragons of Yin and they started roaring at the ground from the sky. Their voices boomed, and a destructive presence spread out from their bodies to travel in all directions.

If anyone took a closer look, they would be able to tell that the Wind of Yin that formed the bodies of these nine Dragons of Yin were made of numerous faces. These faces looked as if they were imprinted onto the bodies of the Dragons of Yin. The protruding parts of their bodies were made of struggling hands and feet. Pain could be seen on the faces, and those wailing voices grouped together to form the Dragons' of Yin roars.

Su Ming sat on the ground with a pale face. There were still specks of blood left at the corners of his mouth. As he continued mumbling, gradually, the ground lost its soft texture. An indistinct presence started seeping out of it.

"Earth of this world, I can feel your damage and your grudge. I can feel the ties between you disappearing and fading away once your body was severed... I need to borrow your power... Please, lend to me the power of the dragon veins belonging to you..."

Su Ming's voice reverberated in the air. The presence around him from the ground increased. If anyone looked from the sky, they would find that the ground where Su Ming was had turned into a foggy swamp.

However, compared to the entire Land of South Morning, the earthen aura contained within the small swamp of fog was simply insignificant.

Di Tian started forming seals with his right hand and pointed towards the sky once again.

"The second punishment out of the six upon seven days of punishment is the Illusionary Pus."

Di Tian's voice was calm. When his words traveled out, rumbling sounds immediately rang out in the sky of the Immortals, and gigantic bumps slowly formed in the sky in a descending manner. The insides of each and every one of the boils was murky, and a foul stench spread out, as if these bumps were filled with the most unclean things contained in the world.

This scene would make a person's skin crawl. The entire sky seemed to have turned into a toad's skin. At the same time this happened, a dark light began shining from within. If anyone took a closer look, they would find that these bumps numbered to sixty-seven!

Su Ming's face grew increasingly paler. He opened his eyes, and while the earthen aura he borrowed from around him seemed like quite a lot, in truth, it was not enough. Bitterness appeared on his face.

"Earth of this world, with my name, I call upon you. Earthen aura, turn into a dragon! You have turned into a vein of the earth through ages of nurturing. I need your help. Awaken, dragon veins of the earth! Awaken, power of the earth!

"Upon my name, wake up!"

Veins popped up on Su Ming's hands, which were pressed against the earth. They held onto the ground with a death grip, and instantly, layers upon layers of fog seeped out from around him. As it spread, it came from the earth of a circular area of ten lis, one hundred, one thousand, then ten thousand. Once it began, it turned into a sea of fog that covered ten thousand lis, and that area was still spreading outwards.

However, Su Ming still looked bitter. The earthen aura he borrowed might be plentiful and the area was still spreading outwards, but both were all in fragments. Even if that earthen aura

could gain the form of a dragon under his divine ability, it would just be an illusion, just like the earthen aura he summoned a few days prior. It was enough for him to deal with normal people, but using it to attack Di Tian was like striking a stone with an egg.

He would only have a chance of fighting against Di Tian if he awakened all the dragon veins in the Land of South Morning, or else, all those thoughts of defeating Di Tian would remain a dream.

"The third punishment out of the six upon seven days of punishment is the Birth of Spirits!" Di Tian's voice echoed in the sky, and his words were filled with might, along with calmness. It was as if he was not bothered that the red-haired Su Ming might try to escape. Perhaps more accurately speaking, he believed he could control everything in the world where he was at the moment.

When he spoke, the murky insides of the sixty-seven protruding boils suddenly shone with a brilliant dark light, and cicada like creatures appeared inside. These creatures may look like cicadas, but they were entirely black. Their appearances were savage, and once they appeared, they started knocking against the bumps from within. Screeches could also be heard from inside.

There was only one of these creatures in each of the boils, and there were sixty-seven of them!

At that moment, Su Ming was staring at the strange sight in the sky from his seated position. The fog around the circular area of one hundred thousand li may already be so thick that it looked like a sea and was giving off a shocking presence, but Su Ming knew that this was absolutely not enough.

"Upon my name, Su Ming, awaken, dragon veins of earth!" With his hands holding onto the ground in a death grip, the red-haired Su Ming let out a low growl.

The instant he growled, the dragon veins of earth that he could not awaken even after so long started responding to him!

The earth of the entire Land of South Morning started trembling lightly at that instant. Those tremors affected the entire area of the continent, and there were four spots that shook especially violently.

South Morning contained four and a half dragon veins. Besides that incomplete dragon vein located to the edge of the land to the east, two of the four dragon veins were in the land of the Shamans, while the remaining two were in the land of the Berserkers.

At that moment, the dragon vein that was responding to Su Ming was one located in an area about several tens of thousands of li away from where he was. It was a dragon vein located in the land of the Shamans. It was not a mountain range... but a long river!

That long river was the now dried up, located not too far away from Su Ming. That part of the river was just a section of its enormous body. In truth, it was heinously difficult for the river to completely dry up. Before long, it would automatically recover.

It was so long that it practically cut through the entire land of the Shamans. As Su Ming spoke, the dragon vein that was the long river responded to him, and at the same time, a large amount of earthen aura instantly shot out from within it, charging towards where Su Ming was.

If anyone looked from the sky, they would find that the earthen aura around Su Ming had become much thicker, especially after the earthen aura from the dragon vein that was the river fused with the rest. It made the area around Su Ming seem as if an azure dragon made of earthen aura had established itself there!

"Thou shalt now receive the six upon seven days of punishment!" Di Tian stared at Su Ming coldly from the sky and lifted his right hand to point at him sitting on the ground.

The nine Dragons of Yin immediately started roaring in the sky and charged towards downwards. The nine Dragons of Yin roared ferociously and the endless faces on their bodies continued

wailing, causing the sky to filled with a ghastly air. Even the stars became indistinct.

As they closed in, Su Ming lifted his head and raised his hands from the ground to form seals. He placed his left hand on his right hand, then pointed at the incoming nine Dragons of Yin with one finger.

"Dragon Veins of Earth, Dragon of Earthen Aura, destroy the skies with earth!"

A large amount of blood flowed out from Su Ming's mouth. At the same time, the azure dragon made of earthen aura lying around him lifted its head and let out a howl towards the sky. It did not move its entire body, only lifted its head to charge towards the nine Dragons of Yin.

Compared to the azure dragon, the nine Dragons of Yin could not even be called dragons. They could only be considered as snakes. Both sides collided with each other in midair within an instant. Rumbling sounds exploded from the spot, and they started rapidly spreading outwards, stirring up a large amount of ripples and force, causing cracks that looked like fish scales to appear in the sky, and those cracks continued spreading.

Once the nine Dragons of Yin crashed into the Dragon of Earthen Aura, they started disappearing, turning into nine green threads that charged into the body of the Dragon of Earthen Aura. As they swam in its body, it caused the Dragon of Earthen Aura to let out a pained howl.

A large amount of earthen aura from several hundreds of thousands of li around Su Ming surged towards him, and eventually, it forced the nine threads to disappear into his body.

Yet at that moment, Su Ming's entire body shuddered violently and he coughed out a huge mouthful of blood. Nine threads appeared on his body, and those nine threads swam under his skin, plunging him into an indescribable pain. Cold sweat broke out on

his entire body. That sort of pain that drilled itself into the heart was one that could make the minds of powerful warriors crumble. However, Su Ming only laughed in the face of that pain.

It was not a chuckle. He threw his head up and laughed.

"This pain is nothing! Di Tian, what else can you do? Just bring it all out!"

Su Ming's face was stark white. As he laughed, the pain in his body became even more violent. The nine threads had already disappeared from his skin and had crawled into his body.

Su Ming decided at that point that he would not endure that pain and simply let it spread through his entire body. He struggled to lift both his hands up and pointed at Di Tian. Immediately, the Dragon of Earthen Aura around him let out a roar and charged upwards.

Di Tian's expression remained as aloof as ever. He stood there and did not move even the slightest bit to dodge the dragon. However, before the Dragon of Earthen Aura managed to close in on him, the sixty-seven protruding bumps in the sky burst open simultaneously, and when they did so, a large amount of liquid fell like rain from the sky.

A foul stench filled the entire world, and as the tainted rainwater fell down, the Dragon of Earthen Aura was drenched. It shuddered and let out a shrill scream of pain. Its body shrank continuously, and the earthen aura around Su Ming also started rapidly shrinking.

The original RAW version for this, translated word by word and literally, mean Heaven Punishment Nine Nine (天罚九九). Heaven punishment is easy, but the problem comes with nine nine, which has a lot of meanings.

It can mean $9 \times 9 = 81$.

It can also mean the 81st day of the winter solstice.

It can also mean absolute, since 9 is the peak of a singular number.

It can also mean the Double Ninth Festival.

It can also mean 阳九 and 阴九之灾, which is literally Yang Nine and Nine Yin disasters. So when put together with the context of this novel and how it was used, I thought that this was the closest possible answer. Hence, Nine levels of Yang and nine levels of Yin. It is written as "閔九九,伤牛山,宿心载违徒昔言" which is "The nine upon nine disasters of sorrows harm the mountains, and it will cause us to go against our own words." in 顺东西门行 (Shun Dong's journey to the west, not official translation of the book, mind you. Couldn't find it.) among one of the three books this thing is written in.

Now look at the first phrase "The nine upon nine disasters of sorrows", this one comes with a footnote, which is "閔九九谓閔阳九阴九之灾也", and it is "The nine upon nine sorrows means the nine sorrowful disasters of Yang and the nine sorrowful disasters of Yin." From what I can understand, it means that when the world is about to end, there will be nine disasters coming from both sides of Yin and Yang, most likely because balance is lost, and positive and negative energy is going haywire, and then when all these disasters are over, the world ends.

Chapter 403: I will not be an Immortal!

At the same time Su Ming went through the pain of the threads crawling into his heart, bumps appeared on various spots of his body.

These bumps were almost the exact same as the bumps that had previously exploded in the sky, causing him to no longer look like a human.

The pain made Su Ming's laughter grow louder. His body shot into the air with one leap, and as the Dragon of Earthen Aura continuously shrank, he started forming seals with his hands. Once he entered the head of the dragon, he brought the Dragon of Earthen Aura with him while charging towards the sky belonging to the Immortals.

As the sixty-seven bumps exploded in the sky, the sixty-seven black cicada like insects with wings growing from their backs charged out!

As these strange insects screeched, they charged towards the Dragon of Earthen Aura. They all crashed into each other in the sky once again. Booming sounds echoed in the air once more. The Dragon of Earthen Aura had already completely flown off the ground and did not care about those insects crawling into its body, neither did Su Ming care about the intense pain in his body. With the Dragon of Earthen Aura, he charged towards the sky belonging to the Immortals.

"Di Tian, if you can bring down heavenly punishment, then I would rather destroy heaven itself and destroy my blood as an Immortal forever. I will no longer be an Immortal!"

As the red-haired Su Ming howled in fury, he crashed into that sky along with the Dragon of Earthen Aura. Booming sounds reverberated through the air. Ripples, waves, and cracks started appearing in the sky!

Yet similarly, that Dragon of Earthen Aura started shattering inch by inch. Once it rammed its entire body into the sky, it crumbled and started dissipating. Su Ming coughed out a huge mouthful of blood. There was not a spot on his body that did not hurt. His entire body was covered by a large amount of bugs, and the aura of death started coming off his body.

As for the sky belonging to the Immortals, it only suffered a ring of cracks, and those cracks were rapidly recovering right as he watched.

"Thine appearance was a mere incident. It is finished. Thy soul shalt disappear under the punishment of six upon seven days. All shalt return to its original state."

"Finished? Not just yet!"

Right after Di Tian said those words, the red-haired Su Ming called out with a strange voice. He spoke that despite having his entire body torn apart by the swarm of black insects, despite having the boils bursting apart on him, despite having the nine threads shredding his organs, and despite having a dense layer of aura of death emanating from his body.

"I remember now. I am not Su Ming... I am Hong Luo! I am the Progenitor Hong Luo!"

Su Ming's eyes were originally closed, but at that moment, he opened them, and there was a brilliant light shining within them. Right at the instant before his soul disappeared, his originally faded memories suddenly cleared up as he was pushed towards his death.

He remembered his identity! He remembered his own name!

"I am the Progenitor Hong Luo, I am the son of the Emperor of Immortals. Aren't I right, my beloved senior brother, Di Tian?!" Su Ming's eyes sparkled, and his body trembled. Immediately, his divine sense shot out and pushed all those insects ten feet

backwards, but they were not injured. Those insects rushed towards him once again.

"I remember now. You were wary in the past, that's why you didn't dare kill me but sealed me in Destiny's body! I remember now! Destiny... Haha! Is this body Destiny's body?"

"I remember now. This is the land of the Berserkers. This is the home world of the first God of Berserkers... Once the first God of Berserkers passed away, you invaded this place with the others to execute the plan to kill the second God of Berserkers. When you came back, you brought with you a pair of babies. One of them was dead and the other alive. The one alive must be in whom my soul is residing at this moment!"

"He must be the baby personally named by my father after he examined it himself!" The red-haired Su Ming spoke with an eerie voice.

Di Tian's expression remained aloof. He did not speak but simply lifted his right hand to point at the red-haired Su Ming. Immediately, the boils on Su Ming's body rotted away, and the insects around him swarmed towards him and crawled into those rotting spots. As they devoured in frenzy, the nine threads in Su Ming's body also pierced through his heart!

The aura of death enveloped the red-haired Su Ming, and a strange smile suddenly appeared at the corners of his lips.

"My dear senior brother, could you perhaps have forgotten about this one Art I have with me..? This is also the reason you couldn't kill me, right..? Because of the Origin ancient Art we have as members of the Immortals' royal family!"

"Enduring Ten Lives!"

The moment the smile appeared on the red-haired Su Ming's lips, all his life force abruptly disappeared and he breathed his last. However, the instant he died, his disappeared life force

immediately reappeared, and this time, his presence became much stronger.

Those black insects that had crawled into his body immediately fell back and exploded outside his body, turning into a large amount of black fog that tumbled backwards. His body started rapidly recovering. The rotting wounds caused by the boils instantly healed. Even the nine threads that had crawled into his body were once again forced under the layer of his skin, and they looked as if they were about to be forced out of his body as well.

"When I say you must die, then you must die, because... there can be no two rulers! " Di Tian's expression still remained unchanged. He said those words unhurriedly, but the moment he spoke them, the recovery of the red-haired Su Ming's life force came to an abrupt halt.

Not only was it forced to a stop, it also started showing signs of reversal. The recovered wounds appeared once again, and the nine threads that had been forced under the skin crawled into Su Ming's body once again. The black insects that had shattered and dissolved into black fog around him appeared out of nowhere, and gathered together to turn into the sixty-seven tiny black insects once again. Then, as if time had went back, they charged towards Su Ming.

"This is the ancient Art that is only inherited by those possessing the blood of the royal family of the Immortals. You actually mastered it..? Looks like my father's fate was grim..." The red-haired Su Ming's face was pale as he spoke bitterly.

"You should not have awakened. It is still long before the seal is to be released. Now, I have restored order, and everything has returned to normal." Di Tian spoke calmly and lifted his right hand, swinging it at the red-haired Su Ming.

Immediately, a gust of wind from emptiness itself appeared before the red-haired Su Ming. The instant it touched his body, he

was surrounded by the aura of death. A large part of his body started decaying. The black insects tore at his flesh, and his organs had already been pierced through by those threads. There was only a hint of his life left, and that hint was also rapidly fading.

As the wind from Di Tian's swing landed on Su Ming's body, a gust of red air immediately spread from Su Ming's eyes, ears, nose, and mouth that turned into an illusory figure behind him. The appearance of that figure was different from Su Ming's. He had a handsome face that gave off a strangely enchanting feeling. That... was the real Hong Luo!

At that moment, his illusionary body was rapidly fading away. As his soul was forced out of Su Ming's body, those insects in Su Ming's body crawled out simultaneously to charge at the soul. The nine threads also flew out and seeped into Hong Luo's disappearing soul. At the same time, the sixty-seven boils manifested on Hong Luo's illusory figure, and they were rapidly bursting apart.

"Am I about to die..? Is this how it feels to die..? But I don't regret it!" A dazed look appeared the illusory figure of Hong Luo's soul before he started laughing loudly.

As the soul was separated from Su Ming's body, the wind that was blowing against him surged inside in an overbearing manner, causing the injuries suffered by his organs to instantly recover. The rot on his body also disappeared immediately, causing him to return to the exact same manner before he was injured. The power within his body also started clearing away all of Hong Luo's power, the power which had made him become powerful so swiftly.

All of this was happening just as Di Tian had said. He wanted to restore order. He wanted to return everything back to the state before this accident happened, forcing everything to act according to his will. He would not allow anymore accidents to happen!

Yet right at the instant Di Tian's power started restoring things to thier original state in Su Ming's body, Hong Luo, in his daze as

he continued disappearing, seemed to have seen something, and a blank look immediately appeared on his face. A glint suddenly shone in his eyes, and he immediately turned his eyes to look towards Su Ming, who had his eyes tightly shut.

"Destiny... Destiny... I understand now, Di Tian, I understand now! So this is your plan! If that's the case, before I die, I will help him!" Hong Luo suddenly laughed loudly. A strange light appeared in his eyes, and the instant his body disappeared, the illusory figure of his soul suddenly erupted in flames.

"The ancient legacy of the blood kin of Immortals - Path to Life!"

As Hong Luo laughed, the illusory figure of his soul continued burning. At that moment, only his head was left, and two rays of dark light shone in his eyes before they flew out and landed on Su Ming's body.

All of this happened too quickly, and for the first time, Di Tian's expression changed. He lifted his right hand and pointed forward. The instant those two rays of dark light closed in on Su Ming, they immediately shattered into dark sparks before scattering away.

Yet at that moment, those scattered dark sparks gathered up together once again, and with a speed Di Tian could not stop, they shot into the center of Su Ming's brows.

Instantly, the energy of the dark sparks erupted in Su Ming's body with a bang, crashing against Di Tian's force that was clearing up the power within him. Those two waves of force clashed against each other in his body, causing blood to trickle out of the unconscious Su Ming's mouth and his body to pummel down the ground. Right then, even Di Tian did not notice that under the guidance of the dark light left behind by Hong Luo, Su Ming was plummeting towards the mountain in the land of the Shamans underneath, right at the octagonal altar at its top, and straight towards the stone coffin at the center of the altar.

At that moment, even as the illusionary figure of Hong Luo's soul

burned and gradually disappeared midair, his laughter and his voice continued echoing endlessly in the world.

"I have practiced Daoism for thirty thousand years... Now I shall turn back and become a mortal, I will not be an Immortal!" Hong Luo's ancient voice gradually faded away, but his words echoed in Di Tian's ears, and they also echoed... in Su Ming's soul!

Su Ming's body landed on the coffin at the center of the octagonal peak of the tower with a crash. Blood flowed out of the corners of his mouth and fell on the coffin.

With an expressionless face, Di Tian turned around and walked towards the peak of the mountain on the ground, or more precisely, towards Su Ming lying at the cover of the coffin at the center of the octagonal altar.

His Emperor's robe had already become dull. Even his crown had lost its golden glow. A large amount of wrinkles had appeared on his face. At that moment, he no longer looked as if he was a middle-aged man. Clearly, the fight against Hong Luo was not as easy as he had made it seem.

"All is over."

Di Tian landed on the octagonal altar, but the instant he got closer to Su Ming, for the first time, his expression drastically changed!

Because he saw a pair of eyes!

Su Ming had opened his eyes!

Chapter 404: Big Brother

The sky was blue and there were white clouds floating past. The sight was gorgeous...

However, the icy coldness beneath his body, the freezing wind around him, his eyes, which he could not open, and the sharp stabs of pain spreading through his body caused the blue in the sky to only be a color only from his memories and the white clouds to only be a figment of his imagination.

Once everything was torn apart, then what remained was loneliness, grief, and fear that he could not speak of.

"Today is a good day. Big brother, the sky is blue, and there're a lot of white clouds up ahead. Look, that cloud is like a rabbit, and that one is, um... that one kind of looks like a grey wolf."

The tender voice by his ears seemed to make the darkness before his eyes gradually disappear. That voice ripped apart all the shadows and the blue sky returned. There was also a rabbit shaped cloud in the sky. By its side, there also was the cloud in the shape of the wolf.

"Ah, big brother! That cloud looks like you, it really looks like you. There's a cloud by its side, that one's like me." That young voice was the only warmth in that dark world of his. It was also that voice that was explaining the differences of colors to him. It was telling him what was black, what was blue, and what was white.

Every single time that voice spoke, he would stop feeling cold, he would stop feeling lonely, he would stop feeling that there was an innumerable amount of days filled only with night in this endless darkness.

Even if the pain in his body was becoming increasingly more difficult to bear, even if once in a while, he would feel as if there

was someone cutting into him to squeeze out his blood, he did not feel that it was unbearable. As long as he could hear that voice often, if he could just listen to that voice for eternity...

"Big brother, cultivation is so tiring. I don't want to be a Cultivator anymore, but father said we must become Cultivators or else you will die. Big brother, don't die. I'll continue with my cultivation. It's not tiring at all..."

'It's not tiring? If it's not tiring, then why does her voice sound so weak? I can't see it, but I can sense it. She's very tired... Is my death related to her cultivation? Father... is it that cold voice? If it is, then don't listen to him, every single time he comes, I go through so much pain I want to die.'

'He called me Destiny. Is that my name? It should be, it shouldn't be...'

"Big brother, it's a clear day outside. Ah, the weather has been clear for a very long time. You must really like sunny days, that's why the weather is this way."

'Is the weather clear? Silly girl. The only senses I have left in my body are my hearing and my touch. You're holding an umbrella, but it's not covering my feet. Those water droplets on my feet must be rain. It should be. I heard from others talking that it has been raining for a month.'

"Big brother, I saw other big sisters... Mm, they're really pretty, but why am I so small? I'm only younger than them by a year. Ah... but I still look like a child."

"But big brother, you look really handsome. Heh heh, I heard from my senior sister that she likes being beside you. Big brother, you have to wake up soon, alright..?"

"Father said you're about to wake up soon, but I've been hearing him say that since I was young."

'They like being beside me? But every single time those senior

sisters of yours come, a large amount of my presence would disappear. Silly girl, it's not me they like, they just like coming here and absorbing the Immortal qi from my body. I heard them mention it when they were chatting. They thought I couldn't hear it.

‘Silly girl, all the people who come here harbor ulterior motives towards us. I heard far too many of their conversations...’

"Big brother, father has been acting really strange lately. He... hits me often... I've been working really hard in my cultivation. I've been listening to his requests and helping his other sect members train. They surround me every single time, and when we train together, I feel my body becoming weaker...

"I can feel that their gazes are different when they look at me. It's as if... they're looking at a medicinal pill."

‘Those damn Immortals. Once I open my eyes and I can move my body, I'll kill all of you! I don't care if you absorb my Immortal qi, but how could you lay your hands on her as well?!

‘She's still just a child! How could you do this for your own cultivation?! How could you?! Is it not enough that you're absorbing mine? All of you have my Immortal qi in your bodies!

‘I swear, if I ever stand up, then I will definitely make all of you pay!’

"Big brother, I'm really tired today... let me lay down beside you. I'm... really tired..."

‘Sleep. I'll protect you. I'll transfer my power as an Immortal into your body so that you won't be tired tomorrow.

‘If only I could see, then I would be able to tell the difference between day and night, then I could find you among the sea of people around us and hold your hand... Wouldn't that be wonderful?

‘If only I could stand up, then I would be able to fly with you in

the sky, then I could go to the end of the sky and earth with you... Wouldn't that be wonderful?

'If only I could speak, then I would be able to laugh with you, then I would be able to point at the sky and draw the blue sky and the white clouds.... Wouldn't that be wonderful?

'But I can't. I can't see, I can't move, I can't speak. The world I see is dark. There are no colors. The only thing I feel is pain and loneliness.'

"Big brother, I've been feeling really sleepy lately. I feel that I've become shorter. I don't look pretty anymore... No one likes me, I can tell... You're the only one who'll stay by my side, right..?

"Big brother, does it hurt? Don't be sad. I have a dream, once my level of cultivation rises, I'll take you away..."

'Silly girl, it's useless. I know them. He's not your father, neither is he my father. His name is Di Tian.'

"Big brother, I won't be able to see you for some time. They... They're taking me to a place... Once I come back, I'll come see you again.

"Big brother, you have to wake up soon..."

'I can feel your tears on my body. I can sense that cold gaze looking at me while you're crying.'

"Fei Er, we have to leave now."

'That cold voice echoing in the air gradually faded out. My world turned dark once again. I can't hear her voice anymore. There is no more blue sky, no more white clouds.

'There is only emptiness, loneliness, cold, rain, snow, the chilling wind, that endless pain, and those disgusting people absorbing my power and their revolting presences.

'I also feel time flowing past. I don't know how many years have passed by. That voice I heard by my ears never appeared again...

My time has been dark like this ever since.

‘I want to open my eyes. I have to open my eyes, because I want to search for you... I want to search for the blue sky that belongs to me. I want to see what shade of blue the sky has, and I want to look for the voices filled with joy.

‘I want to go back, because so many years have passed by, and I have lost all contact with you. Where are you..? My sister, are you well?

‘I want to speak, because I want to ask all of them how you are now. You... mustn’t end up as I am now.

‘Because... you are my eyes. When Di Tian brought those two babies back with him, you were the one alive, and I was the one dead.’

A dream.

Su Ming opened his eyes and saw the sky, the clouds, the colors in the world. In his mind, the dream that brought him grief still lingered. Confusion appeared in his eyes, but that confusion only lasted for an instant before it turned into deathly stillness.

Those were a pair of deadly still, terrifyingly calm eyes!

The instant Di Tian saw those eyes, his forever calm heart shuddered!

Su Ming looked at Di Tian and sat up slowly from the coffin, the scar left behind on Dark Mountain was shining with a blood-red light at that moment. That light caused Su Ming to be filled with a strange and eerie air.

The instant he saw Di Tian, his pupils shrank. A countless amount of pictures suddenly flashed past in his eyes and eventually stopped at a void filled with endless darkness. Over there was a middle-aged man who did not wear any Emperor’s robe, just a long robe, and he was sitting cross-legged on a gigantic head.

The person wearing the Emperor's robe right now, standing before him, was incredibly similar to that middle-aged man in the void!

"Di Tian, we meet again."

Su Ming lowered his head and rubbed the center of his brows. A barely noticeable glint flashed past his eyes and he sat up on the coffin. His hair was no longer red and had returned to its original shade. The mark of the peach blossom was still there at the center of his brows, but it had become much dimmer.

Di Tian's pupils shrank for the first time. He did not speak, merely stared at Su Ming as if he was observing him.

Su Ming rubbed the center of his brows with his left hand, then the instant his gaze swept past the coffin by his side, his heart trembled for some unknown reason. It was as if his heart had been emptied out, and a pain that was almost akin to the pain of asphyxiation rose within him.

He saw those scenes filled with darkness once again. Everything in the dream and that young voice... Su Ming's heart trembled. He was greatly confused by everything before him. He only remembered that he was struck by Madam Ji's Peach Blossom Fiend and that thing had stirred the most primitive desire in his body.

Once he went to White Bull Tribe, he forced that urge down and struggled to return to his cave abode. Before he lost control of himself, he used Han Mountain Bell to seal himself up, then sank into a long coma. Even if he occasionally woke up, he remembered that he was still in Han Mountain Bell.

When he opened his eyes again after the last time he fell unconscious, he saw the person that had made his heart tremble. The man wearing the Emperor's robe was the person who had appeared sitting on the head when he went through that unknown amount of years in the void - the person he saw when Han

Mountain's ancestor Possessed him.

This person's appearance made Su Ming's heart tremble. Originally, he should not have been able to control this sudden change of emotion, but for some unknown reason, he managed to control it, and in a very ingenious manner to boot, and it was all done subconsciously. It was as if this was a natural ability that was waking up within him right then.

But that was not all. Su Ming also noticed that his head seemed to be much clearer than before. There were some unfamiliar yet strangely familiar scenes flashing in his mind. They felt like memories he'd had since a long time ago but which had been sealed up, and right then, these memories were showing signs of recovering upon his waking.

It was especially so the instant he saw the coffin. The strong feeling made him pat the coffin lightly while looking calm on the outside. That one pat immediately made the coffin's lid shatter and disappear in an endless amount of shards, causing the thing inside to be revealed clearly.

There was a stone statue lying in the coffin, and that statue was of a girl. She had long hair and did not look incredibly pretty. There was a hint of pain on her face, and that look was enough to make others grow compassionate towards her.

Her petite figure did not seem to have grown fully. She seemed to only be around fifteen or sixteen years of age, but there was an ancient look on her face that could not be hidden away, and it clearly showed her true age.

That statue looked incredibly vivid, containing almost everything that could be found on the girl. Clearly, this was not the work of an ordinary person.

The now awakened Su Ming looked at the stone statue in the coffin and his heart roared loudly. This was the first time he saw this girl, but for some unknown reason, he instant he saw her,

extreme pain struck his heart. The young voice from his dreams echoed in his ears once again.

"Big brother, the sky is blue..."

"Big brother, I'm a little tired..."

"Big brother, they're taking me to a place. When I come back, I'll come see you..."

"Big brother, hurry up and wake up..."

Chapter 405: Gate to the Void

Su Ming looked at the stone statue of the petite girl in the coffin. As he looked at her face, that young voice traveled forth from his memories to his ears, causing a hint of sorrow to appear on his face.

"You're awake." Di Tian remained silent for a moment before he spoke calmly. The hint of shock that appeared previously on his face had disappeared by now. He became aloof once again.

"I remember her..." Su Ming mumbled. He suddenly understood. That dream was perhaps... not a dream.

The sorrow in his eyes gradually became stronger and it would not disappear. His eyes glistened and tears fell down from his eyes, falling onto the stone statue.

At the same time, the instant those tears fell on the stone statue, new scenes appeared in his mind... In those scenes, Su Ming saw himself, and that himself had red hair and red robes.

He saw his red-haired self walking out of the cave abode and drawing out earthen aura to turn it into a crimson dragon. He saw himself absorbing power from a large amount of powerful warriors in the land of the Shamans wherever he went, not even letting go of some of the powerful ferocious beasts he could find...

He also saw his red-haired self heading to Autumn Sea Tribe and sealing the heavens with just a lift of his hand. Once he also sealed that Zong Ze in the sky, he brought his hands down and sealed the land, and once he sealed all the members of Autumn Sea Tribe, he walked towards the Sacred Lady of Autumn Sea Tribe, then picked Wan Qiu up and left the place with his red hair dancing in the wind.

Su Ming saw that Art of the Dragon Subject, Yin Simurgh, saw the entire procedure of his red-haired self casting that Art with

Wan Qiu. It was as if Hong Luo's trip during those short few days was flashing past Su Ming's eyes at a much faster pace.

He also saw his red-haired self fighting against the old Immortal and the halberd from the sky executing him in an incredibly domineering way, and also... himself casting the Art of the Dragon Subject, Yin Simurgh on the long-haired woman...

Right up to the moment the sacred mountain of the Shaman Tribe appeared, right up to the moment Di Tian appeared and engaged him in that earth shattering fight. Eventually, his memory stopped at the instant Hong Luo's soul disappeared, while laughing and sending into his body... the Path to Life!

"I have practiced Daoism for thirty thousand years... Now I shall turn back and become a mortal, I will not be an Immortal!" That boisterous laughter stirred up layers of ripples in Su Ming's mind, and when it eventually disappeared, it turned into a hoarse and ancient voice.

"Listen up, boy. I have a deep grudge against Di Tian, but his strength has surpassed what I remember. I don't know how long I have been sealed away, and now I'm about to die as a mortal, but I'm not willing to!

"I am the son of the Emperor of Mortals. With the legacy Art of the royal family - Path to Life, I give you the power to release your seal. This Art will become stronger the higher your level of cultivation is, and it will help you break the seal on your memories!

"It can also transform your blood and let you possess the purest blood among all Immortals... Within that blood rests all my Dao, my Arts, my divine abilities. All of them will belong to you!

"I'm burning up what little remains of my life to cast this Path to Life and send you to the coffin. I can sense that the coffin is very important to you... Don't bother about the threat of facing Di Tian alone. I've already thought about the way to help you solve that

problem. As long as you can hear these words, then it'll definitely succeed!

"The Path to Life can only be passed down to one person in each generation of the royal family, and once it's mastered by that person, no matter how talented the others are, they won't be able to learn it. This is a dead set rule! All the scions of this Art can only cast this once in their lives. It doesn't contain any offensive abilities and can only be used to pass down the inheritance...

"That's why Di Tian doesn't know the Path of Life. He also doesn't know that this Art can open the Gate to the Void, which can relocate you! This is originally a path to escape for us in case an emergency happens while we're passing down the inheritance. I left a mark at the place I woke up previously, and the gate can send you back there...

"Once the Gate to the Void opens, Di Tian won't be able to interfere with his power. The Path to Life can also cover up your presence, causing Di Tian's divine sense to be unable to find you.

"Then you'll have a period of time where you'll be truly free... I didn't use this Art earlier because there is only one chance for me to cast it, and if there is no scion for me, I couldn't cast it anyway... Besides, if I used this Art to escape, it'd still be difficult for me to escape being sealed, and I might not have a chance to wake up again. I would... rather die!

"The Gate to the Void is in your heart. Call it, and it will open! Your level of cultivation isn't high, but when you become a powerful warrior someday, help me take my revenge. Kill Di Tian!"

Su Ming felt a sharp stab of pain in his head and those scenes instantly disappeared. In truth, he felt that a long time had passed since the scenes appeared right up till they disappeared, but that lapse of time was just his mind replaying those memories. To outsiders, it only lasted for an instant.

Before his death, Hong Luo's voice had traveled with the Path to

Life and avoided Di Tian's divine sense to imprint itself on Su Ming's mind. Only when Su Ming woke up would he be able to hear it.

As he stared at the stone statue in the coffin, Su Ming lifted his right hand and grabbed the edge of the coffin in a death grip.

"You shouldn't have awakened. Your current appearance makes me... very disappointed... Hong Luo was an accident, and I've already restored order. Sleep, Destiny..." After a period of silence, Di Tian spoke slowly.

Yet the instant his words left his mouth, Su Ming turned around swiftly and stared at Di Tian with his deadly still eyes.

"No one can seal off my memories again, and neither can you!" A strand of hair surrounded Su Ming's right index finger without anyone noticing it. This strand of hair was the materialization of the power of a jab from the God of Berserkers, and strangely, when Su Ming's body was under Hong Luo's control, that strand of hair had disappeared as if it had dissipated. Even Hong Luo had been unable to notice it.

Yet now, as Su Ming's will returned, that strand of hair also reappeared on him.

It did not release any sort of presence when it appeared either. That was why even Di Tian did not pay any attention to Su Ming's right hand seizing the coffin. Naturally, he also did not see the extra strand of hair on his finger.

This was Su Ming's trump card. It was also the source of why he could stay calm even after he met Di Tian. He had already decided. The power of that one jab from the God of Berserkers, the power that he could not find in himself to use, on this day, he would use it once!

Even if he did not know whether he could kill this Di Tian when he used this power, this Di Tian that even Hong Luo could not win

against, and even if Hong Luo had already made perfect preparations for him to flee before dying.

However, Su Ming did not want to leave just like that!

If he did not want to, then there was no need for him to say anything else!

Di Tian stared at Su Ming with an aloof and expressionless face. The instant Su Ming looked at him, he lifted his right leg and took a step towards him.

"As my son, not only did you disappoint me, you're still acting as childish as ever!" With that one step, a wave instantly shot out of from beneath Di Tian's foot. The strength of that wave was so powerful that it closed in on Su Ming in an instant.

A mighty pressure that could not be challenged swiftly descended on Su Ming, pinning him to his spot. Once the wave swept past his feet, Su Ming shuddered and coughed out a mouthful of blood.

"Kneel!"

Di Tian's powerful divine sense and willpower gathered on Su Ming's body, making him feel as if there were heavy mountains pressing on him, causing cracking sounds to appear from his knees, and they started trembling violently.

"What right do you have to make me kneel?!" Su Ming gritted his teeth and lifted his head to glare at Di Tian. His legs remained straight. Sharp stabs of pain shot up his body, but they could not make him surrender.

"You rebellious boy. I brought you up, and you refuse to kneel? Kneel down!" Di Tian walked towards Su Ming and closed in on him. At that moment, there was only thirty feet between the two of them.

As Di Tian's aloof voice spoke up, with a bang, blood poured out of Su Ming's knees. He staggered. That mighty willpower and pressure felt as if they had physical substance as they pressed on

him, and it was not something he could control with his will. His heart might not kneel, but as that pressure continued pushing him down, his right knee started falling to the ground.

But the moment his knee was about to touch the ground, Su Ming pressed his left hand on the floor and seized it, causing his right knee to hang one inch above it.

"Besides having power that surpasses mine, what else do you have over me?! You can make my body kneel, but you can't make my heart do the same!" Su Ming lifted his head and glared at Di Tian with bloodshot eyes and blood trickling down his mouth. Those deadly still eyes made a deathly still calmness also appear on his face.

"Today, you can make me kneel before you with your power, but in the future... I will definitely make you pay back several fold for what you did today! And it won't just be you, I will make your entire Immortal Tribe kneel under my feet! I will make you lower your head before me!

"I will definitely do it!" Su Ming declared with gritted teeth, his determination clear in each and every one of his words. At the same time, he called out the Gate to the Void in his heart.

Di Tian's expression did not change even a single bit in the face of Su Ming's words. He moved to within twenty feet of Su Ming and stared at him coldly, who was only one inch away from kneeling down. He looked at the veins popping on his face, at the blood on his knees, at him resisting the endless amount of pressure, which was causing a numerous amount of blood capillaries to appear on his left hand, which was pressing against the ground.

"I don't need your heart submitting to me as well, it's enough if your body kneels," Di Tian stated slowly, lifting his right hand and moving to point at the center of Su Ming's brows swiftly. Once that finger fell, then everything would return to the state it was in several days ago. Su Ming's memories would be sealed up once

again, and when he woke up once more, he would still be confused about his past and future.

There would also be a pair of eyes behind him constantly watching his every move.

However, the instant Di Tian lifted his finger and was about to touch Su Ming's brows, suddenly, his expression changed. A power that did not belong to Su Ming, a power that seemed like the cold emptiness in the world erupted forth from his body.

That power was so great that the instant it erupted, it made Di Tian's finger freeze. It was as if that power was fighting against him, and within a short few breaths, Di Tian let out a muffled groan and took a step backwards.

With that step backwards, the wave surrounding the area around Su Ming instantly disappeared. The divine sense and pressure pressing on his body was bounced off right away.

As that power erupted from his body, distortions appeared in the emptiness behind him. An oval shaped, gigantic vortex formed up!

At the same time that vortex appeared, all the movements in the world froze!

Chapter 406: Soar to the White Sky!

The instant the world froze, a suction force came from the oval-shaped vortex behind Su Ming. However, it was only absorbing Su Ming alone. All the other substances in the world were of no interest to it.

Di Tian stared at Su Ming and at the gigantic vortex behind him. For the first time, his expression became steely. Without a hint of hesitation, he began forming seals with his right hand and pointed at Su Ming with one finger.

"With the blessings of heaven, by my orders, seal off the sky and earth!" The moment Di Tian's words were spoken and as he pointed forward, the vortex swirling behind Su Ming showed a brief moment of pausing, however, that pause only lasted for an instant before it returned to normal and continued swirling rapidly.

However, during the instant it froze, a freezing glint appeared in Di Tian's eyes. He took a swift step forward, and that step allowed him to appear before Su Ming right at the instant the vortex stopped moving and the power of [Yin Deficiency](#) in the world froze, he lifted his right hand and moved to seize Su Ming.

"You rebellious boy, come out!"

Killing intent shone in Su Ming's eyes. As he moved back, he lifted his right hand and pointed towards Di Tian's incoming palm. That finger was Su Ming's right index finger. It was the finger wrapped with the strand of hair that was the manifestation of the power of the God of Berserkers.

Right when Su Ming pointed at Di Tian, the strand of hair on his finger started burning. A burst of power that belonged to the first God of Berserkers erupted forth.

That power was filled with a domineering presence which stood

superior above all else. At the instant that power descended in the world, even the operation of the Gate to the Void was affected, as if it was about to crumble under that power, and this was just some of the power that had spilled out. If Su Ming had pointed at the gate itself, then the Gate to the Void would have definitely not been unable to withstand that pressure.

At that moment, the person who had to withstand that power was Di Tian!

"First God of Berserkers' presence?!" Di Tian's face had a drastic change of expression, along with the appearance of shock, which had seemed to not be part of his repertoire!

Due to the might of the first God of Berserkers, unless the people had bore witness to it with their own eyes, then all manner of divine senses trying to explore the matter of Su Ming obtaining the power of the God of Berserkers during that moment were pushed off relentlessly.

Besides, due to the uniqueness of the deity statues of the Berserkers descending, the Immortals would rarely release their divine senses at that moment to bring trouble to themselves. Even Di Tian's projection would let the old man in the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky make most of the decisions because his intelligence was suppressed. That was why he did not have much understanding of Su Ming obtaining the power of the God of Berserkers.

The old man in the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky might have heard some rumors about it, but since he did not see it for himself, he did not know that such an endless amount of rumors would fly all over the land of the Berserkers. Some of these rumors spoke about Su Ming, while the others spoke about someone else. Not only did these rumors talk about Su Ming obtaining the power of the God of Berserkers, but they also talked about his power increasing so much that he had become a powerful Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm.

There were even some who said Su Ming had obtained the same Enchanted Vessel as the God of Berserkers did in the past. All these rumors were baseless and most of them were incredibly exaggerated, hence most of the people would frown and be dubious about it once they heard it.

That's why, while the old man had regarded this piece of information seriously, he still just made a decision to continue observing Su Ming. It was also why Di Tian's projected clone did not have too much knowledge regarding this!

As Su Ming swung his finger down, the hair on his finger started burning away rapidly. Su Ming saw that there was a black hole the size of a fist around his finger. That black hole moved along with his finger, and the instant it appeared, the frozen sky became dimmer in an instant.

This portion of the sky was not the only one affected. It was the entire sky above the land of the Shamans, the entire sky above the Land of South Morning, even the sky above the Dead Sea, and even spreading to an area so wide they had no idea of knowing how big it was. All of it became dull at that instant.

The dull look in the sky was because all manner of light started gathering in the black hole next to Su Ming's finger with a speed that was unimaginable and a manner that was incomprehensible.

It caused the area around Su Ming to be filled with a piercing light as if all the light in the world had been drawn over in an instant. The earthen aura in the ground also started trembling.

It was not just the Land of South Morning that was affected though, the earthen aura of the other continents beyond South Morning, and even the continents of the Berserker Tribe floating above the Dead Sea started trembling. Then with the same manner and speed as the light in the sky, they appeared in the black hole around Su Ming's finger and were sucked inside swiftly.

The black hole around the finger absorbed the light in the sky

and the aura of the earth. With the world contained within it, Su Ming pointed at Di Tian, whose expression had drastically changed at that moment.

"The power of the World Plane! This is the power of the World Plane belonging to the first God of Berserkers!" Di Tian's expression started changing rapidly, and he started retreating hastily. His hands worked to form seals, and he pointed at the heavens with his right hand while pointing at the earth with his left. A voice akin to thunder fell off his lips.

"Power of the first God of Berserkers? Very well, when you were alive, I had not completed my Dao. When I completed my Dao, you already disappeared. The members of the Berserker Tribe believe you to be dead, but I know that you haven't died. Your power had reached the [peak of an aeon](#) and you can't improve anymore, that's why you chose to disappear and search for other World Planes with great aeons!

"All the aeons of the worlds form an aeon, and you, who have absorbed all the sources of the worlds, who have reached the peak of the great aeon, show me just how strong you are!

"Today, your power has appeared. It might just be a hint, but I'm also just a projected clone. Let's see just who is stronger between us!" As Di Tian retreated and pointed to the sky and earth with his hands, he let out a low shout.

"Soar to the White Sky!"

As Di Tian let out that roar, a brilliant white glare suddenly shot out from his right hand in that dull world. The brightness of that white glare caused the darkened sky to appear just as white!

That white belonged to the white of the clouds. When it appeared in the sky, with Di Tian's right hand as the center, the endless amount of white light gathered together... and a white sun appeared in the sky he was pointing at!

It was like a gigantic asteroid slowly descending from the sky. At that moment, it had only revealed a small portion of itself, and it was already causing the land of the Berserkers to tremble, the black Dead Sea to roar, and the hearts of numerous people to tremble in fear.

In fact, if the entire Land of South Morning lifted their heads to look up, they would find a gigantic white sun that looked like an asteroid in the sky!

The white glare shining from the sun had practically turned into the most brilliant ray of light in the world!

This scene looked like the apocalypse had arrived today! The sky looked as if it was going to shatter. Cracks appeared on the ground, and due to the movements and roars from the Dead Sea, the speed of the Eastern Wastelands traveling forth instantly increased by several fold!

If it continued with this speed, then it would not take ten years for it to crash into the Land of South Morning. There was a high possibility that the time taken would shrink by a large margin.

Di Tian's face was pale. His Emperor's robe was burning, and the same thing was happening to his crown. They were engulfed in white flames. His skin started withering away at a rapid speed, but as those things burned and his skin withered, the presence of his body became even more shocking.

He started lifting up the hand pointing towards the ground slowly, and his right hand, which had caused day to arrive, slowly fell down. Those two hands were continuously closing in on each other, as if they were about to touch.

His left hand symbolized the power to soar, and his right hand symbolized the day. This continuous breach of distance was the act of soaring!

As Di Tian executed that Art, his appearance instantly turned to

that of an old man, and he was still swiftly withering away. His entire appearance now made him look like a corpse, but the brilliant light and monstrous amount of fighting spirit had ignited a life in his eyes.

As Su Ming watched Di Tian's unimaginable strength and that unbelievable Art, he suddenly understood something with a trembling heart. If he did not have the power of the God of Berserkers, then he would have been unable to escape through the Gate to the Void!

Hong Luo might have been powerful and had left behind a way for him, but even he did not expect that Di Tian would possess... a power equivalent to that of the first God of Berserkers!

'He's so powerful... Will I be able to surpass him..?' Bitterness rose in Su Ming's heart. He looked at Di Tian. The strand of hair on his right index finger was rapidly burning away, but... it seemed to be lacking something compared to that great presence and terrifying divine ability of Di Tian.

"It's lacking a soul... it's without life..." Su Ming took a deep breath and quelled the bitterness that arose within him due to Di Tian's might. He mumbled softly, then with quick thought, he lifted his right hand. Using his finger as a pen, he drew a line at Di Tian!

"Berserker Obliteration..."

With the power of the God of Berserkers, the instant that one Berserker Obliteration was drawn, Di Tian's pupils shrank. He let out a low growl, and right at that moment, his hands touched!

"The place where I was born still did things according to the laws of the universe. When I was born, the Berserkers had weakened... If the heavens are heartless, then we will all be separated. The earth was heartless, and it made my Dark Mountain die..." Su Ming closed his eyes. His blood started boiling and burning hotly in his body.

"If the heavens have eyes, then why do they never see that my world is plunged into eternal darkness? If the deities have souls, then why did they divide the sky and seas to the south and north?

I kept my duty to the heavens, so why did they not let me see the darkness of night? I kept my duty to the deities, so why did they tear me into pieces and scatter my memories?!"

With Su Ming's drawn line, the burning hair on his finger started shining with a strangely captivating light. That light flashed and was completely different from the light it gave off when it burned previously. It was as if this time, as it burned, it now possessed a soul, a hint of life... a will!

An even stronger presence erupted forth from that burning strand of hair. The power of that presence caused the white sky to tremble as well, and it caused a pair of eyes to appear in the space above the sky!

Those were a pair of tightly shut eyes!

"If the heavens don't have eyes, then I will step on it and watch myself seal the heavens! If the deities don't have souls, then I swear I will slaughter the deities and become the Emperor!"

Su Ming opened his eyes swiftly. The instant he did so, the gigantic pair of eyes in the sky also opened up. It was also at that moment that Su Ming's Berserker Obliteration sliced through the heavens. Once it connected with Di Tian's hands, it crashed into the light emanating between his palms.

The rumbling sounds made it seem as if two worlds had collided into each other, and the tremors that appeared because of it caused a bang to go off in Su Ming's head and he coughed out a huge mouthful of blood. A great force rammed into his body and he immediately fell backwards, straight into the Gate of the Void behind him that was still unstable and looked as if it was about to crumble at any moment.

His mind instantly faded out. Before he lost his consciousness, he saw Di Tian, who had borne the brunt of the Berserker Obliteration he cast with the power of the God of Berserkers. His Emperor's robe was torn, his crown had shattered. The white sky had melted and turned into white rain that poured all over the Land of South Morning.

He also saw Di Tian freezing in midair. Blood lines appeared on his body. His expression was extremely odd, and he looked as if he was deeply regretful, as if he had gained an epiphany about something, as if he was overcome with melancholy. Eventually, he closed his eyes, and his body became transparent. He gradually dissipated...

"One of these days, I will definitely surpass Di Tian!" Su Ming mumbled bitterly and closed his eyes.

End of Arc Two.

Yin Deficiency and Yang Excess are actually Chinese medicine concepts. There are actually four categories to this, and in order of sickness: yang excess, yin deficiency, yang deficiency, yin excess. Maintaining body harmony is the most important thing in Daoism, hence if you have your Yin or Yang going haywire in your body either by having too much or too little of one of them, you fall sick. In this context, the God of Berserkers is pulling out the Yin Deficiency in the world, meaning the negative energy in the world. Just think of it that way for easy understanding. When you run into Yang Excess later in a few chapters, think of it as positive energy.

Actually, this Yin Deficiency and Yang Excess appears in Renegade Immortal chapter 767, but since it's not translated to that point, have this version where I follow Chinese medicine terminology.

一劫 (yi jie) is translated as 'aeon', because from what I understand from this text and from what I can find, this 一劫, if

broken down word for word, means 'one disaster'. Highly unlikely in this case. But after some digging, I found that in Buddhist terms, 一劫 means a loooooooooong period of time, and the length of the aeon depends on the category. Below is the long explanation.

This 劫 is divided into three category - (小) small, (中) medium, and (大) big. 大劫 is translated as great aeon, obviously.

Apparently, a person's lifespan begins straight at 80,000 years old, and with each century, you cut off one year of your age, and you continue cutting until you have 10 years of your life left, and then, you add one year to your age once every century until you get 80,000 years to your age again. That is called a small aeon.

A medium aeon is made of 20 small aeons, and four medium aeons form a great aeon.

SO.

A small aeon, is 15,998,000 years, and a great aeon is 1,279,840,000 years. (Not my calculations, I gave up when the numbers went up somewhere in the millions)

If you say that something has been around for a great aeon, then it's used to describe that this thing has been around for a very, very, very long time, and most likely will never perish.

Chapter 407: Glaciers in the Dead Sea

Arc Three: His Name Shakes Through the Eastern Wastelands

It was cold. Just like the feeling he'd had in that dream...

Cold surrounded him. He could not open his eyes. It was dark all around. This was a very familiar feeling from his dream. It was quiet all around him, so quiet it was rather terrifying. There was not a hint of sound that could be heard.

Besides the cold and the dark, there was nothing else.

'If her voice appears and tells me that the sky is bright now and the clouds look like rabbits... wouldn't that be wonderful?

'But there isn't. That voice still hasn't appeared. That cold is becoming even more freezing. I can't move. I can feel pain continuously surrounding me, but I'm slowly becoming numb towards it... Am I asleep..?

'Who... am I..?'

Time was slowly flowing away. It was unknown just how much time had gone by.

This was a black seabed. There was not a hint of light. This was the deep parts of the sea. There were numerous gigantic ice blocks here. Due to the uniqueness of the seawater, these ice blocks did not float on the sea. Instead, they stayed at the seabed quietly.

Perhaps more accurately speaking, this was not the seabed. This was a glacier... The true seabed was right underneath the glacier. That part... was the deepest part of the sea, and few know exactly how far down it was.

Above that glacier was the black sea. Only the people who had ever been to this place would know exactly how high it was.

There was a protruding ice mountain on the glacier. It was not tall, only about one thousand feet. It was entirely black. No one

knew whether that was its original color or whether it was dyed black by the sea.

If anyone looked at it from a closer distance, they would be able to see faintly that there seemed to be something sealed in that ice mountain... If anyone stood there with enough power and a powerful divine sense to see through the ice mountain, then that person would be able to see that there was an oval vortex about one hundred feet in size sealed inside.

That vortex gave people a feeling that it was a gate. It in itself was dark and was sealed within the ice mountain.

By the side of the vortex was a body, which was also sealed within. He was not standing but lying with his eyes closed, and because he was sealed, he was like a statue.

This was a young man with long hair and a pale face. There was a faint mark of a peach blossom at the center of his brows. He wore a torn long robe and there was a dark red patch at his knees. It was frozen blood.

In fact, there were also blood flecks at the corner of his lips. They were also frozen up by the ice.

There was a strand of hair wrapped twice around his right index finger, as well as a red ring on his finger. He looked bitter, but his brows, which were in the shape of blades, gave people a feeling that he was a resolute person.

He lay there quietly and continued to be frozen...

... right up to this day. At the black seabed, within the black ice mountain, cracking sounds rang out from the layers of ice enveloping the young man's body, though they did not shatter.

Yet clearly, although the young man frozen within the ice mountain did not open his eyes, there was a faint hint of life emanating from his body.

Naturally, that person was Su Ming!

He had woken up, but he could not open his eyes or move his body. The chilling presence had already filled up his entire body.

"Where... am I..?"

Su Ming closed his eyes, and his divine sense slowly spread out. The instant it touched the layer of ice, it immediately sensed an obstructive force. The power of that obstructive force caused Su Ming's divine sense to only be able to reach several dozens of feet before it could no longer go farther.

‘It’s all ice all around me, and... the Gate to the Void?’ Uncertainty rose in Su Ming’s heart. He remembered Hong Luo mentioning that the Gate to the Void would bring him back to his cave abode, but the ice in this place told him clearly that this... was not his cave abode!

‘Could it be that Di Tian’s final Soar to the White Sky stirred up such a powerful energy after clashing with the power of the God of Berserkers that... some changes happened to the Gate to the Void..?’

Su Ming quickly found the answer. Taking away the possibility of Hong Luo lying, this was the most likely answer.

There was no need for Hong Luo to hide the truth about this, so an answer formed in Su Ming’s heart.

However, when he began to feel certain of his answer, new questions popped up in his heart.

‘The Gate to the Void... why does it exist? From what I understand about this gate and from what Hong Luo said, it should have disappeared after relocating me.

‘But now... even though I can’t send my divine sense too far, I can sense that Gate to the Void near me. What is the reason for this..?’ Su Ming pondered over it, and after a long while, he forced down his doubts and circulated the power in his body quietly.

This was the first time since he woke up that he went to sense his

level of cultivation. When he woke up earlier, due to Di Tian's presence, Hong Luos's words, and the scenes he saw in his dreams, he did not think about going to sense his own power.

At that moment, as he was surrounded by silence and knew that he should be frozen in ice, Su Ming's heart gradually calmed down. When he went on to sense his own power, information started flowing into his mind as if it had been pumped into his head...

It was Hong Luo's Dao during his life, his divine abilities, his Arts, his understanding towards his own cultivation, and all his knowledge towards the Immortal Tribe and their entire cultivation method.

Su Ming's heart trembled. As he felt through this information, a huge wave stirred up in his heart. It crashed into his soul so harshly that he only recovered after a long while.

'Is this the Immortal Tribe..? Three Steps to Heaven... It mixes the sources of multiple worlds and turns it to the sun of an aeon...' More bitterness rose in Su Ming's heart, but similarly, a wave of resolution also formed!

'I once said that I would definitely surpass Di Tian... now, that thought hasn't changed. One of these days, no matter what sort of price I have to pay, I will definitely obtain the power to surpass Di Tian!

'When the time comes...' Su Ming's heart slowly calmed down. He circulated the power in his body, and as time passed by, his flesh gradually did not feel as cold anymore. Life started growing in abundance in his body, and as he recovered, his divine sense also started spreading to a wider area. The power of the obstructive force also became weaker.

Then one day, Su Ming's divine sense shot out of the ice mountain and started spreading in all directions. It instantly covered nearly ten thousand li of that black seawater, and that short distance was because there was a similar obstructive force in

the black seawater. Over there, besides the obstructive force in the water, there was also a pressure that oppressed divine senses, or else, Su Ming's divine sense would have been able to spread to an even wider area.

Once he sent his divine sense ten thousand li away, Su Ming saw where he was. He saw the glacier on the seabed, saw himself in that ice mountain along with the Gate to the Void. Similarly, he also saw the black seawater.

However, his divine sense could not continue spreading until he would send it out of the seawater. It was as if compared to the seawater, the area covered by his divine sense was just a small part of the vast sea.

Su Ming opened his eyes.

The layer of ice enveloping his body was slowly melting, causing him to be able to open his eyes. However, he still could not move. He looked at the black seawater beyond the layer of ice and confusion appeared in his eyes, but soon, that confusion disappeared.

‘Could it be the Dead Sea?!’ Su Ming’s pupils shrank.

He pulled back his divine sense. He then covered the area around his body with his divine sense and sent some of it towards the sealed Gate to the Void. After taking a closer look at it, Su Ming found some clues.

‘When the Gate to the Void was going to relocate me, Di Tian’s power interfered with its energy, causing the destination of the relocation to be thrown off track, and it sent me to the ice under the Dead Sea...

‘However, due to Di Tian’s power and this ice sealing it up, it didn’t disappear. Instead, it’s as if it had gained physical form and was made to stay in the world.

‘If that’s the case... if it is operational, then can it activate its

relocating abilities and send me back... to my cave abode?' A pensive look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. The power of Berserker Bones erupted from his body and spread through his body. Cracking sounds rang out, and the ice layer encasing him immediately cracked. However, it had only started cracking. He was still a long way from escaping.

Su Ming frowned and closed his eyes. After a moment, he opened them, and at the instant he did so, profundity filled his gaze. A brilliant light shone in his eyes, and the small person that looked exactly like him sitting at his Dantian region also opened his eyes.

With a bang, the ice encasing Su Ming trembled once again due to the different power that erupted from his body. It was a different power from the power of the Berserker Tribe. While that power did not cause more cracks to appear, the cracks that had originally been there started spreading out.

These two different sorts of power caused two different changes. Su Ming's eyes sparkled, and he gained a new understanding towards his current level of cultivation.

'The power of the Berserker Tribe is strong and fierce, that is why it could make the layer of ice crack. The power of the Immortal Tribe is a lasting sort of power and is also gentle, that's why it made those cracks stretch...'

By changing the types of power multiple times, after a few days, the layer of ice encasing Su Ming's body shattered, causing him to regain mobility.

However, only the interior part of the layer of ice shattered, the external layer was still around, and it looked like a gigantic shell. The ice around Su Ming was also rapidly growing. Before long, it would turn into a mountain that would seal him up once again.

'From the descriptions of the Dao Hong Luo gave me as his inheritance, the small human in me is called a Nascent Soul. The level of cultivation belonging to the Immortal Tribe in me should

be called the Nascent Soul Stage.

‘However, the Nascent Soul Stage isn’t really that strong. It absolutely can’t compare to Di Tian. But with his powerful divine sense, Hong Luo had allowed this body to cast most of his divine abilities... If that’s the case, then it seems that divine senses are the core of the Immortal Tribe!

‘Hong Luo might have died, but in the Dao he left me, he also passed to me a lot of divine abilities and Arts. It’s a pity... all of them require powerful divine sense before I can execute them.

‘But there are some Arts that can be casted in the Nascent Soul Stage... such as...’

A glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. He took a swift step forward, and his body disappeared in an instant. When he reappeared, he was already several dozens of feet away from where he previously was.

It might just be several dozens of feet, and Su Ming could close that distance with that same amount of time with his speed, but he was not using any hint of the power belonging to the Berserker Tribe. He was only using the Immortals’ divine abilities!

"Short distance warping..." Su Ming mumbled softly. As he mulled over it, he spread his divine sense once again. This time, he did not check the black seawater beyond the ice mountain. Instead, he swept his divine sense through the glacier.

Suddenly, his expression changed. Within the area of his divine sense, he saw numerous living creatures frozen and sealed up within the endless glacier!

These creatures were almost always sealed at a certain distance away from each other!

Chapter 408: Gate of Relocation

In the rather remote spot where White Bull Tribe and Black Crane Tribe were located in the land of the Shamans in South Morning, something had happened to them during these few days that horrified the two tribes.

White Bull Tribe's terror stemmed from Su Ming. He might have left that day, but what the Patriarch of White Bull Tribe had done had sparked the people's anger. Most of the members of the tribe believed that sending their women out for an outsider to satisfy his urges was a great humiliation. They would rather fight and kill than go through this.

Besides, to most of the people, they believed that if they worked together, there was still a chance for them to kill Su Ming. That was why they were skeptical towards their Patriarch's actions.

Even though it had not truly happened, that grudge and skepticism had been planted in their hearts like seeds. The monkey-faced old man in White Bull Tribe knew about it, but he could only remain silent.

Compared to the cruel methods the other Patriarchs employed to control their tribe, the old man was attached to his tribe from the bottom of his heart. Fortunately for him, that grudge and skepticism only lasted for most of the month, and it gradually disappeared a little when that incident that terrified the entire White Bull Tribe transpired.

The reason for this was because of a member of White Bull Tribe venturing out of the tribe alone. That person was a young man, and he had with him the hot-bloodedness and recklessness of that age. He was also the partner of two among the three women who were sent out at that time.

He came to Su Ming's cave abode alone, but when he arrived, he found, to his shock, that the entire mountain range... had

disappeared! Everything was gone. The spot where the mountain range and cave abode had been had turned into a flatland. There was no sign of any destruction around the place. It was as if there was no mountain over there to begin with...

When the young man returned to the tribe and the entire White Bull Tribe learned about it, the monkey-faced old man brought some men with him to where Su Ming's cave abode was located previously. After close inspection, confusion also appeared on the old man's face, but it was swiftly covered by the terror towards the unknown.

Not only did the mountain range disappear, even the Shaman Crystal vein had disappeared...

The monkey-faced old man looked at the vast and empty land. For some unknown reason, fear suddenly rose in his heart. It was as if there was a murderous aura looming in the quiet of this land. It made his heart tremble, and he immediately brought his tribe members back to the people. Then with his status as the Patriarch, he placed a gag order on all the tribe members. He forbade all his people from speaking about it, and all those who went against his words were punished severely!

He had a feeling that the strange phenomenon that appeared in the land of the Shamans over the past few days, especially the gigantic white sun that had manifested in the sky was somewhat related to this strange incident. However, he did not have any proof for this, only a feeling that it was that way.

Black Crane Tribe had also sunk into a state of terror similar to that of White Bull Tribe, but it was slightly different. The disappearance of their tribe leader, and Madam Ji, who left and never returned, all of these were a clear sign, telling them that the person who took over the Shaman Crystal vein was not an ordinary person.

In fact, the Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe had also brought some

people to the place quietly in hopes of investigating. Yet he saw the exact same sight as the people from White Bull Tribe. That was an empty flatland, a completely different sight compared to what he remembered.

The looming murderous aura in the place also caused the Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe to feel shaken to the core. He quickly left and told his tribe members to treat that place as forbidden grounds.

Due to the disappearance of the Shaman Crystal vein, Black Crane Tribe and White Bull Tribe also lost their reason to fight against each other.

Time passed by slowly...

A month later, a fiery red ape charged towards the place from the distance. It was momentarily stunned by the empty plains and circled through the place multiple times in search for something...

Eventually, it found that the place had really turned into empty flatland. The cave abode and the mountain range that was once there were gone, even the only person who was amicable to it was gone.

Yet it did not give up. Instead, it lived around the area and would occasionally check the place, trying to search for a way to enter.

All of these people did not know that in truth, the cave abode and mountain range had not disappeared. It was still there, but Hong Luo had cast that divine ability of his and hidden it away, causing other people to be unable to see or sense it, much less touch it. It was as if it had turned into a dimension that was separated from the world.

Within that dimension and beyond the mountain range were two corpses on the ground. More accurately speaking, it should be three corpses, but Madam Ji's corpse had already turned into pieces, and her appearance could no longer be seen.

One of the two remaining corpses was Madam Ji's puppet, who was also her husband, Ji Yun Hai. The other one was the dried up corpse belonging to the tribe leader of Black Crane.

What was left besides them were the numerous black beetles on the ground. These small insects lay on the ground unmoving, but there was not a hint of death that could be found on them. It was as if they were only deep asleep.

The only thing that could be seen flying about in the area was a black line. It was the strange, small snake belonging to Su Ming. That snake was pacing about in the air, occasionally letting out screeching sounds, as if it was searching for something, but it could not find it.

Eventually, it flew to a small virescent sword lying in the bushes not too far away and laid down beside it, occasionally letting out small cries as if it was calling out to something.

The cave abode in the mountain range was beside it, and there was a gigantic medicinal cauldron placed in one of the chambers. The power of the world from all around was still surging into it, causing the medicine inside to go through its slow refinement.

In another stone chamber was an old Berserker, who was lying there unmoving, but his eyelids were shivering; he was showing signs of struggling to open his eyes and wake up.

Yet right when he gathered all his power to open his eyes, the small snake lying in the grass outside the cave abode lifted its head and hissed. It stared at its Master's cave abode, and moved swiftly, swimming through the grass before immediately flying up.

When it flew up, the three Spirit Plunders lying around the area were brought up and charged towards the cave abode, crossing through all the paths before appearing in the stone chamber where the old man's body lay. The small snake let out a sharp shriek, flung its body, and the three Spirit Plunders instantly flew towards the top of the old man's head, floating above him in their original

positions.

The moment those Spirit Plunders reached him, the old Berserker had actually managed to open up his closed eyes a slit. A low growl that sounded like that of a beast fell from his lips.

At the same time the small snake hissed above the old man, a chilling glare appeared in its eyes. With one swift move, it charged towards him and bit down fiercely on his arm. Immediately, a gust of black smoke spread through the old man's arm, and once it covered his entire body, the old man let out a disgruntled growl. He closed his eyes once again.

The small snake stayed by his side and observed him for a while before flying out of the cave abode and returning to the small virescent sword's side. Then, when it was back there, it occasionally lifted its head and cried out, calling out to something. Its voice echoed in the air...

'This is my home' was what it felt. Everything had to remain in its original state for Master to return...

Before its Master returned, it would protect this place, even if it was for eternity.

Besides, unless there was no one who had a divine sense that surpassed Hong Luo's, then no one in the entire Land of South Morning would be able to find this mountain range. And there was practically no one in the Land of South Morning whose divine sense could surpass Hong Luo's. As for Di Tian, he had already scattered away!

Hong Luo might have died, but his seal was still around. It might be weakening slowly, but it would still take several hundreds of years before it completely disappeared.

Time continued trickling, and in the blink of an eye, Su Ming had already had already been gone from this place for half a year...

During the past six months, White Bull Tribe and Black Crane

Tribe did not pay attention to that disappeared mountain range most of the time. Peace returned to their tribes, and there were practically no fights between them. Instead, during the past half a year, they were making preparations to migrate.

If they were to migrate alone, it would be difficult for small tribes like theirs to not run into any sort of danger in the vast land of the Shamans. That was why even if they wanted to move, most of them would wait for slightly larger tribes migrating, and they would join those people when they passed by their place.

Even though they might lose some of their people, but this was the only way for more of their people to survive.

On the day half a year later. Midnight.

A sudden, strong ray of light appeared in the dark sky. That light only lasted for a moment before it disappeared. It might have caught quite a lot of people's attention, but when they focused their gazes over there, the light had already disappeared without a trace.

At the same time that ray of light appeared, the small snake lifted its head swiftly at the disappeared mountain range located right between White Bull Tribe and Black Crane Tribe. Watchfulness shone in its eyes and it continued hissing while keeping its gaze fixed on the empty spot several thousands of feet away from it.

At that moment, a ball of dark light had appeared over there. The ball of light brought with it a mighty pressure that caused the grass on the ground to bend its back, because out of nowhere, a gust of wind began to blow against them.

There was also a large amount of freezing air coming from within that dark ball of light. That freezing air fused with the wind and caused ice to appear on the ground all around the light, and it started spreading outwards slowly.

The small snake did not let out a single sound. It lay on the grass

and glared at the dark ball of light coldly. This was where its Master's cave abode was. Right then, its Master had left the place, and if any outsider trespassed into the land, the snake would definitely protect the place.

In truth, during the past half a year, that was what it had been doing. Almost once every few days, it would go and bite that old Berserker so that the person would be in a constant state of weakness but would not die.

It remembered that this was the duty given to that monkey, but now that the monkey was not around, the snake took its place.

At that moment, the small snake's gaze turned colder. It was waiting and was observing just what that dark ball of light was. Time slowly passed by, and after the time of the burning of an incense stick, the ball of light gave off a brilliant flash and its shape changed. That spherical shape gradually turned into an oval, and as it let out an even stronger amount of pressure, fine cracks appeared on it.

Cracking sounds came from within, and during that instant, a person walked out of the oval-shaped light. When he stepped out, the chilling air instantly grew thicker by several fold, causing the area to instantly turn bone-chillingly cold!

The small snake charged out rapidly without a sound. Its eyes sparkled and its poisonous fangs slipped out, but right when it was about to deliver the killing blow on that person with its bite, the killing intent in its eyes suddenly disappeared, and it was replaced by surprised delight. It shrank its poisonous fangs back and let out cries of joy while dashing towards that person.

That person was naturally Su Ming!

At that moment, his face was rife with excitement. When he lifted his right hand, the small snake immediately flew right onto his palm and started crying out happily at him. At the same time, due to his arrival, an unimaginable amount of freezing air that

seemed to come from his body spread through the ground, immediately covering the entire land around the area in a thin layer of ice.

Chapter 409: Refining a Puppet

Su Ming lifted his left hand and pushed against the vortex behind him through the air. Immediately, a large amount of freezing air spilled out from his body and enveloped the gate. Rumbling sounds reverberated in the air, and immediately, the Gate to the Void turned into a giant ice block.

Once he was done, Su Ming let out a happy laugh. He looked at the small snake on his palm. He might have not seen it for only half a year, but to him, he had gone through a lot of things during the past six months. It felt like a long time had gone by since he left the cave abode till he came back.

The small snake cried out and hissed on Su Ming's palm. The freezing look in its eyes had been replaced by joy, and it lowered its head to snuggle at Su Ming's palm.

It was too small, only as thick as his finger, and once it started doing something like this, it looked rather adorable.

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. He might have returned to his cave abode, but the freezing air in his body had not completely dissipated. As it continued spreading from under his feet, the ground at a circular area of several thousands of feet with him as its center was instantly covered in ice. Wisps of white mist rose in the air and floated about, causing the temperature in the area to immediately be reduced by a large half.

That was not all. A large amount of water droplets appeared on Su Ming's body. Those water droplets seeped out of his skin and looked like sweat, but in truth, he knew that those were the results of the freezing air in his body.

A glint appeared in his eyes. All his pores immediately closed up, and at that instant, the freezing air spreading outwards died down somewhat. There were still faint wisps of cold air though.

‘I can’t let all the freezing air in my body leave, or else it’ll take me a long time to get used to the temperature again if I ever go to the glacier at the seabed of the Dead Sea,’ Su Ming thought in his heart.

He lifted the small snake and moved his right hand to his shoulder. Once he did so, the small snake immediately flew up and landed on his shoulder, lying down there, looking as if it was lounging on his shoulder.

Su Ming looked at his familiar cave abode, and the excitement in his eyes gradually disappeared. When his gaze fell on the two corpses on the ground, his eyes lit up with a freezing glare.

"Ji Yun Hai..." Su Ming looked at the thin, dried up corpse, and could not help but remember what had happened during his fight with Madam Ji. He walked towards Ji Yun Hai’s corpse at an unhurried pace.

Crouching down, he placed his hand on Ji Yun Hai’s corpse. After observing it closely for a few moments, a pensive look appeared in his eyes, then he dipped his head down to look at the large amount of black beetles that had not died but had only fallen into deep sleep scattered around Ji Yun Hai’s corpse. The strength of these small insects left an incredibly deep impression on Su Ming that day.

‘I wonder how many years it has been since Ji Yun Hai died and he was turned into a puppet by Madam Ji. She has died now, and if I could control this puppet, then it’d be able to help me when I go to the glacier!’

Su Ming lifted two fingers and picked up one of the black beetles on the ground, bringing it up to his face. He observed it for a long time.

‘This bug... isn’t a puppet. How did Madam Ji control it?’ Su Ming stared at the small bug for a long while before his eyes suddenly lit up. He looked towards Ji Yun Hai’s corpse.

‘Could it be that these insects aren’t controlled by Madam Ji but by Ji Yun Hai? Even if Ji Yun Hai had been turned into a puppet, the insects are still affected by their own instincts, right?’

Su Ming lowered his head and looked at the red ring on his right hand’s finger. With a sparkle in his eyes, he stood up and started pacing about outside his cave abode, a frown between his brows.

Sometimes he would look pensive, and at other times delighted, but eventually, his mood became one of uncertainty. It was as if there was something that made it difficult for him to make a decision.

After the burning of an incense stick, Su Ming came to a halt and turned his head to the side, looking at the oval-shaped vortex that sent him back here, placed not too far away from him - the Gate to the Void.

That gate was floating there quietly, covered in ice. It had already turned into a huge block of ice.

‘I have no idea how long I’ve been unconscious, but judging by the changes in the cave abode, once I add all the time together, it shouldn’t have been more than a year since I left... and I was in the glacier for about three months after I woke up...’

Su Ming remembered himself being at what seemed like the bottom part of the Dead Sea and the things he went through during the past three months in that dark world in the glacier.

He used half a month to walk out of the glacier for the first time, but right when he walked out, the pressure of the black seawater immediately fell on him, and it was incredibly difficult for him to even move one step.

Then he used another one and a half months to somewhat get used to the pressure in the sea so he could walk about one thousand feet. Once he took each step, he had to lift his foot quickly, or else it would be instantly encased by the glacier. This

made it incredibly difficult for him to stop on the glacier, and he had to constantly make sure he kept moving at a fast pace.

At a spot eight hundred something feet away from the ice block where he was previously was the closest thing sealed in the glacier among the countless other living beings there, and he had sensed it earlier with his divine sense.

It was a ferocious looking man with green scales covering his entire body. That man was sixty feet tall and his muscles had swelled up as if there was a shocking amount of power contained within. He had his left hand clenched in a fist, and he held a gigantic club in his right hand.

Su Ming had no idea what that club was made of. It was entirely black, and there were nine sharp teeth sticking out of it. It left a savage impression on people, and at the same time, there was also an air about the club that would leave fear in people's hearts.

That gigantic spiked club was clearly a treasure!

After several days of observation, and once he was certain that the frozen man no longer had a hint of life left in him, he used half a month to test out all sorts of methods to break through that ice. In the end, he had only managed to crack several inches of the ice, and once he stopped, the cracks would automatically close up.

With Su Ming's current level of cultivation, leaving a crack of several inches was already his limit. He was also puzzled by it. After all, he could break through the ice that had encased him, but it was taking him a lot of effort just trying to break that layer of ice sealing the man.

Once Su Ming pondered over it, he obtained his answer - the cause was the length of time the both of them were sealed!

From the unique characteristic of him instantly being frozen the moment his feet landed on the glacier, it was clear that it had not been a long time since he was sealed in his block of ice, which was

why he could break out of it. However, it was different for the ice encasing this man. It must have been around for ages.

If Su Ming wanted to break the ice in which the man was sealed, then he needed a higher level of cultivation. After hesitating for a moment, Su Ming used half a month to dig out the Gate to the Void from the ice. Once he examined it for a moment, he went through the gate and returned to the cave abode.

While staring at the Gate to the Void, Su Ming frowned.

‘Judging by the Immortals’ system, I’m now at the early stage of the Nascent Soul Stage. I don’t know what Realm these Nascent Soul Cultivators would be if compared to us Berserkers... but from what I can sense, it should be around my current level now... However, the power of the Immortals is lasting and they’re skilled in using divine abilities...

‘If that’s the case, then I can still make some assessments.’ Su Ming averted his gaze from the Gate to the Void and started thinking.

‘The early stage of the Nascent Soul Stage is around my current level, where I have four Berserker Bones... if it’s the mid stage, then I guess it would be about the level where I have more than ten Bones? If this assumption is correct, then the late Nascent Soul would be equivalent to when I have twenty something bones, and the Soul Formation Stage among the Immortals should be the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm...

‘That should be it. An epiphany is required for the Immortals’ Soul Formation. If the Nascent Divinity is born from the body, then it would be an existence that surpasses the Nascent Soul. As for the Berserker Tribe, once we reach the Berserker Soul Realm, we can manifest our very own statue of the God of Berserkers.

"If I make this comparison, one of them is the Nascent Divinity in the body, and the other is the statue of the God of Berserkers outside the body. They both have similarities!

‘As for the Soul Transformation Stage, which is above the Immortals’ Soul Formation, that would be... the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm! Then in the Immortals’ system, the peak of the First Step, Ascendant, should be the latter stage of the Berserker Soul Realm.

‘The Immortals’ system has a Illusory Yin and Corporeal Yang state between the First Step and the Second Step. Judging by that case, then this Illusory Yin and Corporeal Yang is equivalent to the full great completion of the Berserker Soul Realm. If they manage to breakthrough, then according to their system, the Immortals will truly arrive at the Second Step!

‘It’s a pity that the Berserkers’ cultivation system has been cut off after the Berserker Soul Realm. But there’s definitely a similar Realm among the Berserker Tribe to the Immortal Tribe’s Second Step!’ Su Ming closed his eyes, and after a long while, he reopened them.

‘I’m practicing both the Immortals and Berserkers’ cultivation methods... but it’s a pity, I can’t combine these two powers. When I cast the Immortals’ Arts, the power of the Berserkers will fall silent, and when I use the power of the Berserkers, I can’t cast the Immortals’ divine abilities... besides my divine sense operating as usual, I can’t use any other Arts.

‘Still, even so, if I use them alternately, then my battle prowess... will be stronger by a large margin compared to when I was half a year ago!’ Su Ming clenched his fists. Once he swept his gaze past the land, his eyes fell on the dried up corpse belonging to the tribe leader of Black Crane.

Su Ming walked towards him. He looked at the corpse coldly, and eventually stared at the person’s right leg. There was a wound over there that had clearly not recovered, along with a gigantic, dead scorpion.

‘This person is the one I injured from Black Crane Tribe.’ A

chilling glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He had been quite puzzled before about Madam Ji's arrival. That distinct killing intent was clearly directed towards him.

Both White Bull Tribe and Black Crane Tribe were suspects. However, in his heart, Su Ming held more suspicion towards Black Crane Tribe. When he saw the tribe leader's corpse, a cold sneer appeared at the corners of his lips.

Madam Ji's appearance had made Su Ming experience many things during the past half a year. There were good things and bad things, but his narrow escape from death made it impossible for him to let Black Crane Tribe, who was the instigator for Madam Ji's arrival, off!

Su Ming's eyes were freezing cold. With a swing of his arm, he brought Ji Yun Hai's corpse and the sleeping black beetles back to his cave abode, along with the small virescent sword that came flying towards him automatically with a whistle.

Once he returned to his cave abode, Su Ming immediately went to the stone chamber with the medicinal cauldron. When he saw that everything was as it was, he felt relieved. Then he went to the stone chamber with the old Berserker.

Once he saw that the old man was now covered head to toe in black, and his body was filled with bite marks, Su Ming was momentarily stunned. The small snake on his shoulder immediately lifted its head with a pleased look on its face, looking forward to being praised for its deeds.

Su Ming smiled. Once he swept his gaze past the old Berserker's body, a glint of curiosity appeared in his eyes.

'I'm not a Soul Catcher. Trying to create a Soul Catcher Puppet will be very difficult for me... but now that I have the Immortals' power... Hong Luo had some divine abilities he left with me that can allow Nascent Soul Cultivators to cast their own puppets...' Su Ming stroked his chin, then sent a thought to the small snake on

his shoulder.

The small snake immediately flew up and charged out of the cave abode, floating in midair while keeping vigilance of its surroundings, protecting Su Ming.

Chapter 410: Poison Corpse and Clone

‘Di Tian’s projection should have disappeared under the power of the God of Berserkers... But his clone is already so powerful. If he sends another one or comes himself...’ Su Ming sat down cross-legged in his cave abode, and when he remembered what happened half a year ago, a dark look settled on his face.

‘But if he has such power, then why am I so important to him..? Is there a secret on me or perhaps in Di Tian’s heart?’ Su Ming had been thinking about this question for a very long time, but he still had not found a complete answer.

"Fei Er..." Su Ming said softly. At the same time he said those two words, while there was no grief in his divine sense, but sorrow rose within his heart and body uncontrollably.

He closed his eyes. When he opened them after some time, anguish surfaced in them.

"Perhaps the greatest sorrow in the world is when you don’t even know why you’re sad..." Su Ming mumbled softly in anguish. He remembered the stone statue of the girl in the coffin. He also understood that everything in the dream was perhaps real, but... there was still a large part of his memories missing, and it was difficult for him to experience that sort of misery in both his body and soul.

‘Without deeply etched memories, even the most familiar people will turn into strangers... but no one can wipe away the body’s memories. The pain in my heart is reminding me of the existence of this sorrow... but my mind is calm. It’s as if my body and soul are separated.

‘Just what is this Destiny?!

‘Just what is Di Tian’s will?!

‘Who am I? Was everything in Dark Mountain really just an

illusion..?

‘Why... why did elder name me Su Ming..?’

‘Destiny... Destiny... Once I control my own fate, then who else can call me Destiny?! No one!’ Su Ming lifted his head, and his gaze seemed to have penetrated through the cave abode to look at the sky beyond the seal.

After a long while, he closed his eyes and started forming seals with his hands. The Nascent Soul in his body moved in accordance to the seals and cast the divine ability required to refine puppets. The material for it was that old Berserker.

Time trickled by, and in the blink of an eye, another month passed.

During that time, the small snake kept vigilance and observed the surroundings outside, keeping to Su Ming’s orders given to it through his thoughts, acting as a protector.

On this day, the power of the world in Su Ming’s cave abode suddenly started churning in waves and turned into a vortex in an instant, absorbing all the power of the world around the area. Even the mountain range started roaring, and this continued for most of the day until two people walked out of the cave abode.

The person walking in front was Su Ming. His expression was aloof and he was dressed in a black robe. Behind him stood the old Berserker, whose gaze was blank. He was covered head to toe in black, and there was a ghastly air emanating from him as he followed Su Ming.

Su Ming stopped outside the cave abode and turned his head back to cast a glance at the old Berserker behind him. A faint glint appeared in his eyes, and he lifted his right hand, formed a seal, then pointed at him. Immediately, dark light shone in the old man’s eyes. He took a step forward and threw a fist towards the sky.

That one fist caused a loud rumble to ring in the sky, along with a large amount of ripples. There was also a wave of black fog that spread out as he threw his fist outwards, and it covered an area of seventy to eighty feet. Not too far away, the small snake lifted its head and stared at the black fog with a quizzical look in its eyes.

The old Berserker stood in midair, unmoving.

Su Ming stared at the old man, then shook his head and sighed.

‘This person might just be in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, but he practiced some sort of divine ability that not only made his body really sturdy, he could also split his soul up in several parts and hide them in his body.

‘With the Immortals’ Art to refine puppets, I can only refine [two of his Souls and four of his Spirits](#), I still can’t find where he hid that one other Soul and three Spirits of his, or else I would be able to use him to cast divine abilities belonging to the Berserker Soul Realm instead of me being only able to use his physical strength.

‘But this is good too. From this Corpse Transformation through All Venom Hong Luo left for me, I can refine a Poison Corpse. I don’t need any divine abilities, I just need a strong physical body, because the venom in that body is the best divine ability it has.

‘Right now, while I’m only halfway done refining it, but some of the small snake’s poison is in his body, and that poison is very domineering. I can use that poison temporarily. Once I run into other sorts of poison in the future, I can let this Poison Corpse absorb it and then slowly refine him into a real Poison Corpse!

‘With just a Poison Corpse alone, I might not be able to break that ice just yet. I still need to make more preparations.’ Su Ming mulled over his thoughts for some time before he sent out a thought to the Poison Corpse, then he ignored it, returning to his cave abode and isolating himself once again.

The Poison Corpse descended from the sky. It was still covered

head to toe in black, but its eyes had become dull once again. It stood outside the cave abode, unmoving.

The small snake in the sky hesitated for a moment before it flew towards the puppet in a flash and laid down on its head while hissing, looking really comfortable.

Time continued trickling by. During these days, Su Ming continued trying to refine Ji Yun Hai's corpse, but every single time he sent his divine sense into Ji Yun Hai's corpse, he could not make his divine sense stay. There was no place for him to leave his Brand there.

Ji Yun Hai's body was empty. Even his organs could not be found. His entire person was like an empty shell, making Su Ming truly puzzled as to how Madam Ji had managed to control it.

He tried a lot of methods, but none of them yielded any results. Su Ming stared at Ji Yun Hai's corpse and thought about it for a long time with a frown on his face, but he could only shake his head and sigh.

'Soul Catchers are really mysterious. Madam Ji's puppet is also different from the young Soul Catcher's puppet I saw in the past. Just how did she control this puppet?

'This is clearly an empty shell!' Su Ming frowned. Suddenly, a focused look appeared on his face and he looked towards Ji Yun Hai's corpse swiftly. A brilliant flash gradually appeared in his eyes.

'Empty shell... empty shell...' Su Ming's eyes sparkled. After a moment of pensive silence, he closed his eyes, formed seals with his hands, then tapped on several spots on his body. His entire presence changed, and the small Nascent Soul in him opened his eyes. The spirit in his eyes made it clear that this was indeed Su Ming.

With one move, that small Nascent Soul seeped out from the top

of Su Ming's skull, then floated above his head. His body was rather indistinct, as if he would dissipate when wind blew against him. He also shuddered, and it caused shock along with confusion to appear in the small person's eyes.

"The Nascent Soul Cultivators only train their souls. Their bodies are just an empty shell. Their Nascent Souls are their foundations. For a Cultivator, once their Nascent Soul or Nascent Divinity is taken away, it would signify their death. On the other hand, their bodies are less important..." Su Ming's voice tumbled out of that small Nascent Soul. With a dash, it charged towards Ji Yun Hai's corpse and disappeared without a trace.

After a moment, Ji Yun Hai opened his eyes. They were gray, but within the depths of that gray a dark light was flashing. Ji Yun Hai sat up slowly and dipped his head down to inspect his body. After some time, a smile appeared at the corners of his lips.

'Not bad. So I can use puppets like this as well? It must be different from Madam Ji's method though...'

At the same time, Su Ming opened his eyes. Once he met Ji Yun Hai's gaze, a smile appeared on his lips, and at the same time, a rather intrigued look crossed his face.

Su Ming looked at Ji Yun Hai and felt as if he had been split into two. One of them had manifested in Ji Yun Hai's body with his power in the Immortal Tribe, while the other one was his real self, watching himself casting an Art akin to Possession so that he could control Ji Yun Hai.

Su Ming smiled. Ji Yun Hai, who was under the control of his Nascent Soul, also smiled. He got up, and with one move, booming sounds came from another stone chamber. There was a large amount of black beetles there, and they were all waking up, charging towards him.

Su Ming's gaze narrowed, but he did not move. Even Ji Yun Hai, who was under his Nascent Soul's control, did not move. He

simply let those beetles approach them and cover up Ji Yun Hai's entire body, making it seem as if Ji Yun Hai had become another person. If no one took a closer look, they would be unable to tell that this body was not made of flesh and blood but by those insects.

'If that's the case, then I can consider this to be another clone for me.' Su Ming's spirits were lifted up. He witnessed the might of Di Tian's projected clone, and now that he obtained this strange puppet as well, his understanding towards the Immortal Tribe increased.

Su Ming was already sitting cross-legged on the ground. With just one thought, a hint of a smile appeared on the dark clone's face and he took a huge step forward before he walked out of the cave abode.

As he watched the clone leave, Su Ming lifted his right hand, and when he turned it over, a crystal the size of a fist appeared in his palm. That was the Wind Crystal of Inheritance. He stared at it, and a strange look appeared on his face.

He had thought of everything he could, but it was simply too difficult for him to fuse with this item. However, during the fight with Madam Ji that day, an idea formed in his head when he saw Madam Ji cast a divine ability when they were fighting against each other.

However, he had lost his consciousness later. Now that he had returned to his cave abode, he could clear his mind and ponder over that idea to see whether it was feasible.

'It doesn't matter whether it's the power of the God of Berserkers or Han Mountain Bell. Even this Immortals' power is just external power to me. I can't rely on them too much. My power as a Berserker alone is the foundation for me to become stronger!'

Su Ming stared at the Wind Crystal of Inheritance for several moments before a strange light shone in his eyes.

‘Perhaps this method will work!’ He gritted his teeth.

At that moment, his clone walked out of his cave abode under the control of his Nascent Soul. At the instant he walked out, the small snake lying on the Poison Corpse’s head immediately looked up, and uncertainty appeared in its eyes.

Su Ming’s clone smiled. He swung his right hand at the ground, and the Black Crane tribe leader’s corpse flew towards him. With it in his arms, the clone shot into the sky and turned into a long arc to charge into the distance. Once he was close to the seal Hong Luo made around the mountain range, Su Ming’s clone lifted his right hand and formed a seal before he pointed at air. Immediately, ripples appeared right in front of them. Su Ming’s clone stepped into the ripple and disappeared without a trace.

When he reappeared, the clone was standing in midair. When he dipped his head down, he saw an empty mass of land beneath him, not the mountain range. There was also a fiery red ape squatting down not too far away, and it was looking at him with a flabbergasted look.

When he saw the Fire Ape, Su Ming’s clone let out a laugh and joy could be seen radiating off his face. He lifted his right hand and pointed at the Fire Ape. Immediately, ripples appeared in the space before the Fire Ape, revealing the entrance to the cave abode. The Fire Ape was momentarily stunned before it immediately crawled in and disappeared within that entrance.

The smile on Su Ming’s clone gradually disappeared, replaced by coldness. He looked towards the direction of Black Crane Tribe, then charged straight towards it!

Three 魂 (Hun) and seven 魄 (Po), translated as three Hun and seven Po, but it sounded really odd if I used pinyin, like I’m talking about something else entirely, which is not, so here we have three Souls and seven Spirits.

In Daoism, it’s believed that the three Souls and seven Spirits

make up a person. The people in Imperial China also believed in this thing.

The three Souls govern your life, your will, and your intelligence.

The seven Spirits are seven emotions: Joy, anger, sadness, fear, love, hate, and desire.

Chapter 411: Black Crane

The clone looked like an extremely powerful man from the distance. He was about ten feet tall and had no hair. His entire body was black, and there were waves of murderous aura spreading out from him.

That murderous aura came from those black beetles. At the same time, lying within that murderous aura was a dense life force, and hidden within it was a similarly dense aura of death.

The fusion of life and death could be said to be perfect, and it was enough to shock all those who saw it.

This was not a normal puppet. In fact, it could be said that there were a lot of differences between this clone and the other Soul Catchers' puppets. Due to Su Ming's Nascent Soul, the clone looked like a normal person!

As Su Ming's clone moved forward, black fog tumbled about under his feet. Buzzing sounds could be heard faintly, echoing in the air. If anyone lifted their heads to look from the ground, they would definitely be terrified by this scene.

Black Crane Tribe was not far from this mountain range to begin with. Su Ming's clone would be able to reach it very soon with his current speed. Smoke could be seen coming up from Black Crane Tribe's mountain from the sky in the distance. It was noon at that moment. Clearly, the members of the tribe had lit up fire to cook their food.

Some children were still playing, and the warriors stationed around Black Crane Tribe were not on alert. Most of them were lounging around.

The stone statue that looked like a crane at the top of the mountain cast a shade on the land under the sunlight. As time passed by, that shade started moving slowly.

It was peaceful in the entire tribe, but that peace turned into cries of surprise when Su Ming arrived. The children quickly ran back to their houses, and the expressions of the lounging warriors changed drastically as they looked towards the sky in shock.

Su Ming's clone appeared in the sky above Black Crane Tribe with billowing black fog around him. That black appearance and murderous aura that filled his entire body caused the clone's arrival to be met with commotion from Black Crane Tribe.

He looked at the nervous warriors within that small tribe coldly, then flew down, landing on the peak of the mountain, right on top of the head of that gigantic crane.

As he stood there, Su Ming called out in a deep voice, "Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe, come out!"

Almost at the same time Su Ming's clone said those words, several old men immediately rushed out of their own houses from the tribe underneath. There was a thin old man among these people. He held a bone cane in his hand, and with a steely face, he stared at Su Ming. However, that person was feeling rather terrified in his heart.

He had never met Ji Yun Hai before. At that moment, as he saw Su Ming with this appearance, especially that life force and aura of death that filled his entire body, along with that murderous aura, the old man felt as if he could smell the stench of blood in the air.

"Sir, who are you? I am the Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe!" The old man took a step forward and tapped the ground with the cane in his hand before he spoke in a low voice.

Su Ming's divine clone smiled coldly. He did not speak, only lifted his right hand to point at the direction below him. Immediately, a dried up corpse appeared behind him and charged towards the old man. It landed on the ground with a bang. That corpse was naturally the tribe leader of Black Crane.

The instant he saw that corpse, the Patriarch's pupils shrank. When the other tribe members beside him saw that corpse, their expressions also changed, and they couldn't help it.

"What is the meaning of this? Who is this? I have never seen him before." The Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe gritted his teeth and remarked in a low tone. He had been able to recognize with just one glance that this person was the tribe leader of Black Crane, but he could not admit to his identity no matter what. He could not tell whether this dark man was sent by Madam Ji or by the owner of the mountain range.

Yet no matter who sent him, the Patriarch was not exactly in a position where he could offend either one, which was why he decided to grit his teeth and not admit to his identity.

"It doesn't matter to me whether you admit it or not." A freezing glare appeared in the eyes of Su Ming's clone. He lifted his right hand slowly. This tribe had made him go through all those dangers half a year ago. If Su Ming had not wanted to bring trouble on himself and not destroy this tribe, only choosing to teach them a lesson, then perhaps this would not have happened.

Hong Luo's appearance and the things that happened later might have been extremely meaningful for Su Ming, but it also made him a lot of enemies in the land of the Shamans. The outcome of it all was not exactly very valuable, and there was in no way Su Ming could accept it if the source of it all did not pay for the consequences.

Almost the instant Su Ming lifted his right hand, the Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe let out a piercing howl and charged over. Behind him, the other powerful warriors of Black Crane Tribe flew up swiftly and charged towards the close as well.

This was different from White Bull Tribe's restraint. Black Crane Tribe had chosen to attack!

A cold sneer appeared at the corners of Su Ming's lips. He might

not have gotten himself completely used to this body, but if he worked together with the black beetles, his battle prowess would increase by a large margin.

At that moment, as the people from Black Crane Tribe rushed over, Su Ming let out a cold snort. Immediately, a deafening buzz stirred up around him. Then, as if his body was dissolving, the black beetles scattered away and flew up. At the same moment they turned into a black fog, they charged towards the incoming members of Black Crane Tribe with hisses and killing intent.

At the same time, the true appearance of Su Ming's clone was revealed. The dried up body and gray eyes made all those who saw him feel terrified.

Shrill cries of pain instantly spread through the attackers. Those people who had rushed over were enveloped by a large amount of black beetles. Blood gushed all over the place from their bodies. They no longer rushed forward, but chose to quickly retreat.

Su Ming watched everything aloofly while standing on the crane's head. He lifted his right hand and made a seal before pointing in the direction before him. Immediately, the power of the world around him rushed to him with a boom, gathering up into a gigantic sword before him. He lifted that sword and swung it down in the direction below him.

The Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe let out a low growl and pushed his hands forward to crash into the incoming sword. His body shuddered, and a purplish red hue appeared on his face, but he managed to keep that sword in midair.

There was not a hint of change on the clone's face. He only said one word coldly.

"Explode!"

Once that word was spoken, the sword suddenly exploded and stirred up a whirlwind that swept through the area. The Patriarch

of Black Crane Tribe coughed out a mouthful of blood and tumbled backwards.

The instant it happened, Su Ming's clone took a step forward and disappeared. The Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe saw this with his own eyes, and a bad feeling immediately rose in his heart. As he turned around, his pupils shrank. He saw a finger coming swiftly to tap at the center of his brows.

That life threatening crisis made the Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe bite his tongue and cough out a huge mouthful of blood. His body rapidly withered away and he looked as if he had aged several dozens of years in an instant. His face was covered in wrinkles and his presence weakened. When Su Ming pierced through the center of his brows, his body started scattering away. Clearly, this was just an afterimage.

The old man's body reappeared several hundreds of feet away. His face was ashen and there was fear in it. Shrill cries of pain rang nonstop all around him. All the warriors in the tribe were surrounded by the invincible black beetles. Those bugs were mysterious insects that Ji Yun Hai had personally refined in the past. It could be said that these bugs had also given him that fiendish reputation in the Shaman Tribe.

There was in no way such a small tribe like this would be able to kill these bugs so easily. After all, even Su Ming had only been able to make these bugs fall asleep once he isolated Ji Yun Hai's body.

"Sacred Progenitor of Black Crane, I offer my blood to you as a sacrifice, please awaken!"

When the Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe saw his tribe's warriors dying, his eyes became bloodshot. He tore open his chest ferociously and ripped out his own heart right before Su Ming without caring about his blood flowing out nor his life force gradually diminishing. That heart was still beating as the old man held it high above his head.

A sharp look appeared on Su Ming's face. Immediately, he heard a large number of voices crying out similar words by his ears. Those people who were fighting against the black beetles imitated the old man's actions with madness on their faces. They tore open their chests, ripped out their hearts, and held them high in the air.

"Sacred Progenitor of Black Crane, please receive our offerings and awaken... Bring down sacred punishment on this person!"

The Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe coughed out a mouthful of blood. The instant he finished speaking, cracks appeared on the gigantic crane statue at the top of Black Crane Tribe's mountain. Rumbling sounds reverberated in the air, and the stone on the statue turned into numerous fragments that shot out everywhere. At the same time, a black figure flew up from the shattered stone statue, turning into a huge black crane that was one hundred feet in-size!

With a screech, that crane turned into a ray of black light that charged straight towards the Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe. It bit down on his heart and swallowed it. Once it did so, the black light shone once again, and in the span of a few breaths, the crane devoured all the offered hearts, then with a chilling gaze, it looked towards Su Ming.

"You're just a puppet at the Berserker Soul Realm. You're not fit for me to attack you. Leave, or else I won't mind making you stay and have you become my toy!" As that cold voice came from the black crane's mouth, an incredibly powerful presence swiftly spread around. That presence was so powerful that it made the weather change slightly, and even the clouds looked as if they had become duller.

Su Ming's pupils shrank. He stared at the gigantic black crane, and uncertainty rose in his heart.

"Sir Sacred Progenitor, you can't let him leave!' The old man who had lost his heart was strangely not dead. He was lying down by

the side at that moment, struggling to speak.

"Hmm? All right. I'll give you the span of ten breaths. If you don't leave, then I might change my mind and make you stay. I'll have you know that it's been several tens of thousands of years since I last killed someone." The presence within the gigantic black crane increased once again. It looked at Su Ming in a manner of a person looking down on someone else as it spoke slowly.

Su Ming's eyes sparkled, then he spread his divine sense swiftly to envelope the area, also scanning through the big crane before he eventually gathered it at the small remaining stone left from the shattered stone statue on the mountain.

"Divine sense!" The expression of the gigantic black crane changed. When it saw Su Ming staring at the remaining half of the stone statue, panic immediately appeared in its eyes, but it disappeared in the blink of an eye, turning instead into ghastliness.

"You're not leaving? Fine! Then stay!" As the huge crane spoke, its presence became stronger once again. Rumbling sounds rang in the air. The wind and clouds tumbled about, and its body grew larger once again, making it now look one thousand feet in size. Its voice was like a tidal wave that spread in all directions.

Yet Su Ming turned a deaf ear to its words and did not even spare it a glance. He walked towards the remaining half of the stone, lifted his right hand, and placed his hand on it.

"You... What are you doing?! Stop! Let's talk peacefully, bro..."

Chapter 412: Small Chick...

When Su Ming pressed down on that remaining half of the stone statue, cracks immediately appeared on it. As cracking sounds appeared along with the spread of the cracks, the black crane that had already become one thousand feet big charged towards Su Ming with a huge gust of wind from behind him.

"I gave you a wide path to tread, but you didn't take it. There was no road leading to hell, but you forced your way into it. I'm going to kill you!" With a ferocious expression, the one thousand feet black crane closed in on Su Ming with its gigantic body in a instant, bringing with it a murderous aura. With a flap of its wings, that strong gust of wind immediately forced the people on the ground to be pushed back incessantly.

However, when that wind fell on Su Ming, it only managed to make him stop for a moment and did nothing else. He turned his head around and cast a glance at the one thousand feet black crane, then lifted his right hand and struck down the cracked half of the stone statue.

The instant, his palm struck, the eyes of the Nascent Soul in Su Ming's body sparkled. A mighty power surged from his arm into the stone statue with a bang.

The stone statue immediately shattered in pieces and the fragments shot in all directions, but there was nothing in there. Su Ming could not help but frown.

He had scanned that statue with his divine sense previously, and had clearly felt a faint wave there. It was this wave that stirred up the power of the world in the area and made it turn into that big crane in midair.

"Hmph, fine. Your Grandpa Crane will give you one more chance. If you leave immediately, then I will let this slide, if you don't... then don't blame me for attacking you. I'm telling you, I'm very

powerful!" The one thousand feet crane seemed to have let out a sigh of relief and stared at Su Ming in midair while speaking sternly.

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He turned around swiftly, and with one step, he arrived at the previously shattered rock at a lightning fast speed. He grabbed one of the stones, then the illusionary shadow of a palm appeared on his right hand. With one squeeze, that illusionary shadow also seized that rock, and with a bang, that rock immediately shattered. There was nothing inside.

But Su Ming did not stop there. In a flash, he arrived at another rock, then did the same thing he'd done previously—he crushed it again.

"You bully!" Panic and terror rose in the one thousand feet large crane in the sky. It looked as if it was beyond rage. With a flap of its wings, it let out a piercing screech.

"You must think I'm full of empty threats, that's why you're not scared. All right, looks like I have to go back on the promise I made years ago. Once I beat you up, let's see whether you still think that way!" As the one thousand feet crane cried out shrilly, it started spinning in midair, and as it did so, black feathers instantly shot out from the vortex.

Su Ming had his hand around a stone at that moment. Once he crushed it, he immediately felt something dangerous charging towards him. He did not turn his head back but took a step forward and his body immediately disappeared.

When he reappeared, he was already a hundred feet away from his previous spot. With a bang in the sky, the ground trembled, a countless number of rocks and dust rolled down the mountain, and a gigantic pit formed below.

At the same time, feathers flew out swiftly from that deep pit. They whistled as they flew into the air and charged towards Su Ming.

"Heh heh, now you see how powerful I am, right? Well, even if you want to leave now, it's too late!" There was smugness in the crane's voice coming from the sky. At that moment, it changed once again and transformed into a vortex. This time, even more feathers charged out and went towards Su Ming.

The entire sky was practically filled with black feathers. All of them were incredibly sharp, and as they whistled in the air, they chased after Su Ming. His clone's gray eyes sparkled. He did not manage to dodge those feathers chasing after him even after several warps.

In fact, as he continued dodging, there were already seven to eight feathers that had managed to pierce his body. They quickly melted and turned into wisps of black smoke that seeped into his body, going straight for his Nascent Soul.

Su Ming let out a sharp cry. His body flashed once again and he reappeared on the ground. The feathers in the sky came after him. The instant they charged towards him from midair, he stretched his arms out wide, and immediately, the black beetles turned into black clouds that came towards him in an instant.

Before those feathers managed to pierce through Su Ming, the black beetles had already covered his entire body, causing the clone to return to being covered head to toe in black, regaining his tall and big man's appearance.

Booming sounds shot up once again, and the feathers fell on Su Ming's body like rain, causing the ground beneath his feet to shatter because of it. The earth sank in, and Su Ming also fell into that pit, sinking further and further down. The feathers stabbed his body, turning into black smoke that tried to seep through the dense black beetles and crawl into him.

In the blink of an eye, booming sounds from the pit filled the air. When all the feathers disappeared, the members of Black Crane Tribe who had witnessed everything immediately cheered.

The large crane in midair also looked incredibly pleased with itself. It flapped its wings and let out a few fake coughs.

"Due to the promise I made in the past, I originally did not want to injure him heavily, but this person did not appreciate my kindness. Oh well, remember to offer me more sacrifices. I'm tired now. I need to..."

As the large crane spoke, its voice suddenly died down, and it narrowed its eyes to the point that it looked as if it wanted to squeeze its eyeballs out of its sockets. It whipped its head around to look at the pit underneath.

Right before its eyes, it saw a pressure spreading from the pit, and it was soon followed by a brilliant flash. As that light shone, a small person about the size of a palm could be seen floating within!

That person's face was dark and he no longer bore Ji Yun Hai's appearance. That small person was naturally Su Ming's Nascent Soul!

The body of this type of Nascent Soul was something the people of Black Crane Tribe had never seen before. Once they saw it, they were all taken aback, and the Patriarch, who had lost his heart but was still alive, also widened his eyes.

"Nascent Soul! You're an Immortal! Damn it! How dare a Nascent Soul like you fly out at your level? Go back! Do you know that just a gust of wind of Yin and your Nascent Soul will shatter? Y-Y-You... Go back!" the large crane immediately cried out in a panic.

Su Ming's Nascent Soul floated out of the pit, and with sparkling eyes, he looked at the screaming crane. The crane was greatly different in his eyes now. It was just an illusion, and only the black feather in its body was real.

Ignoring the black crane, Su Ming immediately lowered his head and swept his gaze through the land with a dark light in his eyes. Then with one step, he immediately warped away. When he

reappeared, he was already on a broken stone located not too far away. He seized at the air with his tiny hand, and immediately, that stone charged towards his palm.

"Bro! Let's have a proper talk! Don't..." The large crane immediately cried out, and as it screamed, before Su Ming managed to catch the stone that was being sucked to his hand, that stone exploded and shattered on its own. A black ray of light flew out from within, and inside that light was a small black crane that was the size of a fist.

The small crane looked incredibly cute. It did not have a lot of feathers, only a few. At first glance, it did not look like a crane, but instead was more like a long-necked chick that had its feathers plucked out.

At that moment, the small crane looked like it was in a state of panic. It charged forth, as if it wanted to run away, but with a glint in his eyes, Su Ming's Nascent Soul swiftly gave chase. The small crane let out a shrill cry, and it became much faster, charging straight towards the large crane in the sky.

At the same time, the large crane in the sky shuddered and its body instantly began fading away, eventually turning to a feather, and when the small crane wanted to seize it with its mouth...

Su Ming's Nascent Soul opened his mouth wide and a ray of green light shot out. It was naturally the small virescent sword, and it was charging at a speed much faster than Su Ming's to appear before the small crane.

The few feathers on the small crane's body immediately stood up. It let out a shrill cry and no longer bothered about that black feather. With one turn, it ran off into the distance swiftly, and with just a few flashes, it disappeared without a trace.

Su Ming's Nascent Soul grabbed the black feather, then fixed his gaze at the spot where the small crane disappeared, quickly giving chase.

"Damn it, I am the Sacred Beast of Celestial Dao. I could have killed a puny Nascent Soul Cultivator like you with just one breath. Now, the cranes have fallen, and the land of the Berserkers is being trampled by others. Y-Y-You... Just you wait!"

The small crane immediately shot forth and avoided that ray of green light that charged by its side. It shuddered in fear, and its pathetic look made it seem even more like it was a long-necked small chick that had lost its feathers... It became even faster.

Su Ming's Nascent Soul was right behind and continued with his relentless pursuit. He had already naturally seen through the strangeness of the crane. It should be from the Immortal Tribe, and now that he ran into it, he would definitely not let it go so easily.

"You were the one who forced me. I'll... I'll fight you!"

When the chick saw Su Ming closing in, it found that the green rays were becoming more frequent, and coupled with the dejection it felt, along with its very important feather being snatched away, that small chick... The more the small crane thought about it, the more upset it became. At that moment, it turned around and madness blossomed in its eyes.

"Celestial Dao, Sacred Light!" it cried out in a shrill voice, opening its mouth wide to breathe out a puff of air at Su Ming. That puff of air was invisible, and the instant it was exhaled, a strong light shone out of nowhere.

The power of the world around them was absorbed towards them, causing the ray of light to shoot through hundreds of thousands of feet as if it was the sun. It did not rush towards Su Ming but exploded abruptly between the two of them!

There were no booms, only an almost violent gust of wind blowing past. There was a powerful propelling force contained in that wind, pushing Su Ming's Nascent Soul back. At the same time, the small crane also let out a shrill cry of pain. It was pushed back,

causing its speed as it escaped to increase exponentially, and in the blink of an eye, it disappeared.

"When did this damn Sacred Light of Celestial Dao become so weak?! I wasn't boasting earlier, I could destroy a world with just one breath, but now, I can't even kill a small Nascent Soul Cultivator... Just you wait!

"I'm a bird that holds onto my grudges! A lot! Immensely" As the small crane left, its voice also gradually became weaker. As for Su Ming, he was pushed back by that violent gust of wind, and his Nascent Soul was left several tens of thousands of feet away. He executed several warps and only then did he manage to avoid the impact of the force. Yet even so, his Nascent Soul had already become quite transparent because of it.

He stood in midair, not bothered by the transparent condition and weakness of his Nascent Soul. Instead, Su Ming stared in the direction the small crane had ran off to, then after some time, he let out a cold harrumph and turned around to leave.

Chapter 413: Crystal Fusion!

The Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe was now ashen pale. He stared at the sky with a blank look and a bittersweet smile appeared on his lips. He knew that he would definitely die, and he could not blame anyone for this. If it was not because of his own greed over the Shaman Crystals that caused him to try and destroy White Bull Tribe, he would have not brought such a disaster on his own head.

By his side, most of his tribe members who had offered up their hearts had died. The remaining few old people were by the Patriarch's side, and their faces were ashen, their presences weak.

"Patriarch, please cast the Spell quick. We're begging you. Don't stall anymore. We have to cast the Spell quick, according to the Spell our ancestors left for us. You won't die..." There was a middle-aged man kneeling before the Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe at the moment, and that man was speaking anxiously.

"I have to die. If I don't die, then their grudges won't disappear... If I can buy the tribe's peace with my death, then there is at least value in my death!

"This is my fault... I shouldn't have been greedy for the Shaman Crystals... Ha..." the Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe said in a pained voiced. He had lived for a long time and was the Patriarch of a tribe, so he was definitely not a stupid person. He knew perfectly well that this time he had to die!

"Patriarch!" Sorrow filled the middle-aged man and the other tribe members' faces.

"Enough, this is already decided! Once I die, take out the three sacred feathers of our tribe and offer it to the man... Use them in hopes for exchanging for the tribe's safety... and then... take our people away. We will have to migrate before the date.

"From now on, you are the Patriarch of your tribe..." Blood poured down from the Patriarch's lips as he looked at the middle-aged man kneeling before him.

Grief was clear on the man's face. He did not speak.

"Remember this. Do not think about taking revenge..." The Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe gave a broken smile and he fell to the side, dead.

He could originally live, but he could not. He could have not died, but for the tribe, he had to die.

As he died, the old men who had lost their hearts also breathed their last. Most of the powerful Shamans in Black Crane Tribe were gone.

When Su Ming's Nascent Soul returned, he saw the Patriarch's corpse and the members of Black Crane Tribe kneeling down on the ground under the lead of a middle-aged man once they saw him.

With a calm expression, Su Ming charged towards the deep pit in the ground. After the burning of an incense stick, his clone slowly flew up from the pit.

"Sir, please forgive us... We are willing to offer you our tribe's sacred items..." Once Su Ming flew out, with sorrow on his face, the middle-aged man from Black Crane Tribe lifted his arms high in the air. There was a stone plate in his hands, and there were three black feathers on it.

There were waves of pressure spreading from those three feathers. Yet compared to the feather Su Ming obtained previously, they were insignificant.

Su Ming swept his gaze past the three feathers coldly. He did not look at the middle-aged man but towards the dead Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe.

He remembered that the old man had not died when his heart

was eaten by the small crane. Clearly, there was some sort of secret in Black Crane Tribe's offering that allowed the people who made sacrifices to continue living.

However, the old man still died... Su Ming closed his eyes. When he reopened them a moment later, understanding appeared in his eyes.

"He paid the price, so I'll let it go!" Su Ming averted his gaze and looked towards the normal tribe members in the tribe. Then he walked towards the air and turned into a long arc that gradually disappeared into the horizon.

He did not take the three feathers. Those things were useless to him, but to a small tribe that lost most of their powerful warriors, the use of those feathers was great.

Su Ming was not the type to kill everyone and spare no one. His grudge had disappeared when the Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe and the other powerful warriors died.

Su Ming sat in his cave abode in the mountain range and held the Wind Crystal of Inheritance in his hands. There was a long gash on his arm. The blood there had dried up, and there was a variety of emotions on his face.

If anyone took a closer look, then they could see that the size of the Wind Crystal of Inheritance had shrunk slightly!

"When Madam Ji brought out the red ring that day, she took it out from a bone. With that method, she managed to use the ring...

"Else, she wouldn't have had to suffer so much and could have just put it on her finger," Su Ming mumbled under his breath.

"I tried putting this thing in the gash on my arm earlier, and when I circulated my Qi, I managed to absorb some of it... but I only managed to absorb a little of it. It wasn't particularly useful..." Su Ming held the Wind Crystal of Inheritance in his hands in a tight grip, then gritted his teeth.

‘Oh well, I’ll try it with my original idea, but I won’t do it here. We’re at room temperature here. If I use this method, I’ll lose too much blood.’ Su Ming stood up and took a deep breath before he lifted his head to look at the Fire Ape crouching and leaning against a wall. His lips curled up in a smile.

The Fire Ape also looked at Su Ming and bared its teeth as if it was smiling at him. It looked rather excited.

He walked up and patted the Fire Ape’s head, then walked out of his cave abode.

Once he walked out, the small snake on the Poison Corpse’s head immediately looked towards him.

Su Ming fell into a moment of pensive silence, then gave up on bringing the Poison Corpse on his journey. He sent out a thought and comforted the small snake before walking out of the mountain range towards the frozen Gate to the Void floating in the air.

Standing next to the Gate to the Void, Su Ming closed his eyes, as if he was waiting for something. After a moment, ripples appeared in the sky, and his clone appeared to stand behind him.

Su Ming opened his eyes and lifted his right hand to press against the frozen Gate to the Void. Immediately, the layer of ice shattered slightly. Once a crack showed up, Su Ming moved inside. His clone followed behind him, and with a flash, he disappeared along with Su Ming and the Gate to the Void.

The deep parts of the black seawater and the endless glacier were still as dark as ever. There were numerous living beings sealed in the glacier, keeping their former appearances of when they were alive. They looked as if they were struggling.

The silence around the area seemed to have been there for countless amount of years. The only things that would appear in that black seawater were the occasional creatures of the sea swimming past the area.

In an ice mountain above the glacier was a frozen gate. At that moment, as that gate shone with a dark light, two figures appeared. Naturally, it was Su Ming and his clone!

Once they appeared, they did not move, and it was clear that they were also frozen. It would not be until a few days later when the ice cracked and shattered that Su Ming and his clone would be able to move about in that ice mountain.

The freezing air chilled Su Ming's bones, and he felt as if his flesh and blood were about to freeze. The circulation of his blood had become a lot slower. His clone stood by the side. With those black beetles around, coupled with the fact that this puppet was originally dead to begin with, it was only natural that he did not fear the cold. As his aura of death fused with the freezing air, he could move around with much more nimbleness and ease compared to Su Ming.

His eyes shone brilliantly, and he was prepared to protect his host.

Su Ming sat down on the ice in the area where he could move around with no problems. He closed his eyes and waited for a few hours. When his body was almost frozen, he opened his eyes, and as he lifted his right hand, the Wind Crystal of Inheritance appeared.

At the same time, his clone opened his mouth and spat out a ray of green light that turned into a small sword. That sword charged towards Su Ming under the control of his Nascent Soul.

With a bang, the small sword stabbed Su Ming's back. The frozen body caused Su Ming to be numb towards the pain and to be at ease with it. He only frowned slightly but did not make a sound.

The small sword stabbed into his back and started cutting apart his flesh downwards, revealing a small part of his spine inside!

Blood spilled out and seeped into the ice. Due to the freezing air,

there was not much blood. However, even if the body was frozen, the pain still made Su Ming's breathing quicken.

There were four vertebrae on Su Ming's spine that were shining with a blue light. Those were his Berserker Bones. As the small sword stabbed into his flesh, a glint appeared in the clone's eyes. He lifted his right hand, and the Wind Crystal of Inheritance in Su Ming's hand floated and circled above his head once before charging straight to his back, plunging itself deep into the opened wound. Once it touched the fifth vertebrae on Su Ming's spine, the crystal stuck itself closely there.

Su Ming's face was pale. His entire body might be frozen, but there was still sweat beading on his forehead. However, there was determination on his face. His right hand was trembling when he lifted it up. He seized at the air, and immediately, half of the Lightning Crystal of Inheritance appeared in his hand.

He hesitated for a moment, then gritted his teeth. Immediately, that Lightning Crystal of Inheritance shone and flew up to plunge into the wound on his back, right at his sixth vertebrae. When Su Ming forced both of the Crystals of Inheritance into his body as if he was planting them in himself, he closed his eyes and dispersed the power he was using to resist the cold. His body was slowly covered by ice, and eventually, his entire body froze up, and he turned into an ice statue.

Su Ming's clone sat by the side and observed the surroundings vigilantly, protecting his host.

Time trickled by. Su Ming had no idea how long he would need to complete this slightly insane action of his. In fact, if he did not have his clone by his side, it would be difficult for him to do this. The slightest lapse of attention when he was doing this would perhaps make him freeze to death in his weakness.

Due to his Nascent Soul, his clone could sense his host's condition. Once in a while, he would send a warm wave of power

into Su Ming's body, causing him to remain alive while encased in ice. He would be in a state of life and death, which would cause the blood on his back to slowly freeze up so that he could gradually absorb the Crystals' power and gain an epiphany towards them.

At that moment, Su Ming's back looked horrifying. His spine was partially revealed and his flesh was ripped apart. There was a small amount of blood flowing out, but his flesh and blood were slowly growing back and recovering.

However, even if he was recovering, the protruding Wind and Lightning Crystals of Inheritance still looked horrifying.

Yet as time passed by and as the wounds slowly recovered, the Wind Crystal of Inheritance from the two protruding crystals gradually shrank...

Su Ming still had his eyes closed. As pain showed on his face, confusion would sometimes show as well, and occasionally, he would look like he was thinking hard about something, and at other times, he would look delighted...

The Wind Crystal of Inheritance became smaller... right until one day sometime in the future, the protruding Wind Crystal of Inheritance had shrank by a large half. The remaining part might still be protruding from Su Ming's back, but if no one took a closer look, it would be difficult for them to notice it.

On this day, in Su Ming's mind, a storm stirred up... and it was the storm of inheritance!

Chapter 414: Three Styles of Wind Separation!

There was a layer of fog in the gray sky, and there seemed to be a sea of clouds tumbling about in the area. No one would be able to tell whether this was the sea of the sky, or whether it was the sea of the ground at just one glance.

Su Ming could not sense his own body. It was as if he had turned into a gust of wind in the sea of clouds and floated in the world, not knowing where he wanted to go...

Perhaps a long time had passed, or perhaps it had just been a moment. Su Ming, whose mind was a little muddled at that point, suddenly saw a long-haired man sitting in the endless sea of white and gray clouds before him.

That man was tall and thin. He was dressed in green and his hair was very long. He might not look handsome, but there was an elegant grace about him, especially his long and narrow eyes. They looked like the eyes of a woman, and those eyes that seemed like they belonged on a phoenix was an unforgettable sight.

At the same time Su Ming saw this man, the man slowly opened his eyes, and a brilliant light shone within them.

"You came, my scion."

Su Ming's mind trembled. His slightly muddled mind suddenly cleared up, and he remembered that he was absorbing the Wind Crystal of Inheritance in the glacier. He also remembered the storm that stirred up in his head at the end, along with himself appearing in this sea of clouds like a spirit once that storm was over.

"This sort of inheritance is only privy to the first scion. You will be the only one who can see me... The scions after you will not see me, but they will see you," the man with the long and narrow eyes

stated slowly in a gentle voice.

"I am the Wind Berserker. I have become a Saint after understanding the power of wind. I fought with the God of Berserkers against the ninth great aeon in the great World containing all regions. Everywhere we went, there was no one who did not dare worship us...

"Now, what remains in this place is a fragment of my will that I left behind when I was about to leave the ninth aeon in the great World with the God of Berserkers to search for other aeons in hopes of seeking a chance for a breakthrough. I left the fragment behind so that the future generation may inherit my title as the Wind Berserker.

"The power of the Wind Berserker changes all the time and it can't be inherited in one go. That's why I separated it into three divine abilities. If you can master them all, then you will have understood a fifth of what it means to be the Wind Berserker.

"The first of the three styles of Wind Separation is Sun Genesis!" The man with the long and narrow eyes spoke slowly, and the moment he said those last words, his eyes sparkled. He lifted his right hand and waved it at the sky above the sea of clouds.

"Push aside the clouds in the sky, and you can make the sea of clouds stir, you can make the sun reveal itself. All you need to activate the power of Sun Genesis is wind!"

As his words echoed in the air, the sea of clouds started tumbling ferociously and turned into a giant vortex. With the man as the center, the vortex encircled such a huge area that it seemed endless, and with booming sounds, it started spinning.

Su Ming stood by the side and watched the sea of clouds spinning. He could even imagine that if anyone looked up from the ground at that moment, they would definitely find themselves witnessing a terrifying sight - a sight where all the clouds in the sky started spinning and turning into a vortex.

"Where does wind come from?" The man with the long and narrow eyes smiled.

"Wind comes when I wave my arms, and I channel it to the sky to move the sea of clouds. When the sea of clouds turns into a vortex, the wind will come back several times stronger!

"More accurately speaking, Sun Genesis is divided into three levels. The first is Wind Propelling, the second is Wind Borrowing, and the final level is... Sun Genesis!"

The man with the long and narrow eyes clenched his right fist, and the instant he formed that fist, the sea of clouds around them that had turned into a vortex, with a rumble, rushed towards the man. Eventually, as Su Ming's mind trembled, he saw the vortex disappearing into the man's right fist!

It was as if the entire process of him clenching his fist happened during the instant the endless sea of clouds rapidly gathered towards him.

It was just as if the man was holding the endlessly rotating sea of clouds in his right hand!

It was as if he now held the boundless power of the wind in the world in his hand.

"Sun Genesis!"

With his right fist, the man punched forward gently, seemingly without any power, but when that punch was delivered, a violent gust of wind that could not be described with words erupted forth. It felt as if a shocking thunder had crackled during a quiet dawn, as if the a storm spanning one hundred thousand feet had erupted on the quiet surface of a sea, as if an ear-splitting boom had resounded in a meadow!

The violent gust of wind turned into a wind dragon. As it roared, it charged out and tore through the sky, causing a gigantic pit to appear in the air. The wind dragon roared, then crawled into the

pit and disappeared.

"The second style, Lunar Burial!" The Wind Berserker narrowed his eyes, and a green glare appeared within them.

"I personally like this style a lot. I didn't create this style on my own either. I gained an epiphany for it from an ancient legend. I also went to a lot of ancient ruins to examine them so that I could finally produce this ancient legend.

"I believe that this Art had existed since the beginning but was only lost in time. I am merely restoring it slightly. In older times, there was a legend that said that when the Ancients die, they are not buried in the sky or the earth. They are instead buried in the wind. The wind is their coffin..."

A smile appeared on the man's lips, but it looked rather sinister. He pointed at the ground with two fingers of his right hand.

When Su Ming lowered his head to look, the ground underneath suddenly turned indistinct. It did not last long, and the ground became clear once again. But once it became distinct, what appeared before Su Ming was no longer the ground he'd seen previously. Instead, it had turned into a place filled with people.

A large number of people whose clothes and appearances could not be seen clear were now on the ground. They all prostrated themselves and Su Ming heard words he could not understand coming out from their mouths in the form of buzzing sounds. From the sky, he could see that these people numbered to several tens of thousands.

They stood close to each other and formed a gigantic circle. The center was empty except for a gigantic wooden tower. At the top of the tower was a bound corpse that hung high in the sky.

"Look closely, my scion!" the man with the long and narrow eyes suddenly said. Su Ming immediately looked down with rapt attention, forcing down his shock, not shifting his eyes from the

spot.

The tens of thousands of people surrounding the giant wooden tower on the ground started moving slowly. All of them were walking and looking at the sky. It was as if the circle they had formed was spinning. This scene sparked curiosity in Su Ming's heart.

He could not tell just what sort of connection these people's actions had with Lunar Burial. However, as time passed by, the tens of thousands of people on the ground gradually stopped walking slowly and started running. The tens of thousands of people running altogether caused the circle to start spinning even faster.

'Could it be that the vortex is formed when the people run, and that's how they form wind?' A sharp glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

As the tens of thousands of people ran, a wave of hot air spread from all these people. This was a wave that naturally came to be as their Qi circulated in their bodies. Perhaps the hot air from a singular person would not be much, but when tens of thousands of people ran together, it would look incredibly distinct.

Once that hot air spread from their bodies, it started floating into the sky slowly.

At the same time, several hundreds of people immediately shot up from the running crowd and charged into the sky to stand above the bound corpse on the gigantic wooden tower. These hundreds of people sat down cross-legged over there, and a chilling aura spread from their floating bodies. That chilling air immediately spread through the area, causing the place to abruptly turn cold.

What happened next took Su Ming completely by surprise. With his own eyes, he saw the chilling air that was seeping out of these hundreds of people descend to the area underneath, and during

that process, that chilling air instantly clashed with the hot air floating upwards.

The instant they clashed, a violent gust of wind appeared out of nowhere, stirring up sharp whistling sounds. At the same time, the tens of thousands of people on the ground opened their mouths and shouted one word.

"Burial!"

The voice shook the sky, causing the tens of thousands of people to run even faster, and more hot air spread from their bodies. The hundreds of people sitting cross-legged and floating in the sky also opened their eyes at that moment and roared simultaneously!

"Lunar!"

The moment they shouted, a larger amount of chilling air spread out and descended to the area underneath. Once it clashed with the hot air, the wind started interacting as if they were convecting heat, and it gave birth to stronger wind. The wind swept past the land and blew against the corpse bound on the gigantic wooden tower, causing the dead man's blood and flesh to rapidly dry up from that indescribably man-made wind, eventually turning into skin and bones, ending up as a dried up corpse.

That was not the end, as the words 'Burial' and 'Lunar' were repeatedly shouted, the wind became stronger, and after an unknown amount of time passed by, as Su Ming's heart was shaken to the core, he saw the dried up corpse turning to ashes. As the wind was born, the ashes disappeared into the world, and once they disappeared, this scene, which was clearly from a ritual, returned to being indistinct and disappeared from Su Ming's eyes.

"That is Lunar Burial," the man with the long and narrow eyes said.

Su Ming looked at the muddled ground that had returned to how it originally was with a blank stare and his heart was in chaos, as if

there were waves crashing against it. He was not shocked by the Lunar Burial but stunned by these people's intelligence, and how wind... was formed.

'Is this how wind is formed..? The clash of cold and heat... perhaps I should say it is the transfer between cold and heat that formed wind... Convection... forms wind... That's right, if I throw a punch, I will cause wind to stir, but I've never thought about how that wind came to be. By the looks of it now, wind is born due to the transfer between two auras.'

Su Ming looked as if he had gained an epiphany.

"My scion, wind exists in all parts of the world, but if you can separate the wind from a particular region, thereby causing wind to no longer exist in that region, then you can become the lord of that region!

"Without wind, there is no aura, and without aura, there is no power. When the power of the world is sealed within, when all manner of aura no longer exists, then from then on, the place where you are will be a forbidden area for all lives, and that is Wind Separation!

"The three styles of Wind Separation contain all my understanding towards wind. I am passing it to you, and it will depend on you on how much you can understand out of the Provenance of Wind...

"Also, besides Wind Separation, I will also use the remaining fragment of my will to give you three chances to gain an epiphany. Each of the chances will be for a style of the divine ability. This is your first chance, Epiphany for Sun Genesis!"

The man with the long and narrow eyes disappeared as he spoke. Soon after, a violent gust of wind whistled by and enveloped Su Ming within.

Chapter 415: Three-Headed Dark Turtle!

Time passed by, and in the blink of an eye, it was six months later. A year had gone by since the chaos caused by Hong Luo to the land of the Shamans.

Several large scale battles had happened in the war outside Sky Mist City, while the small scale battles launched over the warzone were already so numerous that they could not be counted. These battles were only becoming more intense.

The defense of Sky Mist City was also gradually being weakened. Most of the powerful Berserkers in the Berserker Tribe were acting as garrisons for Sky Mist City.

There was a rumor regarding the Calamity of the Eastern Wastelands spreading out secretly among the Berserkers, and most of those who heard it took it with a grain of salt.

There were no longer any tribes located at the edge of the Dead Sea in the land of the Shamans. Almost a seventh of the tribes had migrated.

However, there were some tribes that did not migrate. These tribes either had no power to migrate or were small tribes that would have difficulties if they moved too far even if they wanted to migrate, which was why they decided... to stay.

White Bull Tribe was one of the tribes in the latter category. They struggled before, pondered over it, had the urge to migrate, had even sent their people to venture out in search for any migrating tribes that would pass by their tribe, but eventually, they had no choice but to give up.

This was a remote land to begin with. If their tribe members traveled far and wide, they would perhaps run into migrating tribes, but that was only a possibility. If they did not meet any of them, then instead of being destroyed, they would rather stay in

their tribe.

On the last month of the past six months, the monkey-faced old man, the Patriarch of White Bull Tribe, went to the area near Su Ming's mountain range multiple times. He still believed that there was something off about the place. When he learned about the things that happened to Black Crane Tribe, he became even more skeptical of Su Ming's mountain range.

The old man was polite every single time he came to the place, even after he'd visited it many times. He would respectfully shout outside the mountain range in hopes of meeting Su Ming, but never received any response. However, the old man did not give up. He always came back once every few days.

Time passed by this way, and the Fire Ape laid around lackadaisically within the seal of the mountain range. The small snake flew in midair. As for the Poison Corpse, he continued standing at the entrance of the cave abode and never moved once during those six months.

The ice on the frozen Gate to the Void still remained during that half a year. It continued releasing cold air and never melted.

Su Ming was sitting cross-legged in the ice mountain located in the glacier surrounded by black seawater. His body was completely frozen up. His clone had protected him for half a year.

There was no longer any blood flowing out of Su Ming's back. His wound had slowly recovered during the six months. By now, there was only a bump that could be seen belonging to the Lightning Crystal of Inheritance. As for the Wind Crystal of Inheritance, it practically could not be seen anymore.

There were four Berserker Bones in Su Ming's spine, but at that moment, the fifth vertebrae was shining with a green light, and it seemed as if it had already transformed. Its appearance might not have changed, but it gave people a similar feeling to the Wind Crystal of Inheritance. It was as if the shrunken Wind Crystal of

Inheritance had been absorbed by the fifth Berserker Bone.

Another month passed by. On this day, the layer of ice surrounding Su Ming, who had isolated himself there for seven months, suddenly shook. At the same time it started shattering and cracking, Su Ming opened his eyes slowly.

The instant he opened his eyes, besides the profundity in his gaze that already existed before, there was also a vortex that looked like a whirlwind in his eyes. At the same time, the layer of ice around him shattered with a bang, causing Su Ming to regain mobility.

He silently sensed the changes in his body, and he could clearly feel that he had become much stronger compared to how he was before he isolated himself, and more importantly...

"Sun Genesis, huh..?"

Su Ming lowered his head and looked at his right hand. There was a brilliant flash in his eyes. In the one chance he had to gain his epiphany during his entire process of understanding the inheritance of the Wind Berserker, he had tried countless times to cast Sun Genesis. In that sort of condition to gain his epiphany, Su Ming had a feeling that he had been reborn in that illusion filled with wind.

He lightly formed a fist and stood up slowly. The instant he stood up, the clone behind him also did the same.

Su Ming did not turn his head back, but instead stared at the shell of the ice mountain and the glacier before him. After a moment of pensive silence, his gaze fell at the spot sealing the green-scaled man eight hundred feet away.

After thinking for some time, Su Ming lifted his right hand and touched the layer of ice before him. Immediately, it cracked. After another moment, it shattered, and black seawater instantly surged in, but the instant the seawater surged in, Su Ming had already walked out of the ice mountain. His clone also followed behind

him.

He did not bother about the ice mountain behind him. A wave of pressure descended on them in that black seawater, causing Su Ming to sink, but his expression was calm as he walked forward slowly.

He walked forward until he was eight hundred feet away from the ice mountain. When he arrived at the place sealing that green-scaled man, Su Ming once again felt the difference between his current self and his previous self. Before he fused with the Wind Crystal of Inheritance, walking eight hundred feet was already his limit, but now, he felt that he could still walk several dozens of feet forward.

As he stared at the ice mountain sealing the green scaled man, Su Ming furled his right hand into a fist and punched. At the same time, his clone behind him took a step forward and pointed at the ice through the water.

Immediately, densely packed circles of cracks appeared on the layer of ice Su Ming punched. Green light flashed, and the small sword flew out from his clone to stab into the crack. At that moment, Su Ming lifted his right hand, and when the sword retreated, he pressed his palm on the ice once again.

The process repeated several times, and as the cracks on the layer of ice slowly spread outwards, the crushed ice also fell off.

Su Ming's spirits lifted and he increased his speed. By working with his clone, they gradually dug a hole in the ice mountain, and behind that hole was the black wooden club with nine teeth held by the green scaled man.

As the layer of ice continuously became thinner and when he was just three inches away from the tip of of the club, suddenly, a strong current shot forth from the black seawater above the glacier. At the same time, Su Ming heard a muffled growl.

Soon after, a gigantic, muddled figure charged forth from the black seawater. As it closed in, its low growl shook the glacier, causing the the seawater to roll, and the pressure formed made Su Ming's heart shake.

His eyes sparkled. At the moment, there was already a big hole wide enough to fit a person dug out in the ice mountain. He was less than three inches from that club, before long, he would be able to completely dig through. However, the arrival of that low growl made Su Ming hesitate for a moment before a resolute look appeared on his face.

He immediately curled his right hand into a fist and rammed it against the thin layer of ice. His clone attacked at the same time, intending to break through before the unknown creature came over.

Yet before Su Ming managed to attack, the low growl traveled to his ears as if the sound came right from his side. The seawater around him started distorting, and an incredible force came charging towards him.

Su Ming's expression changed. Without a hint of hesitation, he immediately crawled into the big hole he'd dug out. His clone crawled in at the same time.

The moment they blocked the entrance, Su Ming found out, to his shock, that the entire glacier shuddered. His pupils shrank, and he saw a gigantic ferocious beast with an astonishing presence appearing in the seawater.

It was a two-headed dark turtle!

Two of its gigantic heads were outside its shell and were coldly staring at the layer of ice where Su Ming had hid himself. The moment a fierce glint appeared in its eyes, it swung its tail, and immediately, another head rose on its tail!

This was not a two-headed turtle, but a three-headed dark turtle!

Its body was not really that big, only one thousand feet in-size. It stood on the glacier and not many ripples formed from its aura could be seen. However, the presence of its Qi left Su Ming afraid.

Roar!

The three heads of that dark turtle roared at Su Ming at the same time. However, it only stood and roared. It did not do anything else. Su Ming hid himself in the layer of ice. His clone was slightly further ahead, and they were both sealed up by the newly recovered ice mountain. As Su Ming looked at the three-headed dark turtle outside, he groaned internally.

However, gradually, Su Ming noticed something strange about this dark turtle. The creature only roared and did not attack him. This stunned Su Ming momentarily.

He remained in pensive silence for a moment. As he saw the ice mountain gradually sealing up, he lifted his right hand and punched the newly returned three inch thick layer of ice behind him. Cracks echoed in the air, and the layer of ice became only two inches thick.

It was also at that moment that the three-headed dark turtle roared even more furiously as if it had gone mad. It took a big step forward, and at the same time it got closer to the ice mountain, its tail charged towards the ice mountain with a whistle, but it did not hit the ice. Instead, once it swung down beside the ice mountain, the dark turtle's face became even more savage, and it started growling lowly as it glared at Su Ming.

‘The power of its Qi makes it clear that it has incredible power, and it's a power so strong that I've never seen its like before... but it looks as if it doesn't know any divine abilities.’ A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

‘And by its previous actions... Could it be that this creature cannot destroy the ice mountain here..? Could it be that it's the guardian beast of the place?’

A thought bloomed in Su Ming's heart and he moved closer to the thin layer of ice. Immediately, the dark turtle outside roared even more fiercely. It swung its tail back and forth, letting out piercing howls.

Su Ming immediately shrank back, putting some distance between himself and the thin layer of ice. The dark turtle clearly relaxed and no longer looked at Su Ming, but instead stared at the green-scaled man that was several inches away from Su Ming, sealed within the thin layer of ice.

Su Ming was incredibly nervous at the moment, but his head was calm. Once he saw the dark turtle's actions, he knew that the longer he stayed in the place, the worse it would be for him. That was why he sent a thought to his clone.

His clone immediately lifted two fingers and tapped at the ice behind them. As it was just a short time since that ice was formed, that one tap immediately broke a small hole. A black beetle instantly flew out and crawled into that hole.

Su Ming stared at the bug. When the dark turtle saw the bug flying out, it only spared it a glance and no longer bothered itself with it. It let the small bug fly eight hundred feet back to where the Gate to the Void was in the ice mountain.

Chapter 416: Snatch the Treasure!

‘It’s not paying attention to us, but those sealed in the ice...’

Su Ming narrowed his eyes. This was not the moment for him to anger that dark turtle now and forcefully take the black club.

After a moment of pensive silence, a glint appeared in the clone’s eyes. He lifted his right hand and drew a circle on the layer of ice before him. With one press, the circle instantly shattered, and then he took a step outside to walk out of the hole in the ice mountain.

Su Ming stared at the dark turtle and was already prepared to use his Nascent Soul to escape, but the dark turtle only cast a glance at the clone before it ignored him.

‘Could it be that as long as we don’t touch the things that are frozen here, then the turtle won’t bother us..?’

Su Ming gritted his teeth and walked out slowly from within the hole in the ice mountain. Once he completely came out, his heart started racing. He saw the dark turtle turning its head around to cast a freezing glance at him before averting its gaze. Su Ming let out a huge sigh of relief in his heart.

He walked forward slowly, but once he took a few steps, conflict appeared on his face, but it did not last for long. Su Ming did not stop moving, and as he continued moving forward, his clone immediately moved back and crawled into the hole in the ice mountain.

Su Ming was incredibly nervous as he did these series of actions. He continuously observed that dark turtle, and when he saw that it did not give too much of a reaction, he took a few brisk steps forward until he arrived at the frozen Gate to the Void located eight hundred feet away.

Once he stood inside the ice mountain containing the gate, Su Ming immediately came to stand beside it and started dealing with

the ice around it to keep the gate open at all times.

When he finished doing all this, he turned his head around and stared at the frightening dark turtle outside, along with his clone inside the hole.

‘Should I snatch it, or should I not..? The turtle is clearly the guardian of this place. All the things that it guards must be extraordinary items. The glacier here is very big too. I have reason to believe... that this turtle is not the only guardian of this place.

‘Besides, when I broke open the ice mountain sealing that green-scaled man last time, that turtle had not appeared. Clearly, the degree of damage I dealt was not big enough. This time, when I almost succeeded, this creature appeared. Now I caught its attention. Even if I come next time when it’s not around, it’ll still be difficult for me to get closer to that item.

‘I’ll take it!’ Su Ming’s face lit up with determination.

Immediately, a glint appeared in the clone’s eyes, who was within the hole of the ice mountain sealing that big man eight hundred feet away. He lifted his right hand and tapped at the thin layer of ice with two of his fingers. Once he tapped at it repeatedly, the layer of ice instantly shattered, revealing the black, spiked club inside!

As if the dark turtle had gone mad, it started roaring, and as it swung its tail back and forth repeatedly, Su Ming’s clone pressed on that black, spiked club, wanting to put it away into his storage bag. However, the club did not budge. He could not put it into his storage bag.

With burning resolution, Su Ming immediately made his clone repeatedly break through the ice with his two fingers. When half of the black spiked club was revealed, the clone took hold of it and tore it out. A loud bang reverberated through the area, and the gigantic black wooden club was dragged out.

The dark turtle roared and blocked the ice mountain's exit. There was a murderous look in its eyes as it roared, but at that moment, Su Ming took a step forward and rushed out several hundreds of feet.

At that instant, his clone let out a piercing shriek, and as if it was burning, all the power of his cultivation erupted forth, and he used it all in warping. He rushed forth with that black wooden club, and then his body, along with that wooden club, instantly disappeared.

The instant he disappeared, the dark turtle was stunned. At the same time around five hundred feet away, Su Ming's clone appeared. He looked as he usually did, but Su Ming's Nascent Soul inside had already shrunk quite considerably. It also looked rather unstable, as if it was about to dissipate and turn back into a Core.

When the clone appeared, Su Ming caught it and charged forth with a whistle in the water towards the ice mountain containing the Gate to the Void with his absolute fastest speed.

The dark turtle whipped its head around and let out a livid roar. It lifted its right leg and stomped on the ground. Immediately, the glacier shook and ice needles shot up from the ground. They also came from under the ground from all around Su Ming. As he continued charging forth, they shot out with banging sounds, turning into a fence of ice needles trying to block his path.

At the same time, the turtle's tail swung forth with a whistle in the water, bringing with it a shocking wave. With that one sweep, the seawater parted. All the ice needles that did not manage to block Su Ming were all shattered by the dark turtle's tail, but it did not slow down at all. Instead, the tail traveled forth even faster towards Su Ming.

The dark turtle's hatred towards Su Ming had clearly reached incredibly heights. It did not just swing its tail forth but also opened its mouth wide and blew a puff of white air at him. When that puff of white air was let out, booming sounds immediately

rang out, and the seawater before the dark turtle instantly turned into ice, and it was rapidly spreading forward.

As Su Ming charged forth dragging his clone behind him, he was blocked in his path by the ice needles that shot through the ground, but he did not stop. At the same time he activated his speed, the Provenance of Wind in his body circulated rapidly, causing his speed to increase exponentially, and he charged out of the blockade.

When he saw that he was less than thirty feet away from the ice mountain containing the Gate to the Void, the whistling sound behind him whipped the seawater so hard that it parted. Su Ming felt his skin crawl. His Divine General Armor materialized on his body, and at the same time, Han Mountain Bell showed itself.

The Nascent Soul in his clone coughed out a mouthful of essence and warped once again, causing Su Ming to disappear without a trace the instant the dark turtle's tail rammed into his body.

When they reappeared, they were already beside the Gate to the Void. Su Ming coughed out a mouthful of blood. Han Mountain Bell hummed and shrank back into his body. The Divine General Armor also shattered, but the crisis was not over.

The instant Su Ming reappeared and pulled his clone to step into the Gate to the Void, the dark turtle behind him blew out a white puff of air, and the frozen seawater came towards him in the span of a breath, causing Su Ming's body to be filled with chills. His face instantly turned pale, but his body did not stop. He dragged his clone, and along with the black wooden club his clone held onto, they moved into the Gate to the Void.

The instant Su Ming disappeared, ice instantly covered the ice mountain with the Gate to the Void, causing the ice mountain to instantly become larger by several fold. Once it was frozen in many new, thick layers, the dark turtle floated up and let out mad roars, swishing its tail back and forth as if it was absolutely livid.

Eventually, it decided that it might as well lay there and fix its gaze on the frozen Gate to the Void. It continued staring at it.

The other end of the Gate to the Void located outside the cave abode in the mountain range in the Land of South Morning started flickering with a dark light, then Su Ming and his clone rushed out from within.

Once they charged out, Su Ming's clone fell to the side. The Nascent Soul was already in a state where it had almost completely vanished. The Nascent Soul had his eyes shut tightly in the clone and was silently circulating his Qi to recover.

Su Ming's face was pale. He turned his head around and cast a glance at the Gate to the Void, and fear could be seen lingering on his face. When he remembered what he had just done, Su Ming thought that his actions were a little too crazy.

He sucked in a deep breath and immediately sat down cross-legged on the ground. He did not have time to be bothered with the small snake and the Fire Ape that came towards him, quickly meditating to recover his Qi.

A few days later, Su Ming opened his eyes, and his face regained a slightly healthier color. He let out a long breath and immediately turned his head around to look at the gigantic, black wooden club beside his clone. The nine teeth stuck on that club were letting out rays of freezing light.

The black wooden club was Su Ming's height and it was filled with a savage air. Su Ming stood up and went beside it. After dipping his head down to look at it for a moment, he lifted his right hand and grabbed the wooden club, then a frown appeared between his brows. He sucked in a light breath and lifted that wooden club.

'I wonder what this thing is made of. It's so heavy. It'd be great if it was a little lighter.'

Su Ming gave it a few simple swings, and once those swings brought up whooshing sounds from the movements, he went on to place the wooden club down, but his body suddenly jolted and he widened his eyes to stare at weapon in his hands. He lifted it up once again, then swung it around himself once. Astonishment surfaced in his eyes.

‘It grew lighter?’

‘Become lighter... Just a little lighter still...’

With that gigantic black wooden club in hand, Su Ming continued swinging it about on the spot, and its weight became increasingly lighter. Eventually, Su Ming practically could not feel its weight at all. Once he lifted it up, he leaped into the air and rammed the club against the ground.

The instant the gigantic wooden club crashed onto the ground, the ground trembled with a boom, and a powerful backlash spread from that wooden club straight up through Su Ming’s right hand and into his body, making him lurch forward, and he was forced to let go of the club. He took a few steps back, and his face was a mix of red and white. He only recovered after a long while.

‘If it just becomes lighter, then the value of this thing doesn’t match up to the risk I took earlier...’

Su Ming took a few steps forward and picked up the wooden club once again. Looking at the nine teeth, he hesitated for a moment before he swung it again. He did not leap up this time, but instead, once he started swinging it and the instant he readied himself to smash it towards the ground...

"Heavier!"

That word fell out of his mouth when the wooden club crashed against the ground. Its weight increased exponentially, and the instant it fell, a shocking boom abruptly resounded in the air. Soon after, the ground trembled, and a large crack started spreading on

the surface with rumbling sounds, stretching into the distance. It shot through the seal Hong Luo had placed and appeared in the land beyond. The crack stretched out so far that it was several tens of thousands of feet long.

Blood trickled down the corners of Su Ming's lips. He could not keep a tight grip on the wooden club in his hands, causing it to be flung out from the rebound and fall on the ground beside him. Another boom reverberated in the air.

Su Ming's breathing was quick. He looked at the wooden club in the distance, then at the giant crack on the ground. He suddenly laughed, and his laughter grew louder at each passing moment.

"I, Patriarch of White Bull Tribe, wish to see you, Sir Soul Catcher. Sir, you still remember me? I'm the guy who prepared the three virgins for you in the tribe."

As Su Ming laughed, a weak and complaisant voice came from within the crack on the ground.

The voice might have come from within the crack, but in truth, it came from the spot above the ground outside the seal. The monkey-faced old man from White Bull Tribe looked at the crack that suddenly appeared thirty feet away from him with a pale face, and cold sweat trickled down his body.

'Damn it all! Which bloody idiot is it that made this crack suddenly appear?! He scared the heck out of me!'

The old man wiped his sweat.

Chapter 417: World of [Nine Yin](#)!

When Su Ming heard an old man's voice from the crack and that strange accent, he immediately thought of the old, monkey-faced Patriarch from White Bull Tribe.

Su Ming did not like nor hate this person, but his act of offering up three women from his tribe and giving up on having his entire tribe attack had left a rather deep impression on him.

At that moment, when Su Ming heard those words, he pondered over them for a moment before walking out.

The land was empty, but there was a place that sported a gigantic crack out of nowhere, and it was spread far and wide.

The old man from White Bull Tribe stood beside the crack and waited for a long time, but to no avail. So he went to the crack and stretched his head to look inside.

"Damn..."

The old man did not hear Su Ming's laughter in the seal. He only came here once every few days, and once he arrived at the place, he would walk around shouting the same words he said previously, though he himself did not know that his voice had already reached Su Ming's ears. He looked at the crack and started mumbling under his breath.

"Damn what?" Before the old man finished mumbling, Su Ming's cold voice rang out behind him, causing the old man to immediately be stunned. Once he turned around swiftly, surprised delight appeared on his face.

"What? Damn who? There's no damning whoever anywhere. Greetings, Great Soul Catcher." The old man quickly wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed deeply towards Su Ming.

Su Ming cast the old man a glance. He did not speak.

The old man was being cautious and was sizing up Su Ming from the corner of his eye as well. Once he saw the mark of the peach blossom at the center of Su Ming's brows, he quickly averted his gaze and put on a complaisant look.

"Sir, this old man told quite a number of the women in my tribe to make preparations this time. You'll definitely be pleased with them. If you aren't, then I'll be a damned old fool from now on!"

"What damned old fool? Stop using the word 'damn'!" Su Ming frowned.

"Okay, okay, then I'll change it to boyo." The old man quickly nodded his head and put on a flattering smile.

As the old man's expression fell into Su Ming's eyes, he scrutinized him. He remembered that this old man was a very tactful person. It did not matter whether it was their first encounter with each other or his decisive act of sending the three women to him, they were enough to show that this old man was definitely not as he seemed.

"What is it? Speak up." Su Ming said calmly.

The old man was feeling rather nervous. When Su Ming was scrutinizing him, he immediately felt that he was being seen through. This sort of feeling, as if he was standing naked before someone else, made him instinctively avoid looking into Su Ming's eyes.

"It's nothing, really..." The old man hesitated for a moment, and once he said those words, Su Ming turned around and walked into the distance, no longer bothering with the old man.

The Patriarch was momentarily stunned, then quickly walked forward and spoke with a obsequious smile.

"Sir, please wait. This is... This is actually a very difficult thing for me to say. It's like this. You know that the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands is coming in a few years time, and most of the

tribes in the land of the Shamans have already migrated.

"But White Bull Tribe is too small and we have a lot of normal tribe members. With my power alone and the other powerful Shamans in my tribe, it's still impossible for us to protect them, that's why... I'd like to ask whether you take on jobs." The old man no longer hesitated and rambled off rapidly as he chased after Su Ming.

Su Ming paused in his footsteps, then turned around to look at the old man.

"What are you using to hire me? If you truly have an attractive pay, why insist on finding me?"

"Sir, the most powerful Shaman around this area is Madam Ji... But Madam Ji has already gone missing..." When the old man said those words, he became even more cautious, even cast a glance at the mark of the peach blossom at the center of Su Ming's brows.

"This is a remote place, and powerful Shamans seldom come here. We're also at war now, so it's really very tough for us to find powerful Shamans we can trust.

"Well, sir, we are kinda like neighbors, and I can trust you. As for the pay, well, I'm going to offer our ancestor's priceless treasure. It's also the sacred item White Bull Tribe inherited, and we offer our sacrifices to it." The old man looked rather pained when he said those words.

"Oh? If you give me your tribe's inheritance, then you will have broken off your own tribe's roots. What difference is there?" Su Ming knew that each Shaman Tribe had a different item of worship. Some of them contained strange powers while some of them were common objects, but no matter what, these were all a tribe's soul.

Like the lizard statue from Lizard Shaman Tribe, the crane from Black Crane Tribe, and the mackerel pike from Autumn Sea Tribe.

All of them were such items.

"If I don't give you this item, it would be difficult to convince you. If our tribe stays here and doesn't move, we will end up dying and being destroyed during the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands, but even if we leave, as such a small tribe, it will be very tough for us to survive. No one knows how many of us will end up surviving either.

"In fact, there's a high chance that all of us are going to end up dead. If that's the case, then what use is the tribe's sacred item? Instead of keeping it as our ancestors told us to, I'd rather use it in exchange for a slim chance of survival." The old man forced those words out of his mouth.

In truth, he had thought about what he just said for a very long time before he decided to go to Su Ming for help. After the few brief encounters they had, he had slowly come to realize that Su Ming was the type of person that if no one caused trouble to him, then he would not go and cause trouble to others.

But the most important thing about Su Ming was that if he truly wanted to snatch their things away, then he would not have waited for so long and still not acted.

"I can't agree to this, I'm not leaving this place for some time." Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he shook his head.

When the old man heard his words, he looked rather disappointed, but judging by his looks, it seemed that he expected Su Ming to give that answer and was already prepared for it. He spoke once again.

"I understand that you have your problems. How about this? I won't need you to protect us when we migrate, I just need some of your time to help two of my tribesmen to pass the Seal of Soul Catchers. I'll still use the sacred item of our tribe as pay. Sir, how's that sound?"

"Seal of Soul Catchers? How should I help? Tell me the details, but I might not agree to it." This was the first time Su Ming heard of that term.

"Hmm? Sir, you are a Soul Catcher, you should have gone through the Seal of Soul Catchers before..." The old man from White Bull Tribe was suddenly stunned, and a faint sparkle appeared in his eyes.

"I've gone through the Seal of Soul Catchers before, but I didn't have anyone helping me, nor have I helped anyone before." Su Ming looked as calm as ever as he provided a vague explanation.

"Sir, you must have come from a big tribe, no wonder you don't know about this helping thing. Ha... whelp, you can hear it as a joke. The chances for Soul Catchers to appear in small tribes like mine are very tiny. Even if they appear, most of them won't be able to clear the Seal of Soul Catchers alone and obtain the Soul Catcher legacy. That's how hiring powerful Shamans to help came about." The old man put on a confused look on his face before he spoke with a wry smile.

"It'll be the Month of Spirits next month. Sir, you know that the Month of Spirits is the Month of Inheritance for Soul Catchers, set by the God of Shamans Temple. During that month, all the tribes that have the potential to become Soul Catchers will sense the call from the God of Shamans Temple, and the Soul Catcher's Relocation will be activated with the mysterious power of the God of Shamans Temple.

"Right now, I managed to identify two of my tribe members who might have a Soul Catcher's constitution. They will be sent by the power of the God of Shamans Temple to the World of Nine Yin. If it is their destiny, then they will be acknowledged by the Candle Dragon there and begin their path as Soul Catchers.

"Sir, I hope that by using the power of Relocation as a draw, you will go with them and help them so that they would successfully

become Soul Catchers." Once the old man from White Bull Tribe finished speaking, he looked at Su Ming nervously. This was the final method he could think of. If Su Ming did not agree to it, then White Bull Tribe would have to forcefully migrate.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he shook his head. He did not have knowledge about this, and once he heard about it, he found that there was nothing too attractive about it for him.

"Sir, this is the first time you're helping someone become Soul Catchers. Honestly, from what I know, there are many Soul Catchers who willingly use the chance to be Relocated to the World of Nine Yin with those who have a Soul Catcher's constitution during the Month of Spirits.

"Because every Soul Catcher can only be actively involved in the Relocation once, and it is during the first time they go there. If these Soul Catchers want to enter the World of Nine Yin from then on, they will need to rely on the power of Relocation from the people by their side drawing them in.

"In fact, it's not just Soul Catchers. Spirit Mediums, Thought Soothsayers, and the other Shamans will also use the chance to enter, because you must surely know about that legend saying that there is a corpse of a Candle Dragon buried in the World of Nine Yin.

"In fact, there is one more legend telling that the mysterious Curse came from the World of Nine Yin. Since this World was an ancient ruin to begin with, when it was first discovered, there are quite a few places that the members of the Shaman Tribe have not explored. There is only a small part in the World that is used for us to obtain the cultivation method of a Soul Catcher.

"Only after we discovered the place did we start researching the Curse..." The old man spoke in extreme detail. With his intelligence, he would have not have spoken in such detail if he was speaking to another Shaman. After all, this was not exactly a

secret among the Shamans.

However, it was clear that the old man was speaking in such detail because he, with his intellect, had caught onto a faint trail that there was something off about Su Ming. However, to him, Su Ming's origins did not matter. His only concern was his tribe's survival.

Besides, Su Ming's power had caused the old man to pretend as if he knew nothing even after discovering those clues. He would not tell others about it and bring disaster to his own tribe either.

There was the ghost of a smile on Su Ming's lips. He looked at the old man and did not speak.

The old man let out a fake cough and continued speaking. "The Berserkers should also be looking for ways to enter the World of Nine Yin, because there is a plant called Nine Abyss Flower in that place. It can increase the chances of survival during the life and death disaster they have to go through when they enter the Berserker Soul Realm achieving great completion in the Bone Sacrifice Realm...

"Also, there are plenty of serendipitous encounters in the World of Nine Yin..." The old man continued speaking, but Su Ming still remained with that ghost of a smile on his lips, and it made the old man rather scared.

"Tell me your real motive," Su Ming said slowly.

"... About that, I wouldn't dare hide it from you, Sir. My goal is that once those two tribe members of mine obtain the cultivation method to become Soul Catchers, then with their potential, they might be sought after by some middle-sized tribes. It'll be best if they take those two away, and as a price, help our tribe migrate. If we can't manage to do it and the two of them are still taken away, they will still be able to continue passing down the line of our tribe.

"Even in the worst case scenario, if the two of them can find other powerful Shamans and form a deal for us, it'll still be better than our current situation." The old man spoke with a wry smile. After a moment of hesitation, he suddenly lifted his right hand and grabbed something from his bosom. When a dark light flashed, a round object appeared in his hand.

"This item is the sacred item of my tribe, please take it first!"

When Su Ming swept his gaze past that round object, his pupils shrank and a large storm raged in his heart!

"This is..." Su Ming waved his arm and immediately seized that round object in his hand!

Nine Yin: This one in particular is written as 九陰 (jiu yin), not 燭九陰 (zhu jiu yin). The difference between the two is that the latter is the Candle Dragon, the one which in this book lords over all Soul Catchers, and the former is a world in itself. The word 九陰 first appeared as 九陰真經 (jiu yin zhen jing) and was translated as Nine Yin Manual (well actually no, it was officially translated as Jiuyin Zhenjing) in Jin Yong's Condor Trilogy. So please don't confuse the Candle Dragon and Nine Yin, they're both different things and the Candle Dragon has an extra word in front.

Chapter 418: It's that Thing!

When the old Patriarch of White Bull Tribe saw Su Ming actually losing his cool, he was momentarily stunned before he became ecstatic. He was not in any sort of pain from parting with the sacred item. No matter how strange and mysterious of a treasure this was, it could not match with the importance of his tribe members in his heart.

If he had to choose, even if he would one day come to know that this item left behind by his ancestors in his tribe for generations was an incredible treasure, he would still not regret his decision... As long as more of his people could survive through this disaster, then there would come a day where the children in his tribe would grow up, and the adults of the tribe would have a chance to see themselves grow white hair.

If he could do this, then he could give up on everything. To him, this was the biggest meaning in his life ever since he became Patriarch!

At the same time he felt that ecstasy in his heart, the old man also felt uneasy. This was the first time he ever saw Su Ming being unable to control his own emotions. When he seized that item, the old man had a misconception that if he retracted his hand, he would definitely bring about a massive storm of killing intent on himself.

The old man took a few steps back and wrapped his fist in his palm before bowing towards Su Ming. As Su Ming observed his tribe's sacred item, the old man spoke respectfully.

"It doesn't matter whether you will help the weak White Bull Tribe, this item will belong to you... but on behalf of the three hundred seventy-nine people in the tribe, I beg for you to have compassion on us and help us this once..."

As he moved back, this old man, this Patriarch of White Bull

Tribe, this person, who was not very attractive, had a sharp mouth and the cheeks of a monkey, knelt down before Su Ming.

He was the Patriarch of White Bull Tribe, he had his pride, he was a Medial Shaman, he had his own dignity... In truth, if his tribe did not exist, even if he died, he would die standing. He would not kneel easily.

Yet at that moment, for his own tribe, for the familiar faces there, for the young voices calling him 'Grandpa patriarch', for the young adults he watched grow up in the tribe, he knelt down.

He would never forget how his people treated him kindly when he was young even though he was ugly. He would also never forget himself having a crush on the most beautiful girl in the tribe when he was a young man.

Even less so could he forget the previous Patriarch appointing him as the Patriarch the moment of his death. That kindly gaze and hopeful eyes, all of these things were his warmth. They were the most important things in his life.

For his tribe, it did not matter whether he had to kneel and beg, did not matter whether he had offer up his tribe's sacred item, did not matter whether he had to come under question for his actions by his entire tribe. In fact, he could already imagine that when his people discovered that their sacred item was gone and that the 'sacred item' placed in the tribe right at that moment was a counterfeit he made, they would probably hate and hold a grudge against him for the rest of their lives.

However, he chose to bear through all this! To silently bear through everything, all for the sake of... the continuity of his tribe.

Su Ming was his only hope.

Su Ming's gaze slowly moved from White Bull Tribe's sacred item in his hand to the Patriarch of White Bull Tribe kneeling over there. The intelligence the old man showed was something gained

by him through time. His resolution was a part of his personality.

Su Ming might not know all that he had done for his tribe, but he could still somewhat tell some of the things he did.

"I am your only hope?" After a long while, Su Ming spoke slowly. Even if the old man was a Shaman and Su Ming himself came from the Berserkers, even if both of their races were at war, but the old man's actions reminded Su Ming of his elder...

The old man kneeling on the ground nodded lightly.

Su Ming was silent for a moment before he asked, "What if I wasn't here?"

"I would choose to merge with Black Crane Tribe, even if the price would be huge... In fact, I can already imagine that Black Crane Tribe will search for the strongest Shaman in this area - Madam Ji. Honestly, if Madam Ji really came looking for trouble, I would still have a way for her to stop..."

The old man lifted his head and looked at Su Ming. His wrinkles and that monkey face made him radiate with wisdom and age at that moment. There was also a deeply rooted fatigue showing on him.

"If those two tribe members of yours cannot find a tribe that will find them to be an asset or manage to find any powerful Shamans who are willing to help you migrate from this place, what will you do?" Su Ming asked calmly.

The old man remained silent, and after a long moment, a smile appeared on his face and he said softly, "This will be our tribe's fate, then. If that's the case, I will stay here with my people and watch the Calamity of the Eastern Wastelands come upon us. As we head to our destruction, we will sing our ancient folk songs, dance the dances passed down in our tribe. Death isn't really that terrifying."

Su Ming looked at the old man, and respect gradually appeared

on his face. This was a person who deserved his respect. Even if he was a Shaman, when he said those things, Su Ming could not feel any hint of deception in his words.

If he did not truly have those thoughts, even if he said those words, it would be difficult to convince anyone.

"Bring your tribe members here on the eve of the Month of Spirits." Su Ming closed his eyes, then when he reopened them, he spoke with a flat tone before turning around to the sealed mountain range. A wave of ripples spread through the now empty looking place, and he disappeared.

The old man from White Bull Tribe watched Su Ming leave and gratitude appeared on his face. He stood up, wrapped his fist in his hand, and bowed down deeply towards the place before he left with hope.

Su Ming walked out of the air into the sealed mountain range. He held White Bull Tribe's sacred item in his hands and sat down cross-legged beside the black wooden club. As he dipped his head down to look at the item in his hand, an excited look appeared on his face.

"I didn't expect to meet this thing again here... Just... what is it..?" Su Ming took a deep breath. The thing in his hand was a round stone plate.

The stone plate looked very normal. Besides some rather fine carvings on it, there seemed to be nothing else strange about it. There was only a fragment the size of a fingernail embedded at the center of the bowl. The fragment's color was quite different from the stone bowl, which was why it looked quite distinct.

What made Su Ming lose his control before the old man from White Bull Tribe was that embedded fragment in the stone fragment. This fragment the size of a fingernail was entirely black and was letting out rays of dark light!

That item gave Su Ming the exact same feeling as the strange stone fragment hanging off his neck. However, compared to Su Ming's stone fragment, this was much smaller.

This was the only item that could make Su Ming lose his cool. When he seized it, the old man had discovered some clues about him, but these things were nothing compared to him obtaining the item.

Su Ming stared at the fragment, and his face was occasionally filled with confusion, and at other times nostalgia. The memories of the things that happened in Dark Mountain surfaced in his mind subconsciously.

From the moment he obtained the black stone fragment, to the moment he deceived the statue of the God of Berserkers causing him to be able to practice the Ways of the Berserkers, to the moment Dark Mountain was destroyed, to the moment he obtained the inheritance of the Wind and Lightning Berserkers...

The black stone fragment changed everything about him.

Su Ming was caught in a daze for a long time as he looked at the stone plate. When the sun set in the sky, he sighed with a complicated look on his face. Those memories made him want to sigh for the first time.

He calmed his mind down and brought out the black stone hanging on his neck. The instant he placed it in the stone plate, the fragment there immediately shone with a brilliant dark light. At the same time, Su Ming's stone fragment also shone strongly with that dark light, as if they were reflecting off each other.

Soon after, something made Su Ming suck in a sharp breath. The carvings on the stone plate with the fragment embedded inside started shining with a white light, then those carvings started spinning as if they had come alive in Su Ming's eyes.

However, once they spun around three times, their light

instantly turned dim. Cracks immediately appeared on the plate and the plate looked as if it was about to shatter. A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He put away his own stone fragment, and only then did he manage to prevent this stone plate from shattering completely.

‘This stone is embedded in the stone plate, but I wonder what sort of mystery lies within the plate itself. Next time, when the Patriarch of White Bull Tribe comes, I'll have to ask him.’ Su Ming stroked the bottom of his chin. He quelled the excitement in his heart and put the stone plate away into his storage bag.

‘World of Nine Yin... An ancient ruin, huh? The Nine Abyss Flower can increase the chances of success when I go through the life and death disaster as I try to breakthrough into the Berserker Soul Realm. I've never heard about it before, but the old man didn't seem like he was lying.

‘The Curse actually came from there as well, and it's controlled by the Shamans. If that's the case, then there should be some ancient treasure in the World of Nine Yin, such as...’ Su Ming lowered his head and looked at the red ring on his finger. He did not have time to examine this thing up till now.

‘The Berserkers are also thinking of ways to enter, huh? Perhaps I'll be able to see some familiar faces there, along with those from the Shaman Tribe...’

When he thought of the Shamans, Su Ming felt a slight headache pounding in his head. The chaos Hong Luo caused made him not know what to say if he ran into Wan Qiu and the others.

He thought about it for a moment, then shook his head and no longer thought about this troublesome thing. He knew that he could not go to the glacier in the Dead Sea for the time being, and the fusion of the Lightning Crystal of Inheritance would not be complete within a short time as well.

As he waited for the people from White Bull Tribe coming over,

Su Ming decided to examine the Curse. At the same time, he also went on to stabilize his control over the three styles of Wind Separation that he'd gained from the inheritance of the Wind Berserker.

Also, he had to examine that black wooden club which he had snatched after going through that incredible danger to see whether there were any other uses to it.

Besides these, his Nascent Soul in his clone was also heavily injured. He would need to pay a lot of attention to nurse it back to health. However, the power of the world in this place was thick. Even if he did not have any Spirit medicine, he could still lighten the injuries he sustained slowly.

Most of the month passed by in the blink of an eye. During those twenty-odd days, the injuries the clone sustained recovered slightly. Su Ming's Nascent Soul was no longer in a constant state of scattering away. It might still be rather weak, but it regained its liveliness.

As for the black wooden club, while Su Ming could not find a way to put it away into a storage bag, he found out that not only could he change the item's weight at will, he could also change its size. Once he shrank it down, he could bring it with him.

There was also the matter with that red ring. There was a power contained within it that made Su Ming rather enthralled as he examined it. The power of the Curse was incredibly great, causing Su Ming to still be unable to make heads or tails of it in the midst of his confusion. However, every single time his mind was immersed in that ring, he would be caught in a daze.

During one morning, Su Ming emerged from his immersion in that ring. There was still a dazed look on his face, and he only snapped out of it after a long moment.

"The power of the Curse..." he mumbled softly. Suddenly, his expression changed, and he lifted his head to look at the spot

outside the seal.

After a moment, the voice of the old man from White Bull Tribe traveled forth faintly from the area outside.

"Sir Soul Catcher, I, the Patriarch of White Bull Tribe, would like to meet you. I brought the tribe members with the Soul Catcher's constitution here."

Su Ming stood up and waved his arm. Immediately, the small snake flew towards him and disappeared on him. At the same time, the Poison Corpse turned into a ray of black light and Su Ming put him away into his storage bag. His Nascent Soul instantly flew out from his clone, and once it crawled into the top of his skull, he put away Ji Yun Hai along with the black beetles that returned to slumber once again. Only then did he lift his right hand and point forward at a moderate speed.

Immediately, ripples appeared in the air before him, and a gap formed up. The old man from White Bull Tribe brought a boy and a girl, both of whom looked nervous, and walked over.

Chapter 419: The Boy and Girl

When the old man from White Bull Tribe, the boy, and the girl entered the sealed area of the mountain range, Su Ming had already put on that black mask on his face and hid his appearance.

He stood there dressed head to toe in black robes. Due to the freezing air still remaining in his body and the layer of ice freezing the Gate to the Void, this place was freezing compared to the burning world outside.

Once the boy and girl anxiously entered the place, they instinctively shuddered. Their breaths came out in white puffs, and their gazes were filled with respect as they looked towards Su Ming. This Medial Soul Catcher had left too deep an impression on them. The scene of the red-haired Su Ming going to their tribe that day was carved deep into their memories.

"Sir, these are the two children." The Patriarch of White Bull Tribe took a few steps forward and wrapped his fist in his palm before bowing towards Su Ming.

"The first quarter of the Hour of Spirits tomorrow will be the start of the Month of Spirits. The God of Shamans Temple will cast the ancient Spell, and all the children with the blood of Soul Catchers in the entire land of the Shamans will sense that faint pull. Then, with the call coming from their blood as Soul Catchers and the pull from the Soul Stone, they will be able to be Relocated from this place. You will also need Soul Stones to leave."

As the old man from White Bull Tribe spoke, he brought out three white rocks from his bosom. The three stones were round and looked as if they were sparkling slightly, but they were not transparent.

The three Soul Stones were passed down through generations in White Bull Tribe. It was specially made for those with a Soul Catcher's constitution to activate their power as Soul Catchers.

The old man from White Bull Tribe placed all of them respectfully by the side.

"Sir, once you help these two children completely obtain the cultivation method for Soul Catchers, you can just send them back to the Shaman City. You must definitely be thinking of going alone after that. No matter what time, you can come back using the Soul Stone at any place with a Shaman Tower in the World of Nine Yin."

The old man bowed deeply to Su Ming once again, and when he lifted his head, he looked towards the boy and girl. A stern look appeared on his face.

"Listen well, the both of you. You must listen to the Soul Catcher during this trip. If you don't obey his orders and if you harbor any ulterior motives, then think of your tribe! Sir, if these two children don't obey your commands, you have the right to kill them. If they are not willing to care about the troubles of the tribe, then it's better for this sort of person to die in the Word of Nine Yin."

Respect immediately appeared on the girl's and boy's faces. They voiced their compliance with their heads lowered, their hearts beating nervously.

"Sir, if you would please..." The old man from White Bull Tribe cast the boy and girl a complicated look, then eventually looked at Su Ming.

"Let them stay. You can leave now," Su Ming said slowly.

The old man from White Bull Tribe cast another look at the boy and girl once more, then turned around swiftly and walked outside, but the instant he was about to leave the sealed area, Su Ming suddenly opened his mouth.

The old man paused in his footsteps and turned his head around to look at Su Ming.

"It has been generations since anyone has been able to control

this item. However, it is recorded in our tribe's ancient records that this item will choose its own owner. Its biggest use is tracking. As for its origins, I'm already looking into it..."

As the old man spoke, he hesitated for a moment and brought out a wooden slip from his bosom, then sent it out gently. The wooden slip floated towards Su Ming, then once he held it in his hand, he scanned it with his divine sense, and he nodded his head.

The old man bowed towards him and walked out of the sealed area. As the ripples filled the air, his body disappeared, and Su Ming, along with the boy and girl, were the only ones left.

Without bothering about the boy and girl, Su Ming sat down cross-legged on the ground, then brought up the wooden slip to examine it closely.

The boy and girl from White Bull Tribe were very pretty, but in their fear, they looked as if they were shivering. They looked at each other, then sat down demurely at a spot not too far away from Su Ming. They remained silent, as if they did not know what to say.

Time passed by slowly, and soon, it was midnight. There were no stars in the dark sky. Even the moon was hidden behind the clouds, and only when it occasionally peeked out would moonlight shine gently on the ground.

It was quiet all around the area. Su Ming held the wooden slip in his hands and closed his eyes, sinking into his thoughts.

Perhaps it was because the boy and girl had remained immobile for too long in this freezing place that their bodies became rather stiff and numb. However, they did not dare stand up. They only used their hands to rub their arms.

When dawn arrived, due to the chilly air that originally existed in the place, the area turned much colder. The boy and girl had already exhausted their minds in the cold and fear, and they

gradually began to feel drowsy. However, the moment they started nodding off, a strange cry suddenly came from the mountain range.

The sound came too suddenly, causing the boy and girl to be instantly shocked awake. When they looked over nervously, they saw a fiery red figure charging towards them through the dark from the mountain range not too far away. When it got closer, the boy and girl saw that the creature was a fire-red ape.

The Fire Ape scratched its head and circled around Su Ming several times before it looked at the boy and girl and bared its teeth, showing a ferocious look. It also put up a show that it was drooling and its saliva was dripping all over the floor as it walked towards them while growling.

The boy and girl's faces instantly turned pale. The murderous aura spreading out from the Fire Ape's body caused their originally freezing bodies to shiver even more.

When the Fire Ape rushed towards them, the boy let out a scream and rapidly moved back while rolling and crawling. However, when a huge gust of wind blew past his side, the Fire Ape instantly closed in on him. It did not chase him down, but only looked as if it was having fun while also regarding the boy with scorn. It sat down beside the girl, who looked pale but did not retreat, then turned its head to regard her closely.

The girl looked to be only fifteen or sixteen. She was fair skinned and her eyes were like that of a phoenix. While she might look terrified, she was looking resolutely at the Fire Ape.

The Fire Ape bared its teeth at her, but even so, the girl continued sitting there, though her face became even paler. However, she did not do anything that would show that she was overly panicking.

As if it felt rather bored, the Fire Ape laid down on the spot. Before long, it started snoring. Soon, the girl immediately noticed

that it was no longer as cold in the area once it appeared. Waves of heat were spreading from the ape's body, causing her freezing body to gradually become warm.

Her eyes instantly brightened up, and when she looked at the snoring Fire Ape, she no longer felt that it was ferocious. She was originally intelligent to begin with, and knew at that moment that the Fire Ape meant no harm.

"Thank you, senior," the girl stood up and said softly to Su Ming, who was meditating with his eyes closed not too far away.

Su Ming continued meditating there as if he did not hear it.

The girl was not bothered by it. She treaded lightly to the Fire Ape's side and lifted her hand as if she wanted to touch the Fire Ape's fur. But at that moment, the boy who had crawled into the distance and was so terrified that he was shivering immediately widened his eyes. He wanted to remind her of something in his panic but was afraid that the ape would wake up.

The instant the girl almost touched the Fire Ape, it opened its eyes and started growling and baring its teeth at her. It looked incredibly terrifying, as if it wanted to devour her.

Fear emerged in the girl's heart, but she smiled faintly and pressed her right hand resolutely on the Fire Ape's fur, stroking it lightly. The boy's breathing was practically frozen at that point.

The Fire Ape's growls gradually weakened. It cast the girl a look, then decided to lay down once again, letting her stroke its fur. Before long, it looked as if it was enjoying itself, and it made the girl let out tinkling laughter in her joy.

"Ahu, come here. It's alright, this place is warm," the girl called out to the boy.

The boy hesitated for a moment, then right when he was about to move his feet and walk over, the Fire Ape lifted its head and bared its teeth at him. The boy immediately froze in his footsteps, and

did not dare get closer no matter what.

Yet even so, the spot where he stood gradually became less cold, and warmth spread through his body.

The night went by just like that. The girl lay against the warm Fire Ape and yawned, actually falling asleep while leaning against it. However, during that night, while being envious of her, though it was envy without any bitterness, the boy found himself to be terrified, and he could not sleep.

While these two teenagers' personalities could not be entirely gauged with the Fire Ape's arrival, but Su Ming could figure them out slightly. When the first rays of sunlight fell in the morning, he opened his eyes and swept his gaze past the boy and girl.

'The boy is just envious, there's no jealousy or bitterness in him. He might be weak-willed, but when he saw his companion doing something so risky, he panicked. He's an honest fellow... but he needs to go through some hardships to become a stronger person.

'As for the girl... This child is bold, but sensitive. She can tell from the details that as long as she doesn't make any mistakes, she won't be in danger. She can also tell that I made the Fire Ape come to get rid of the cold for them.

'In fact, once she makes a decision, she won't give up easily. If she can continue being like this, then she might be able to go farther than the boy in her path of cultivation. However, that sort of personality makes her rather stubborn, and it might cause her to show extremist behavior. She's also the type to easily believe in other people, and she's rather childish...

'Then we talk about the chances of survival, then the chances of her dying are much higher than the boy's. The two people sent by White Bull Tribe aren't too bad.'

Su Ming averted his gaze and closed his eyes once again. He always used himself as the standard when he judged a person.

Time flowed by once again, and when noon arrived, the boy and girl had already woken up. The Fire Ape was nowhere to be found. The instant Su Ming opened his eyes once again, the three white Soul Stones placed before him suddenly shone with a gentle light.

It was as if they had absorbed the rays of the sun from the sky. However, that light was not strong. Su Ming cast them a look, and lifted his right hand to wave it at the sky. Immediately, a gap appeared in the seal in the air, causing sunlight to descend downwards without any obstructions, illuminating the three Soul Stones.

The boy and girl had also stood up and were looking at the three Soul Stones nervously.

"Se... Senior, can we go over?" The one who spoke was the girl. Her voice was weak. Clearly, in her eyes, Su Ming was still a person who deserved respect.

Once Su Ming nodded his head, the girl took a few brisk steps forward and sat down beside the three Soul Stones. The boy followed close behind with slightly shivering legs before he sat down. The two of them closed their eyes at the same time, then after they did something, the three Soul Stones immediately shone with a piercing light. The light spread outwards swiftly, and once it enveloped Su Ming, it shot into the sky in a strong ray!

The light lasted for the time it takes for an incense stick to burn before it gradually disappeared. As the light dissipated, Su Ming, along with the boy and girl, also disappeared. The gap in the seal in the sky also started closing up gradually, and only then did the place regain its peace and quiet.

When that strong ray of light rose, the old man lifted his head to look at the sky while within White Bull Tribe, and an expectant look appeared on his face.

‘The hope of White Bull Tribe... lies in the both of you...’

Chapter 420: World of Nine Yin!

"The World of Nine Yin was discovered by the Nine Li Tribe when the Shaman Tribe just appeared in the land. It is one of the bigger ruins left behind from ancient times. It seems to be located in a different dimension compared to the World of the Berserkers...

"Nine is contained in its name because the Nine Li Tribe was the one who explored the place and occupied a small region within the area. From then on, it became the territory of the God of Shamans Temple and they built the one and only city belonging to us Shamans in this place.

"The name of the city is Shaman City." The boy's somewhat young voice rang in Su Ming's ears lightly.

In this place, there was a gray sky, covered by tumbling clouds. Occasionally, bolts of lightning would flash past. Thunder boomed in the sky, and due to the clouds sinking because of their heavy weight, it gave people an oppressive feeling.

"The word Yin is due to the dense aura of death contained in this place when it was first discovered. That aura of death could instantly kill a living person, and there are a lot of dangers and threats in this place as well. That's why it was named Yin." As the boy whispered, Su Ming swept his gaze past the area.

They were in a mountain forest filled with fog. There were no leaves on the trees in the forest, but those trees were not dried up. Instead, they had quite the hideous appearance, looking like fingers on a person's hands, and they were scattered all over the mountain range.

"The World of Nine Yin is so big that us Shamans have only occupied a tiny part of it. However, the discoveries we made in several spots in this place allowed three types of cultivation to appear among us.

"One of them are the Soul Catchers. This cultivation method was discovered when our ancestors found a Candle Dragon's complete carcass. Even if there are some records about ancient ferocious beasts like this that only exist in legends, most of those records are incomplete. Most people believe they were just rumors as well.

"It is impossible for there to be a being that can bring daylight by opening its eyes, then plunge the world into darkness by closing its eyes. We thought this was just a myth created by the Ancients because they did not understand how day and night works.

"However, the discovery of this corpse changed everything..." The boy's breathing quickened and anxiety appeared in his eyes as he spoke quickly. Su Ming sat cross-legged on a mountain rock while looking at the hideous mountain forest before him. The boy stood by his side.

As for the girl, she was currently tied up by the branches of a big tree several hundreds of feet away. Her face was pale and she was struggling nonstop. There was a knife in her hands, and that knife was stuck in that tree. Green liquid seeped out of it.

"Continue," Su Ming said languidly.

"The Candle Dragon might be dead, but there is a powerful will left in its complete carcass. The ancestors of Shamans discovered that only certain people with certain constitutions can absorb a hint of that will into their bodies and use it for their cultivation. With the body as the foundation, the person will practice the divine abilities contained within the Candle Dragon's will!

"This is the origins of Soul Catchers... But for some unknown reason, the Candle Dragon's corpse cannot be brought out of this place, that's why we hold the legacy of the Month of Spirits once every decade... On the beginning of the Month of Spirits, each tribe will bring out the Soul Stones they've prepared and let the tribe members who can let these Soul Stones shine enter the World of Nine Yin through the power of the Soul Stones activated by the

God of Shamans Temple's Spell."

The boy's voice was trembling. He saw that the girl's face had turned stark white, and she seemed like she was already losing her grip on the knife. There was even a hint of the aura of death on her face.

However, she was still struggling.

"Senior, please save Lan Lan. She...she's going to die. She should know that she made a mistake now. Please..."

Su Ming's expression still remained as calm as ever. He cast a cold glance at the boy and stated, "Continue."

The boy shuddered, then after remaining silent for a while, he spoke softly once again.

"Besides the Candle Dragon's corpse, they also discovered an altar here. That altar is made of a creature's skull. Rumors say that it's incredibly big. There's a power contained in that altar that won't lose to the Candle Dragon's. That power is not a will, but is instead a strange power that cannot be described.

"Most of the Shamans who fall under the influence of this power will start hallucinating until they die... Only some people will not die after they see those hallucinations. Once they break out of those hallucinations, they will possess a similar power to that altar. Those are Thought Soothsayers..."

As the boy spoke, the girl's struggles gradually grew weaker. She had trouble breathing, and her face was breathless. The knife in her hand fell to the ground. At the same time, the strange tree lifted another branch slowly. The tip of that branch was beyond sharp, and that tip was sent hurling to the girl's forehead.

Yet the moment the branch closed in, green light shone on Su Ming's body. The small virescent sword shot out and swept past that branch with one slash, cutting it down. Then, the small virescent sword flashed one more time and moved on to cut down

all the branches on the tree. It also circled the girl once to immediately shatter the branch around her body. She fell to the ground.

She gritted her teeth, and once she struggled to her feet, she grabbed the knife. She did not immediately run back to Su Ming, but instead turned around and stabbed the knife deep into tree, causing it to tremble violently. During that time, the girl pulled out the knife and quickly ran back to Su Ming.

When she was ten feet away from him, she fell to her knees with a crash and her head lowered. She was still pale.

"Senior, I... I made a mistake..."

"What is your mistake?" Su Ming cast the girl a glance. There were many bruises on her skin, and she was also covered in her own blood.

"I should not have gone for the knife on the tree due to my own greed after we were Relocated here and before you said anything about it, then went a hundred feet away from you to try and get it... Please give me one more chance, I won't be so reckless anymore."

The girl had her head bowed down. Fear was still lingering on her face. The thing that had happened just now made her truly feel death and despair.

"You didn't do anything wrong." With a profound gaze, Su Ming looked at the girl through the mask.

She was taken aback. She lifted her head to look at Su Ming, and confusion appeared on her face.

"If you want to obtain something, then you must pay for it. If the reward is great, then the price for it will be greater... Riches will only be gained if you take risks. If you like this knife, then you must be prepared to pay the price when you take it.

"Your experience about that encounter is that price. Think about

it carefully. I might have made a promise with your patriarch, but I will only save you three times," Su Ming stated calmly.

"You are bold, but sensitive. You knew that even if you ran into danger, I would save you. You are better than him in this regard. However, even though you are still weak, you have already become very reliant on others and are not cautious enough, nor do you have much awareness of the threats around you. In this regard, you cannot compare to him." Su Ming averted his gaze from the girl and looked at the gray sky in the distance.

"Ahu, continue speaking."

The boy cast a concerned look at the girl kneeling on the ground, then lowered his head and voiced his obedience before he continued speaking beside Su Ming.

"The third place is a mass grave that is the burial ground for an unknown number of corpses. The thickness of the aura of death over there is said to be so thick that it has already gained physical form. That spot is the birthplace of Spirit Mediums.

"Those with a Spirit Medium's constitution are said to be able to sense the grief of the deceased over there, and from there, begin to pity the dead while becoming cold towards the living, and they will gain the power of death from that feeling.

"The area of a million li about the Shaman City is Shaman territory, it is also where the Shamans have set their roots in this land. The area past that one million li is forbidden grounds. All the tribe members who come to this place are not allowed to step into the forbidden grounds...

"Few of those who step outside manage to survive..." As the boy continued speaking, the girl sat down beside Su Ming, and the words he had told her previously echoed in her head. She dipped her head down to look at the knife in her hands, as if she was absorbed in her own thoughts.

"As the Month of Spirits arrives, there will be different people with Soul Catchers' constitutions who will be sent to different locations within the Shaman's territory here, and none of them will be able to control where they are sent to.

"However, once they arrive, they must remember three things. One, do not try and explore the area. Check the mark on the Soul Stone quickly and head to Shaman City with the fastest speed possible.

"Over there, register your identity and your tribe to obtain the map and items provided by the God of Shamans Temple. Only then will you be able to start your journey to obtain the cultivation method of Soul Catchers...

"Two, it is forbidden for any Shamans to fight amongst themselves. All Shamans who have not completed their journey and obtained the cultivation method of Soul Catchers are not allowed to form alliances with those from other tribes who have also come for the journey. Forming alliances and joining teams can only be done after we have completed our journey and obtained the cultivation method for Soul Catchers.

"Three, do not be greedy. Once you completed your journey and obtained the cultivation method for Soul Catchers, immediately head back to Shaman City." Once he said those words, the boy cast Su Ming a glance. When he saw that Su Ming still looked as calm as ever, he continued speaking.

"There are several types of dangers in the World of Nine Yin. The first type is invaders from other worlds. It would be difficult for us to avoid killing each other if we ran into them.

"The second type is from the tribes of the Shaman Tribe itself. Since there are less than a hundred who complete the journey and obtain the cultivation method for Soul Catchers during each Month of Spirits, we can deduce somewhat that there might be a set amount of people who can obtain the cultivation method for

Soul Catchers.

"Perhaps if there are too many people, it will be difficult for us to absorb a sufficient amount of the Candle Dragon's will, but there might be other reasons as well, so we have to be careful of the other Shamans...

"The third is the numerous seals in this place, along with the threats caused by the countless amounts of ferocious beasts here..." The boy stopped speaking for a moment.

"Senior, I've finished speaking... My patriarch told me to tell you these after I came here. I didn't miss a single word. I already memorized this countless times in the tribe." As the boy spoke, he looked at Su Ming nervously.

Su Ming looked as calm as ever, but he was feeling rather displeased. The Patriarch from White Bull Tribe didn't mention that there would be fights between other Shamans here. If that's the case, he won't be able to complete this task so easily.

However, due to his respect for the old man from White Bull Tribe and the fact that he was shocked by the item the old man brought out, since Su Ming agreed to help, he would not say much about it.

He stood up and said flatly, "Check where Shaman City is and how far it is from here. We'll go and register your tribe there first. We won't stay for long after that. We'll be leaving the city immediately."

The girl immediately brought out the Soul Stone from her bosom, bit her finger, forced out a drop of blood, and pressed her finger on the Soul Stone. The stone immediately shone with a weak light that showed them the way.

"We need to travel approximately three hundred thousand li from here..." The girl let out a sigh of relief and pointed in the direction of the strange forest. They were already considered lucky

to be able to be sent to a spot three hundred thousand li away from Shaman City, under the circumstances that they could be randomly Relocated within an area of a million li.

"Let's go." Su Ming walked forward calmly. Green light shone on him, and the small sword circled around them to protect the boy and girl as they followed him into the strange forest.

Chapter 421: Forest

By what the girl originally thought of, Su Ming should have blasted all the weird trees in the forest all along the way and used the fastest way to walk out of the forest.

This was why his current actions were causing confusion in her heart.

Each and every step Su Ming took was made with extreme caution. Most of the time, he would walk in the spots where the trees were not dense. By doing so, their speed became significantly slower.

The girl did not dare speak, but she was starting to become dubious of Su Ming's power in her heart. Nonetheless, the red-haired Su Min had left a very deep impression within her. That was why even though she was skeptical, she still believed that her patriarch's choice was right.

After they had walked for a full day in the forest, several long arcs charged past in the sky, and they came with an astonishing momentum. Wherever they went, the layers of clouds would look as if they were ripped apart. There were five people in those long arcs.

Four among those five people were teenagers, and the one other person was right in front, leading them. He was an incredibly handsome middle-aged man. His expression was as cold as ice, and his whole entire being exuded power. When they passed over the strange forest, that person cast a look downwards, as if he saw Su Ming and the two youths. Once he swept his gaze over them, he chose to ignore them, rushing past the area with the four teenagers behind him.

When the girl saw all of this, she became agitated. She cast Su Ming a glance, and after a long moment of hesitation, still chose to remain silent.

The boy, however, felt completely different from the girl. To him, this was great. They could avoid as much trouble as possible this way, and when he saw the five people flying in the sky, he thought that they were a little too flashy. In the danger filled World of Nine Yin, flying in such a flashy manner was not a good thing.

When the three of them spent their first night in the forest, nine moons appeared in the sky for them. Su Ming's pupils shrank the moment he saw the nine moons shining above him.

The nine moons shone with a gentle light that scattered on the ground, causing the earth to shine in a glittery light, which also made the sky look much gentler. The layers of clouds seemed to have scattered themselves during the night.

"Rest!" Su Ming came to a halt at a place where there were not many strange trees in the area. He spoke in a calm voice, and once he said his piece, he sat down cross-legged on the ground, then averted his gaze from the moons in the sky and closed his eyes to meditate.

The girl felt that she was being forced into stopping and could do nothing about it. She felt that they should keep moving and head to Shaman City as quickly as possible. In fact, it was to her belief that they should be flying, not walking in the forest. If they continued walking like this, then it was completely unknown just how long they would need to take to cross those three hundred li.

"Lan Lan, do you want to drink?" Just as the girl was feeling as if she was being forced against her own will, the boy moved to her side and brought out a water skin for her.

The girl took the water skin, and after she took a sip, she asked softly, "Ahu, if we continue walking like this, how long do you think it'll take for us to reach Shaman City?"

"I think... it doesn't matter how long it'll take for us. As long as we can ensure our own safety, it'll be okay." The boy called Ahu

scratched his head and answered with a smile.

"Safe. That's the only thing you think about all the time. You're always like this in the tribe. This is called being cowardly, get it? Besides, I don't think it's safe for us to walk on the ground, it's only safe if we travel in the sky. We'd be able to leave this weird forest sooner then..." The girl glared at him, displeased. Clearly, she was venting all her frustrations during the day on the boy.

The boy mumbled a few words under his breath and did not dare speak more. It was clear that he was afraid of the girl. After some time, he brought out some food from his bosom and placed them before the girl.

"Eat! That's the only thing you know how to do!" The girl nagged him a little more, and when she saw his expression, she rolled her eyes, then ignored him.

Su Ming might have seemed calm as he sat there, but in truth, he remained vigilant. He had spread out some of his divine sense in the area during the day and found that the weird forest completely covered an area of one hundred li.

In fact, he had a faint feeling that as he walked through this place, there were countless pair of eyes watching them. However, compared to the number of invisible gazes on him, Su Ming noticed that there were even more such gazes within the dark clouds in the sky.

In fact, when Su Ming swept his divine sense through the area, he had felt slight a twinge of surprise in him, which was why he did not choose to fly, especially when he saw the five people flying past in midair during the day. He had immediately sensed all those invisible gazes locking onto the five people with greed, and it made Su Ming completely give up on the idea of flying in the sky.

Even if the path he took in the mountain forest did not reveal anything, this particular trail was only chosen after he had spread out his divine sense and found that it was the road with the least

amount of gazes focused on him.

Only by doing so did he feel marginally safer.

However, the boy and girl clearly did not know about this. Su Ming had seen the girl's disgruntlement at being forced to walk on the ground and her thoughts but did not find the need to explain anything.

As he remained seated, Su Ming opened his eyes to a slit, and looked at the nine moons in the sky once again. A glint appeared in his eyes.

'Nine moons... I wonder what would happen... if I cast the Fire Berserkers' Art here and executed the burning of blood...' Su Ming did not act recklessly. That thought only flashed by in his head before it disappeared without a trace.

The night went by without a single word exchanged between them. When morning arrived, Su Ming stood up and continued moving forward with the boy and girl. The path they took that day was even more incomprehensible to the girl, because there were several times where they looked as if they were just going round in circles. The only thing that was similar was that there were fewer trees in the area they traveled through. In fact, there were even certain places where there were absolutely none of those strange trees around.

If she had nothing to compare, perhaps the girl would have endured it, but when dusk almost arrived on the second day, they heard a violent bang from the distance.

When they heard that bang coming towards them, Su Ming stopped and turned around to look. His gaze pierced through the forest, and he saw a half-naked man walking one thousand feet away from him with a savage laugh. There was a gigantic battle axe in his right hand, and wherever he went, the trees would be shattered, leaving behind a large amount of green liquid.

There were two boys following behind that man, and their faces were lit in excitement. They followed closely behind, stepping on that green liquid and passing through the area quickly.

There was a girl sitting on the man's shoulders. The girl also looked to be about fifteen to sixteen years of age. She swung her legs about, looking incredibly smug.

When Su Ming and the two youths looked towards them, both parties could still see each other even though the trees were blocking them and there were one thousand feet between them.

The girl sitting on the man's shoulders chuckled and asked them, "Hey, you there, which tribe are you from? We came from Tranquil Field Tribe. Where did you come from?"

Lan Lan stared at the girl sitting on the man's shoulders with non-malicious envy. The presence spreading out from the man made it clear that he was a Medial Battle Shaman. When she saw the strange trees shattering under the man's axe and the group of people moving forward with a speed much faster than theirs, her displeasure towards Su Ming grew stronger.

"We're from White Bull Tribe. I'm Lan Lan," the girl immediately said. Su Ming frowned, and the boy went forward to tug at Lan Lan's sleeves.

"The patriarch told us not to get into too much contact with the other tribes before we complete our journey and become Soul Catchers..." Ahu whispered to her.

"White Bull Tribe? I never heard of it before. It must be a small tribe. The path you take is rather remote. Could it be that you're afraid of these trees? How about this? I'll allow you to walk behind us." The girl sitting on the man's shoulders smiled, and her tone contained a slightly arrogant quality to it.

Once she finished speaking, without waiting for Lan Lan's reply, the girl swiftly left with the man and the two boys behind him as

the man continued opening the path. One of the two boys turned back to cast a glance at Su Ming and the two youths when they were far into the distance, and there was slight disdain on his face.

"Let's go." Su Ming remained as calm as ever. He averted his gaze, then turned around to continue walking down the path his divine sense had perceived.

During that instant, he could strongly sense those invisible gazes in the forest instantly focusing on the man. His existence was like a ball of fire in the dark, attracting all manner of darkness towards it.

"But... But why do we still have to walk through this place? They already opened the path there! Why can't we take that path?!" Lan Lan could no longer hold her frustration in after having endured for two days.

"And everyone is flying in the sky, and they're traveling really quickly! Even if we don't fly in the sky, we can charge through the forest. We can get out of this stupid forest faster that way and arrive at Shaman City earlier too. If we're earlier, we can also attract other people's attention. This will be good for White Bull Tribe!"

The girl rambled off, and when she spoke, Su Ming acted as if he did not hear her. He did not even turn his head back, and there was not a hint of change in his expression as he continued walking forward.

There was a torn look on the boy's face as he looked at Su Ming walking in the distance, then at Lan Lan.

"Lan Lan, the patriarch chose him to protect us. I think... the senior definitely has his own reasons for his choice..."

"Shut up!" The girl was originally annoyed that Su Ming ignored her, and was directing all her anger at the boy.

He mumbled a few sounds under his breath again and simply let

the girl vent her frustrations as he continued trying to console her. Eventually, in the midst of all her disgruntlement, she chased after Su Ming with the boy.

Four days passed by in the blink of an eye. During those four days, the girl saw several people flying in the sky once more, and she had already become skeptical of Su Ming's power.

However, she did not notice that several big trees in the path they took the day previously had faces protruding out of their tree barks, and all of them looked as if they were suffering. However, it was difficult for her to see those faces at first glance as they were all the same color as the tree bark. She would simply think that those were the lines on the tree bark itself.

If she had looked closely, she would have found that those faces belonged to a man, a girl, and two boys...

Chapter 422: Old Acquaintance

‘I don’t understand why the patriarch chose him! He’s just as cowardly as Ahu! We’ve already been walking for ten days in the forest!’

Another five days passed by, and Su Ming brought the girl and boy out of the forest. All along the way, they did not run into any sort of danger whatsoever. On the final few days, Su Ming increased his speed by quite a large margin, which caused the girl’s resentment to disappear slightly, but it was still very strong.

‘There’s no danger here, and we wasted ten days. Those people who overtook us must have already arrived in Shaman City, but we only managed to travel such a small distance.’

The girl was extremely livid, and Su Ming’s unfazed attitude towards everything had especially made her feel as if she could not vent her frustrations, making her feel really horrible for having to keep her anger in.

Because of that, the boy turned into her punching bag and had to be scolded by her all the time during those few days, but there was never a hint of displeasure on the boy’s face. Every single time, he would try to console and comfort her.

Even after they walked out of the forest and there was an endless plain before the girl, she still did not know that there was a large number of trees in the forest behind her that contained numerous corpses. Those corpses were all impaled by an endless amount of tree branches, and there was liquid flowing out of their bodies, nourishing the trees.

Those corpses were all drying up one by one, and as time passed by, they would become part of the trees...

Su Ming turned his head around and cast a glance at the strange forest with a calm expression. Most of the time, he did notice the

corpses that were absorbed into the forest using some unknown method.

‘As expected of the World of Nine Yin, it’s already so dangerous even though it’s just the Shamans’ territory... But the Shamans have already occupied this place for many years, and they should know about the dangers within their territory like the back of their hand. If that’s the case, why are the people who come in here acting so recklessly?’

This was something that Su Ming did not understand.

It was explainable as to why White Bull Tribe did not understand the dangers in the place. After all, White Bull Tribe was practically cut off from the world and they were located in a remote region. It was difficult for them to know the details of this place, but there was in no way the other tribes were the same as White Bull Tribe...

As Su Ming was engrossed in his thoughts, his expression suddenly changed, albeit only slightly, and his gaze fell on the forest. Rustling sounds came from within the place, and it was followed soon after by a middle-aged man walking out, exhausted.

Behind him was a boy. His face was pale, and his right arm was withered up!

Su Ming had seen the middle-aged man once before. He was the aloof person who had charged through the sky with four teenagers behind ten days ago!

Not only did Su Ming recognize the middle-aged man, even Ahu and Lan Lan had managed to recognize him with just one glance. Ahu’s pupils shrank, and as for Lan Lan, she was momentarily taken aback.

The middle-aged man also saw Su Ming and the other two youths behind him. There was surprise on his face. Clearly, he had also recognized Su Ming. He could remember somewhat that he had seen these three people in that strange forest ten days ago.

At that time, he had been calm, and he did not bother himself too much with those not connected to him. He only noticed these three people because they were walking in the forest and not charging through. That strange action made him give them a second glance, but that was all.

However, when he saw Su Ming, the middle-aged man was shocked in his heart, and a hint of amazement could be seen faintly in his eyes. He found that there was not a hint of injury or patheticalness on Su Ming, but that was not all. The stranger was clearly the same as he was and was tasked to protect these children, but...

No sign of injury or patheticalness could be found on the boy and girl as well. This caused the middle-aged man to not be able to help but be surprised.

He knew too well of the strangeness and terrors of forest by then, and it could be said that he had escaped death narrowly. In fact, he even had to use Enchanted Vessels and divine abilities that could protect his life before he managed to bring one person out, albeit with much difficulty. Yet even so, the boy he managed to bring out already had his right arm rendered useless.

It was because he knew of the changes and the terrors of the forest that he was shocked by the trio's current appearance.

He immediately recalled Su Ming walking leisurely through the forest ten days ago. If he did not run into Su Ming right at that moment, he would not have thought too much into it, but once he did, he immediately recalled his discovery when he was escaping from danger a few days ago.

He had found that the faster he moved in the forest, the more dangerous it was, but if he moved at a relaxed pace, the level of threat would reduce by a large half. Besides his divine abilities, a large part of the reason as to why he managed to escape from the forest with his protégé was this!

When he remembered just how the man had been walking this way since ten days ago, the middle-aged man found himself in shock, but at the same time, he also became wary of Su Ming. He absolutely did not believe that he was merely lucky. This sort of thing had absolutely no connection with any luck whatsoever!

"I am Nan Gong Hen. I'm afraid I've embarrassed myself before you with my current sorry state compared to me ten days ago." Nan Gong Hen smiled wryly and wrapped his fist in his hand towards Su Ming before he bowed. His attitude towards Su Ming was extremely polite.

"There's no embarrassment whatsoever. I am Mo Su." Su Ming returned the greeting with a wrapped fist and replied without even batting an eyelid.

"Fellow tribesman Nan Gong, I remember seeing you fly in the sky a few days ago. Why did you walk out of the forest now?"

"Brother Su, why are you asking what you already know? The forest suddenly changed and caught me off guard. I was surprised when I saw you walking in the forest a few days ago. By the looks of it now, it seems that you have already foreseen this coming." Nan Gong Hen shook his head and laughed bitterly.

"I only thought that this forest was slightly strange. I only got out by pure luck. If I exchanged places with you, it might have been difficult for me to walk out alive," Su Ming stated calmly.

"Brother Mo, there's no need for you to be humble..." Nan Gong Hen shook his head, but he already had quite a good opinion about Su Ming. He cast a glance at Lan Lan and Ahu beside him before asking, "Brother Mo, which tribe are you protecting?"

"Just a remote little tribe. You wouldn't have heard about us before, Brother Nan Gong." Su Ming smiled faintly and avoided the topic.

"We came from White Bull Tribe!" But when the girl saw this

middle-aged man, excitement appeared on her face, and she quickly spoke.

Su Ming frowned, and Nan Gong Hen was also taken aback slightly, but he soon smiled and ignored the girl. He had merely asked out of mere politeness and did not expect that Mo Su would answer. The girl butting in already allowed him to somewhat tell that there were some problems between this Mo Su and White Bull Tribe.

Nan Gong Hen hesitated for a moment before he cast a glance at Su Ming, then wrapped his fist in his palm and spoke politely. "Brother Mo, both of our destinations should be Shaman City. There's still quite some distance before we can reach it. Why don't we team up? We'll be able to take care of each other this way." .

Su Ming did not answer immediately. Instead, he cast the girl a cold glare first, and there was a warning look in his eyes, along with a freezing glint. The girl also knew that she had acted rather recklessly just now. When she saw Su Ming giving her that aloof glare, she immediately lowered her head.

As for the boy, he was looking at Su Ming earnestly.

'Do this one more time, and you will no longer receive my protection. I made a promise with your Patriarch that I would only need to have a single person complete the journey.'

Su Ming's voice echoed in the girl's head, and this method of sending his voice directly into her head without being heard by anyone made the girl's heart tremble.

Once he was done dealing with the girl, uncertainty appeared on Su Ming's face. After some time, as Nan Gong Hen continued waiting, he nodded his head.

Delight immediately appeared on Nan Gong Hen's face and he let out a bark of laughter.

"Brother Mo, in all honesty, with you by my side, I feel slightly

more confident, or else, I don't know whether there will be any more sudden changes in the forest.

"This forest is truly strange. The wooden slip provided by the God of Shamans Temple never mentioned anything about the terrors of this forest, and I remember that I never ran into any sort of danger when I first came here with my companions and walked through this forest..."

"Brother Nan Gong, could you let me see the wooden slip? I don't understand the changes in this place either." Su Ming asked unhurriedly. He had only agreed to travel with these two because he was not familiar with this place, and he was also wary of this so called 'sudden change' in this forest.

Nan Gong Hen cast a glance at the boy and girl beside Su Ming. Then, as if he had understood something, he smiled and brought out a wooden slip from his bosom, handing it to Su Ming.

Once Su Ming took it, he scanned it with his divine sense. There was a complete map on the slip, and the map covered an area of one million li. Right at the center of the map was a city.

The Shamans' territory was mapped out clearly.

This was precisely what Su Ming needed. Once he engraved that map in his head, he handed the wooden slip back to Nan Gong Hen, but right at that moment...

"Brother Mo, this is a gift for you. I have another map with me," Nan Gong Hen said with a smile.

"If that is the case, thank you." Su Ming smiled and saluted Nan Gong Hen with a wrapped fist as a form of thanks. The two of them flew up at the same time and charged towards the sky in the distance. Su Ming did not find any of those gazes focusing on him in this area, so he decided it would be good for them to be able to not walk.

As for the three youths, they were all carried into the air by Su

Ming and Nan Gong Hen's divine abilities and flew behind them.

As the five people charged forward, Su Ming spread his divine sense out in the area and observed his surroundings carefully. Nan Gong Hen swiped his right hand across the center of his brows, and immediately, a pair of violet eyes appeared at that spot. Those eyes blinked seven times in succession, then multiple spirits flowed out of Nan Gong Hen's body, turning into a vortex as they swam about in the area, and that vortex covered an area several tens of thousands of feet wide.

Clearly, Nan Gong Hen was a Spirit Medium.

The three youths behind Su Ming and Nan Gong Hen were all quiet. The boy who lost his right arm looked extremely determined, but he would occasionally frown and pain would appear between his brows.

Ahu was looking at Su Ming's back while lost in his thoughts.

As for Lan Lan, while she had been uncertain as to why the powerful Nan Gong Hen in her mind would be so courteous to Su Ming, she still believed that luck was a big reason as to why Su Ming had been able to bring them out of the forest.

Since Su Ming and Nan Gong Hen had to bring three youths with them, the group could not travel too quickly in the sky. They traveled for a few days, and on this day, as they were still flying in the sky, a gigantic ship broke through the clouds in the sky and charged forth from another direction.

There were eight people on that ship. Some of them were sitting cross-legged, some of them were looking into the distance from the railings, and some of them were talking to each other.

At one of the corners of the ship was a girl. She looked incredibly average and not a hint of extraordinariness could be seen on her person. The only thing that stood out about her was the distinct tranquility in her eyes. She was dressed in white and was frowning

at that moment, absorbed in her own thoughts. She swept her gaze casually through the area, and when she saw Su Ming, her eyes widened, but her eyes soon filled with uncertainty, and a torn look appeared on her face.

‘He might be in the land of the Shamans, but there’s no chance for him to come here... Su Ming, where are you..?’ the woman thought silently in her heart, sighing.

Chapter 423: Treasure Gambling Event

The ship traveled incredibly quickly, breaking through the clouds. It stirred up a large amount of ripples that reached Su Ming and Nan Gong Hen's east, and as if the sky was the ocean to it, the ship charged past.

The ship was incredibly luxurious and shone with a multitude of colors. The ripples spreading out from within made Lan Lan and Ahu widen their eyes. They looked envious, though it was without resentment.

As for the boy with the withered right arm, he simply lifted his head to cast that ship a glance. His expression remained aloof, and not many changes in his expression could be found.

"That is the Sky Deck Ship from Divine Cyclone Tribe. Among the great tribes in the land of Shamans, that ship is very famous. It is said that when it travels at full speed, it can compete with a Latter Shaman who has arrived at the peak. Its defensive powers are also incredibly strong, that's why it's the best method of transport when going to dangerous places." Nan Gong Hen looked at the ship leaving into the distance, then smiled at Su Ming.

Su Ming seemed rather preoccupied by his thoughts. When he scanned the ship previously with his divine sense, he had felt a power repelling him, which was why he did not force his divine sense inside to explore. However, when he swept his gaze past the few people standing on the ship, there was a girl in white who gave him a feeling that they had met before.

"Brother Mo, are you interested in the Sky Deck Ship?" Nan Gong Hen saw Su Ming looking at the direction where Divine Cyclone Tribe left and asked with a smile.

"Even if a small Shaman like me is interested in the Sky Deck Ship, I can only be envious of the people who own it." Su Ming shook his head.

"Brother Mo, you don't have to belittle yourself. If you truly want to obtain that Sky Deck Ship from Divine Cyclone Tribe, there is a way..." A glint appeared in Nan Gong Hen's eyes, and he spoke in a hushed tone as he continued traveling with Su Ming.

"Oh? Brother Nan Gong, please enlighten me." Su Ming looked towards Nan Gong Hen.

"From what I understand, every single time the World of Nine Yin opens up, Divine Cyclone Tribe comes here not just to help their tribe members obtain the cultivation method for Soul Catchers, but for the treasure gambling event as well.

"Brother Mo, don't tell me that you didn't come here for the event." Nan Gong Hen smiled and cast a glance at Su Ming.

"What does this have to do with the Sky Deck Ship?" Su Ming asked calmly without even batting an eyelid.

"Perhaps you don't know about this, brother Mo, but as long as you have enough luck during the treasure gambling event and manage to find an herb that Divine Cyclone Tribe needs, then they will definitely go to you in attempts to try and exchange for it. At that time, you can just ask for the Sky Deck Ship." Nan Gong Hen let out a boisterous laugh.

"About that..." Su Ming let out a wry laugh and shook his head. He did not continue speaking. His current look could convey a lot of meanings, and it all depended on how the person who saw it interpreted it.

"Brother Mo, are you worried about your own luck? Indeed, this is truly hard to predict. I once met a Medial Shaman who managed to find a Nine Abyss Flower!

"It might have been just a remaining segment of its leaf and it was not complete, but it was still bought by a person from a big tribe at an exorbitant price. Not only is this item useful to Berserkers, it's also very useful to the Latter Shamans." As Nan

Gong Hen spoke, his expression was filled with envy.

"Nine Abyss Flower?!" A sharp look appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

"That's right. Ah... why don't I have that sort of luck? That crystal didn't even look flashy, and no matter what, it didn't look as if it contained the Nine Abyss Flower. It's luck, all of it boils down to luck!" Nan Gong Hen smiled wryly.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he suddenly asked, "But the person who found that Nine Abyss Flower must have had a tragic end, right?"

"That's true. But he ended up in that state because he was too greedy and made several mistakes. He should have immediately left, but if he didn't want to leave, it was fine too, as long as he rented the Spirit of Nine Yin from the God of Shamans Temple from the city with half of the items he got in exchange for his Nine Abyss Flower. With the protection of the Spirit of Nine Yin, as long he didn't go further than one million li from the city, he would basically be safe.

"After all, the World of Nine Yin is very mysterious. Over the years, only one End Shaman is allowed to be on garrison duty here. If two End Shamans appeared, then within a few days, drastic changes would immediately appear in the area, and it might even affect the entire Shaman City...

"I heard that this matter has been pretty accurate so far. That's why the God of Shamans Temple will never allow a second End Shaman coming to this place. They can only come here in turn to be garrisons, though their true goal in coming here is to search for treasure.

"Unless... we act like the time we did that year when we just developed this place. We could bring all the End Shamans and Latter Shamans here and forcefully suppress the changes in the area.

"But this is the time of war. It's just not possible for us to do that. As for Berserkers... Heh heh, even if they do manage to come here, they will at most be at the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. All those who are in the middle stage and beyond cannot avoid being found out by the God of Shamans Temple when they are Relocated." Nan Gong Hen seemed to have in depth knowledge about this and told Su Ming with a smile.

Su Ming was as calm as ever. Once he nodded his head, his expression suddenly changed and he looked at Nan Gong Hen.

Nan Gong Hen was momentarily stunned. There was something slightly off on Su Ming's face, and it made Nan Gong Hen puzzled.

"Brother Nan Gong, the forest was originally supposed to be clear of threats, but there was a change recently. Could that be... the change you were talking about?" Su Ming asked.

Nan Gong's expression changed drastically, and there was a variety of expressions on his face. After some time, he started laughing bitterly.

"It doesn't matter whether it is or isn't. This isn't something we can control. But if that's the case, then we will have to be even more careful... Oh well, once we are in Shaman City, I'll immediately rent a Spirit of Nine Yin, then I'll have a higher chance of protecting my own life. Once I enter the treasure gambling event and let the boy behind me obtain his cultivation method as a Spirit Medium, then I'll immediately leave the place.

"Brother Mo, we might have just got to know each other, but we managed to hit it off right from the start. Here's a piece of advice. Don't be stingy with your money, go and rent a Spirit of Nine Yin as well.

"After all, while the Spirit of Nine Yin cannot leave the World of Nine Yin, it can bring out a battle power so great that it is equivalent to a Latter Shaman's. They are also the locals here. They've signed an eternal treaty with the God of Shamans Temple

many years ago." Nan Gong Hen's words were filled with sincerity as he told Su Ming.

Su Ming smiled and nodded.

They continued flying in the air, and several days passed by. Most of the clouds had dispersed on this day, and they could somewhat see the sky. The end could not be seen no matter where they looked, and there was not a single human soul besides theirs that could be spotted.

As the five people continued moving forward, Su Ming suddenly came to a halt, then with a grave look on his face, he spread out his divine sense once he stopped and started checking the area closely.

Nan Gong Hen also came to a stop. He quickly spread out the wandering souls around him and had them search in a wider area, but he did not find any sort of threat in the area, and he could not help but look at Su Ming with a puzzled look in his eyes.

Su Ming's eyes sparkled as he stared at the empty space before him. When his divine sense had covered that area just now, some of it disappeared, as if it was devoured by some mysterious creature.

It was precisely because of this that he suddenly came to a stop. He sent his divine sense to that area where it had disappeared earlier, and once he scanned through it carefully, that feeling of his divine sense disappearing happened once again. This time, more of his divine sense was devoured.

But strangely, when Nan Gong Hen's wandering souls went through that area, they did not find anything out of ordinary. Su Ming watched those wandering souls circle it, and they did not show any signs of being devoured.

Su Ming's pupils shrank and he frowned. He retracted his divine sense, no longer letting it cover that strange space.

"Brother Mo, what's wrong?" Nan Gong Hen was slightly

bewildered as he looked at Su Ming.

"There's something wrong over there." Su Ming no longer had that slightly humble tone in his voice which he used when he spoke to Nan Gong Hen earlier. He went straight to the point this time.

When he heard Su Ming's words, Nan Gong Hen became even more cautious. A dark light shone in his eyes, and immediately, the wandering souls around the area let out piercing screams, then all of them surged towards the space Su Ming was looking at.

No matter how he looked at that space, it looked the same as the sky around the area. There was not a hint of abnormality that could be seen. Even if Nan Gong Hen had sent a large amount of wandering souls over to that place and they were circling around it, nothing different happened.

"There's... nothing there." A puzzled look appeared on Nan Gong Hen's face. If Su Ming's actions in the forest had not left a deep impression on him and he had seen that Su Ming and his two protégés were completely unharmed, he would definitely think that Su Ming was deliberately putting on an air of mysteriousness.

Among the three youths behind the two of them, the boy with the withered right arm remained as aloof as ever as he was absorbed by his thoughts. Ahu was very nervous as he stared at the area. He completely believed in Su Ming's words and there was not a hint of doubt within him.

However, Lan Lan frowned and grumbled in her heart.

'Hmph, he's just pretending to be mysterious. There's nothing there, or else it's impossible that Sir Nan Gong wouldn't have noticed anything.'

"Brother Mo..." Nan Gong Hen sent his wandering souls circling several times in that area once again, and once he was certain that there was nothing different over there, he looked towards Su

Ming.

"Brother Nan Gong, if you want to go there, I won't stop you. But I suggest that you don't. I'm steering clear of that place." As Su Ming spoke, he turned around and waved his arm, immediately bringing the still grumbling Lan Lan and nervous Ahu to fly in another direction. By the looks of it, he truly intended to skirt around that place.

Nan Gong Hen hesitated for a moment, and as he stared at that obviously normal space, he suddenly lifted his right hand, flipped his palm over, and a ray of black light shot out from his sleeve.

That ray of black light sparkled before him and turned into a black python one hundred feet in size. The python hissed, and a cold glare appeared in its eyes. It looked at Nan Gong Hen, and with one point, it let out a hiss and flew towards the empty space Su Ming had avoided.

In an instant, Nan Gong Hen's pupils shrank as he stared at the black python, and at the same time shock appeared in his eyes. The boy with the withered right arm behind him widened his eyes as well, and for the first time, his expression changed.

Right before their eyes, once that black python entered the area, it suddenly let out a piercing cry, and a large part of its body disappeared into thin air...

It was as if there was an invisible mouth that devoured most of the black python's body in one bite.

Nan Gong Hen felt his skin crawl. He already knew that if he had went in there rashly, then it would be difficult for him to escape from that sudden danger. At that moment, as his heart beat in lingering fear, he cast his gaze at Su Ming, who was flying in another direction. Wariness appeared in his eyes and he quickly flew towards him.

Lan Lan also saw this. Her eyes popped out and she looked at Su

Ming's back with a dumbfounded expression. At that instant, she suddenly felt that they did not come out of the forest safely due to pure luck...

Ahu's eyes were shining, and his gaze as he looked at Su Ming was filled with respect.

Chapter 424: Shaman City

"Brother Mo, the depth of your cultivation and your keen perception has really impressed me! Wherever we go to next, as long as you give the word, I will definitely follow you!" Once Nan Gong Hen caught up, there was a slight awkward look on his face as he wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming.

The boy with the withered right arm behind him no longer looked at Su Ming with an aloof gaze. There was instead a hint of curiosity in his eyes.

"I was just lucky. Brother Nan Gong, if you look closely, you will also be able to discover some clues." Su Ming shook his head and spoke calmly.

"Brother Mo, you don't have to be humble. I'll be honest with you, I couldn't tell that the place was that dangerous..." Nan Gong Hen laughed wryly and bowed once more towards Su Ming.

Su Ming smiled and no longer spoke. He continued charging forward with Nan Gong Hen with the three youths behind them.

With Su Ming's divine sense and Nan Gong Hen's wandering souls swimming about in the area, while they might have run into some dangers on the way, they managed to avoid all of them. Even if they had to take certain longer paths, they did not run into any life and death crises.

As time passed by and they got closer to Shaman City, Nan Gong Hen grew to respect Su Ming even more, and he deeply believed that he had made the right choice when he first invited him to travel with him.

Nan Gong Hen was really curious as to how Su Ming managed to deduce the dangers. There were one time during their journey that while he had followed along with Su Ming's suggestion to change their path, he turned around and saw with his own eyes several

long arcs charging through the place they avoided. Without any obvious reason, those people suddenly let out piercing, shrill cries, and their bodies exploded into bits and pieces.

Nan Gong Hen was then struck dumb, and thoroughly convinced by what he saw, he trusted Su Ming's judgments and decisions wholeheartedly, following his instructions right down to a tee without any hint of hesitation.

Ahu was already practically holding Su Ming in position akin to that of a god in his mind. The zealous look in his eyes was clear to everyone watching. As for Lan Lan, the things she went through on the way made her skin crawl, even though she was a bold girl. She felt cold chills crawling down her spine, and her gaze as she looked at Su Ming became very different.

The boy following behind Nan Gong Hen was the same. He could remain aloof to everyone, and he treated Nan Gong Hen in the same aloof manner, but when he looked at Su Ming, that aloof gaze disappeared, and it was no longer replaced with curiosity, but with respect.

Somewhere along the way, Su Ming became the leader of the team. When he suggested changing their course, every single one of them would obey without question. Eventually, he did not even need to speak. He just needed to move, and Nan Gong Hen, along with the others, would immediately follow.

'White Bull Tribe is really lucky to have been able to find someone like Brother Mo as a guardian for their tribe members who have been sent for the trial...' Nan Gong Hen would occasionally cast his gaze at Lan Lan and Ahu all along the way and sigh deeply in his heart.

He knew that the others might perhaps have a way to reach Shaman City, but with Nan Gong Hen's power, if he did not have Su Ming guiding the way, it would be difficult for him to protect the boy behind him, and his own life would be in danger as well.

However, the boy and girl from White Bull Tribe were completely unscathed all along their journey, and all of this was because of Mo Su.

One month later, in the midst of that frightening but safe journey, Su Ming and co arrived at the center of the Shaman Tribe's territory - Shaman City. Once they were a hundred li away from Shaman City, they were no longer allowed to travel in the sky. Su Ming and Nan Gong Hen descended from midair and landed on the ground.

Shaman City was not very big, but it was built to look incredibly majestic. It was cubic in shape, and there were gigantic walls of one hundred feet surrounding it. The city was entirely crimson, as if it was dyed in blood. The crimson city walls occasionally shone with a red glare, forming a mighty pressure that would make people's hearts tremble.

There was only one gate to Shaman City, and all people used that gate to enter and exit. From a hundred lis, several unique buildings could be seen shooting off the ground within the city, and they their distinct characteristics stood out.

It was especially so for the stone pillar that shot high into the sky at the center of the city. It gave off an ancient feeling, and at the same time, there was a gigantic head placed at the top of it. That head was one thousand feet in size, and due to some unknown method of preservation, only a small part of it had decayed.

That head's appearance could still be clearly seen. Its inside was empty, and it was lopped on the stone pillar, turning it into the most eye catching building and road mark within Shaman City!

It was a gigantic head that was filled with drooping branches. It had the appearance of a human, but had the skin of a dried up tree bark. The head was entirely brown and its facial features could be seen clearly. Anyone who saw it at first glance would think it was a human head, but if they looked closely, they would find it was

clearly a giant block of wood.

There were numerous branches drooping down like tentacles from that gigantic head. The longest of them all was nearly one thousand feet long, and the breadth of each branch was different, along with all their lengths. They were all supported in the air by the stone pillar. If anyone looked from the distance, they would find that the stone pillar looked like a huge long spear that had lifted the head high in the sky.

"We're finally in Shaman City... Brother Mo, I cannot express just how grateful I am for all that you've done during the trip..." Nan Gong Hen looked at Shaman City and let out a huge sigh of relief. He wrapped his fist in his palm to Su Ming with gratitude radiating off his face.

"Brother Nan Gong, you don't have to do this. I also wanted to come to Shaman City. We could take care of each other if we traveled together. Besides, you want to enter the treasure gambling event as well. I've heard quite a lot about it when I was previously in the land of the Shamans, but I didn't manage to enter it due to certain reasons in the past. Now that I'm here, I'd like to experience it no matter what. I will need your help in introducing me to the place." Su Ming said with a smile.

After experiencing all the things on the road, Nan Gong Hen had become even more intent on becoming friends with Su Ming. Once he heard Su Ming's words, he immediately spoke.

"That's easy, I've entered the treasure gambling event a few times before. Since you're here, brother Mo, you should indeed experience it. Perhaps if you're lucky, you will be able to find a priceless treasure. But brother Mo, before we go, we should rent a Spirit of Nine Yin..."

Nan Gong Hen fell silent for a moment, then extended his invitation to Su Ming.

"How about this? If you don't mind, why don't we stay in the

same inn in Shaman City? If that's the case, we will be able to communicate with each other easier."

Su Ming thought about it for a moment before he nodded with a smile and expressed his gratitude.

Nan Gong Hen let out a boisterous laugh and walked forward briskly towards Shaman City with Su Ming, bringing with them the three youths behind them. Before long, the group arrived right outside the city. There were already quite a number of people waiting to enter at that moment, and there was already a very long queue in line.

Most of the people in the queue were teenagers, and there would be one Medial Shaman standing in between some of the teenagers acting as their protector.

It did not matter whether it were those teenagers or the Medial Shamans, most of them had injuries on their person. There were even some of them who looked pale, as if they were injured terribly.

The queue waiting to get into the city was very long, but the examination right in front was incredibly strict. There were a dozen something Medial Shaman dressed in uniform standing right outside the city gate. Usually, once they finish each of the examinations, they would receive some money before they allowed the people into the city.

There were quite a number of impatient looking people waiting in the long queue to enter the city, but once they looked at the Medial Shamans in uniform, they would force down their irritation.

However, there would occasionally be someone who arrived and did not need to queue up due to their unique identities. They could walk straight to the gates and enter the city after a simple examination. All of these people belonged to big tribes or had close relations to the God of Shamans Temple.

"There are so many people here! We're gonna have to wait until tomorrow before we can go into the city..."

When Lan Lan saw the long line once she arrived outside the city gate, she sighed. However, she also noticed that most of the teenagers that were like her, waiting in line, looked defeated. Clearly, they had gone through a lot of hardships on their way here. There were even some of them who had grief on their faces, and it was plain as day that their companions had died on the way.

When Lan Lan remembered just how her journey to this place had been more frights than true danger, she could not help but look at Su Ming.

Su Ming swept his gaze past the crowd with a calm look. He did not mind waiting till tomorrow, that matter was not a problem to him.

"We don't need to wait, we can just go in."

Once they arrived near Shaman City, Nan Gong Hen felt his spirits lift up. When he heard Lan Lan's words, the idea of letting Su Ming know the vast amounts of connections he had popped up in his head. After all, to people with their current level of cultivation, making friends was not because they could get along well, it was also because they could mutually benefit each other.

Su Ming's nonchalant attitude during the entire trip was incredibly valuable in Nan Gong Hen's books, that was why it was necessary for him to befriend Su Ming. However, he felt that he still had yet to show his own value to Su Ming. As he spoke, he brought the group straight to the city.

Su Ming's lips curled up into a light smile. He could somewhat tell what Nan Gong Hen was thinking. Judging by how confident the other looked, he definitely had a way, and if Su Ming did not have to wait, he would naturally choose not to wait in line until tomorrow.

He followed behind Nan Gong Hen, and Lan Lan, along with the two boys, followed suit. The act of those five people not lining up and going straight to the city gate immediately caught a large amount of attention from the crowd. When they looked over, a large number of the Medial Shamans who were protecting the children immediately appeared shocked when they saw Nan Gong Hen. Some of them even wrapped their fists in their palms from the distance and greeted him with a smile.

"So it's you, brother Nan Gong? Which tribe are you protecting this time?"

"Brother Nan Gong, it's been a long while. How are you?"

"Haha, brother Nan Gong, once we get into the city, you and I have to drink till we're drunk."

With a smile on his face, Nan Gong Hen continued walking forward while wrapping his fist in his palm to return his greetings to these people. He was not at all disoriented because there were too many people greeting him. Everything was done methodically, and it was obvious that he was already used to this.

When Nan Gong Hen arrived right outside the city, the Medial Shamans who were dressed in uniforms and were examining the people smiled. They did not examine Su Ming and the others at all, but simply moved out of the way, and when they did so, Su Ming was shocked by the connections Nan Gong Hen had.

There was always a smile on Nan Gong Hen's face. Once he greeted the Medial Shamans guarding the place, he brought Su Ming and the others through the city gate.

As they walked through the city gate's tunnel, Su Ming remarked with a smile, "Brother Nan Gong, the amount of people you know is really impressive, though the reason why the guards from the God of Shamans Temple let us in without an examination isn't because you were close to them, am I right?"

"Brother Mo, it seems like I've made a fool of myself before you. I like making friends, and since my father also has a large number of friends, I've grown up in the God of Shamans Temple since I was young... That's why, please excuse me for making a fool of myself," Nan Gong Hen said with a smile.

Su Ming smiled. He was just about to speak when his smile suddenly froze and his pupils shrank. He saw a woman walking towards him from inside the city through the tunnel.

Chapter 425: I Understand Him

It was an incredibly cold and beautiful woman with violet hair. The woman looked to be around twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age. She was tall and dressed in purple robes. There was a white whip tied to her waist, causing her waist to curve in beautifully before the lines curved out in an exaggerated fashion to show off her posterior and her long legs.

Her long hair danced in the wind as she moved. It would not be an exaggeration to compare her to ice due to the chilling look in her eyes and the aloof look on her petite face. The woman's beautiful face especially gave her a unique, cold beauty when paired with her indifference.

Su Ming laughed wryly in his heart, though no one could see any hint of it since he had his mask on his face. He knew this woman... or more accurately speaking, he'd seen this woman when she was naked before...

That woman was the one from the God of Shamans Temple which Progenitor Hong Luo had met when he was in control of Su Ming's body, and because the woman did not have enough aura of Yin, he did not cast the Art of the Dragon Subject, Yin Simurgh, on her.

‘Hong Luo... why did you say you were Su Ming..?’

Su Ming laughed even more wryly in his heart and felt a massive headache in his head. When he saw this woman, a feeling as if he was falsely accused formed in his heart, and he could say nothing about it.

When he had woken up, he had seen everything that happened when Hong Luo controlled his body. He even had a feeling that he was Hong Luo himself. With that feeling around, he could remember clearly that this woman had looked at him with eyes burning with hatred.

‘If she learns that I am... me... Hah...’ Su Ming forced down the torn feeling in his heart and looked at the woman walking over with a calm look on his face.

Nan Gong Hen was originally smiling by the side, but when he saw the woman, his smile froze as well. And just like Su Ming’s, it was then replaced with a wry one.

Nan Gong Hen let out a fake cough and asked that cold woman, "Sis, are you going out?"

"So you’re not dead yet?" The woman who was as cold as ice remarked coolly when she was ten feet away from Nan Gong Hen and Su Ming. If anyone ignored that chill in her voice, they would find that it was actually very pleasant to the ears.

Nan Gong Hen fake-coughed again, choking for a moment due to the woman’s words, then as he laughed wryly, he shook his head.

"Sis, how could you say that to your elder brother? Oh well, let me introduce to you, this is..."

"Not interested," the woman said coldly, and without even casting a glance at Su Ming, she walked past through them.

Nan Gong Hen quickly made way for her. Su Ming sighed and moved out of the way as well. The woman walked through and out of the city gate.

"Who is that?" Su Ming hesitated for a moment, but still asked. He had to know of her identity so that he could think of ways to avoid her in the future.

"That’s my little sister, Nan Gong Shan. Ha... she’s been becoming more and more indifferent because of the cultivation method she’s practicing. I know it’s not a big matter, but one year ago, when she was in isolation, something happened, causing her aura of Yin to become even thicker, and now she has become like this..." Nan Gong Hen said with a wry laugh. He walked through the tunnel with Su Ming and entered Shaman City.

Sounds of a bustle entered their ears, and they could see that the city itself was very lively. There were a large number of Shamans inside, and when they stood there, they had a feeling as if they had forgotten that they were in the World of Nine Yin.

When Su Ming heard Nan Gong Hen speaking about the accident a year ago, he felt a little guilty, and he sighed in his heart. He did not expect that Nan Gong Hen, whom he met on the way here, would be this woman's big brother.

"I didn't expect that she would be here. Brother Mo, I hope you don't mind my sister's cold attitude. Ha... speaking of that accident, did you hear about that unrivaled Shaman who suddenly appeared one year ago in our land?" Nan Gong Hen shook his head, and once he explained his sister's attitude to Su Ming, he started chatting casually with him.

Su Ming laughed even more wryly in his heart. He cast a look at Nan Gong Hen, and when he saw that Nan Gong Hen was just talking about him casually and not pointing fingers at him, Su Ming shook his head.

"I have been in isolation for many years. I've heard others mentioning the incident a year ago, but I don't know much about it."

Nan Gong Hen sighed, then led Su Ming and the other three youths through the streets of Shaman City. It was very lively on both sides of the street. There were all sorts of shops there, and most of them sold some of the Shamans' necessities. Besides these, there were also shops selling unique items that could only be found in the World of Nine Yin.

Compared to the perils outside, this place was an incredibly relaxing place, and it looked peaceful here.

"Speaking of a year ago, a Shaman so powerful he was unrivaled appeared in our land. That person's level of cultivation was so high that he had actually surpassed an End Shaman!" When Nan Gong

Hen said those words, respect and yearning appeared on his face.

"He actually possesses power that surpasses an End Shaman. I wonder how he did it. When he appeared, in a few days, he challenged multiple powerful Shamans, and every single time those who fought against him lost, he would use a special method and absorb half of their power!

"Most of the people believe that he is evil, but I don't think so!" A hint of excitement appeared in Nan Gong Hen's voice, making it clear that he was not at all calm when he spoke of this person.

Su Ming blinked and did not say anything.

"I know that he thinks that these so called 'powerful' Shamans aren't worthy of having any power born out of cultivation, which is why he didn't take their lives but took away a large part of their power. This is him telling those losers without saying a single word that if they can surpass him some day, they can go find him and retrieve that power he took!

"I know it, I understand him, I get him!

"This is a great sentiment showed by that person. This is the true quality of a powerful warrior. All those who lose must give up their power, and this is also a way to motivate them!

"I always believed that he's a Shaman, or else why would he show such compassion to those so called 'powerful' Shamans'? He's doing this to urge them on in their training, he's personally motivating them to improve!" Nan Gong Hen said agitatedly.

Su Ming... was stunned.

"Brother Mo, I'm telling you the truth. I'm not the only one who feels this way. There are quite a few of those who lost who have similar feelings. I asked them before." Respect appeared in Nan Gong Hen's eyes.

"I respect this unparalleled Shaman from the bottom of my heart. He actually... went out his way to motivate even those ferocious

beasts! Just how great must he be to be able to do even this?

"During those few days, there were plenty of ferocious beasts who had great luck and ran into him, and their minds were all stimulated. Perhaps one of them will turn into a sacred beast!"

Su Ming was rendered completely speechless. He instinctively raised his hand to touch his nose, but ended up touching his mask instead. His lips under the mask were curled up into a wry smile.

Lan Lan and Ahu's eyes were shining brilliantly when they heard Nan Gong Hen's voice. Their hearts were filled with excitement, and they looked thrilled. Even the aloof boy with the withered right arm was filled with respect and zeal.

"Then... Just how strong is he?" Lan Lan could not help but ask.

"How strong? Heh heh, with just one flick of his hand, Sir Zong Ze from Autumn Sea Tribe was sealed in the sky and could not move. All the tribe members of Autumn Sea Tribe were immobilized when he pressed down on the ground. They were all sealed and could not move an inch, and could only watch... as he descended and went to their Sacred Lady's side, hugged her, and flew away with her...

"This is a great love story. I'm really envious of it." Nan Gong Hen let out a long sigh.

Su Ming could not help but let out a few dry coughs. The story sounded off when he heard it from other people's mouths, because he knew that... the truth was in no way what Nan Gong Hen had just said.

When Lan Lan heard his words, her eyes shone, and when Ahu saw how Lan Lan reacted, he made a decision in his heart.

"The Sacred Lady of Autumn Sea Tribe returned a few days later with the blood dragon he gave her. Now, besides the sacred mackerel pike, Autumn Sea Tribe has another sacred beast...

"Hah, honestly, my little sister isn't too bad either, why didn't he

choose her..?" Nan Gong Hen shook his head. When he looked at Su Ming, he felt that there was something strange about Su Ming's current demeanor.

"Brother Mo, what's wrong?"

"It's nothing, I'm just really moved... by this person's actions..." Su Ming sighed.

"Honestly, my little sister also met that person, but... they just weren't fated to be. It's also because of that encounter that my sister started harboring unrequited feelings for him and became bitter, that's why she's even more indifferent now." Nan Gong Hen brought Su Ming and the others across several streets and sighed as he walked.

"Where is he now? What is his name?" Ahu could not help but ask.

"He went missing. I suspect that he felt that there was no longer anyone left in the land of the Shamans for him to motivate, that's why he chose to leave... His name... is Su Ming!

"The red-haired Su Ming!" When Nan Gong Hen said that name, excitement and idolization appeared on his face once again.

Su Ming froze for a moment and could only laugh wryly in his heart. That was the only thing he could do, to laugh wryly. He was originally prepared for this, but when he heard about it with his own ears, that feeling was still a little different from what he had expected.

Su Ming let out a fake cough and was just about to change the topic when Ahu suddenly sprang a question behind him.

"Red hair? His hair is red?"

"That's right. It doesn't matter whether it's from other people's accounts or from what I saw, we all know that he has long red hair, purple lips, and the mark of a peach blossom at the center of his brows. Those are his greatest characteristics. If you ever have a

chance to run into this person, you must bow down to worship him, because his greatness is not something the people can understand, but I do!

"I know what he's doing, I can comprehend his deeds, I understand him..." Nan Gong Hen said softly.

"Red hair, pale face, purple lips... the mark of a peach blossom..." Lan Lan mumbled. She had a vague feeling that she had seen a person with such a description before, and when she lifted her head and saw Su Ming turning over to look at her, her expression drastically changed.

She just remembered. A year ago, a person with such an appearance appeared above their tribe, and a year later, this person was standing before her with a mask over his face.

Since she was behind Nan Gong Hen, he could not see her change of expression, and Su Ming's gaze at the moment caused Lan Lan's heart to tremble. She quickly lowered her head, and her heart was filled with anxiety, along with shock.

Ahu's face was stark white, but when he saw Su Ming's face, his expression immediately turned normal, as if nothing had happened. He held Lan Lan's hand, but his back was already covered in cold sweat.

Su Ming cast a flat look at Lan Lan and Ahu before he averted his gaze and looked towards Nan Gong Hen.

"You saw him before?"

Chapter 426: The Rise of Cold

"Hah, I only managed to see his back..." As Nan Gong Hen spoke, he shook his head regretfully. At that moment, the group had already arrived at a rather remote area in Shaman City. Right before them was a normal looking inn.

"We're here. Brother Mo, this is where I stay every time I come here. It's very quiet here. Please go rest for a while. Once morning arrives, we'll go rent a Spirit of Nine Yin."

Nan Gong Hen walked into the inn, and immediately, after having a brief exchange with the innkeeper, he wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming. With the regret of having only seen the red-haired Su Ming's back still lingering on his face, he brought the boy with the withered right arm and headed to their rooms.

"Come with me," Su Ming said flatly to the children, then turned around to walk towards his own room once he received instructions from the innkeeper.

Lan Lan's face was pale. She became hesitant, even though she was usually bold. However, the usually timid Ahu grabbed Lan Lan's hand and gave her a nod with a determined look on his face. Then, pulling her along, he followed behind Su Ming.

For the first time, Lan Lan let Ahu pull her, and nibbling on her bottom lip, she slowly followed Su Ming into his room.

There were only a few people staying in the inn. Most of the rooms were empty, and every single one of these rooms had its own seal. Once a person stepped inside, that seal would be activated.

When the door to the room fell shut, Su Ming stood by the window and looked at the quiet street outside, as well as the fog-covered sky. It was almost noon outside. He could hear muffled noises filled with excitement coming from the distance, but when

they fell into his ears, those sounds were so weak that they felt as if they had traveled through several layers of something before they fell into his ears.

This was not a bad place to stay. He could avoid being bothered, and could obtain some form of peace.

He spread out his divine sense and had it surround the room without making a sound, causing no one to be able to find out what was going on in the room as long as they did not send out a wave of power that would cause ripples in the air surpassing the amount caused by Su Ming's divine sense.

Su Ming also sent his divine sense to Nan Gong Hen's room as he spread it out. Under his divine sense and his scrutiny, he saw that once Nan Gong Hen returned to his room, he first had a melancholic look on his face as if he was deeply moved by something, then he sat down cross-legged to meditate. When he showed no other actions after a long while, Su Ming left a trail of his divine sense to continue observing Nan Gong Hen, then turned around to look at Lan Lan and Ahu.

The two teenagers had already waited for a long time, but they did not dare have even a hint of impatience within them. Lan Lan's face turned even paler, and Ahu clutched Lan Lan's hand even tighter.

When she met Su Ming's gaze, Lan Lan shuddered.

"Se... Senior..."

Ahu's current manner of conduct was completely different from how he showed himself to others usually. With a resolute look on his face, he pulled Lan Lan down and knelt on the ground with her.

"Senior, please cast a Spell on us to wipe away our memories just now to avoid us revealing anything subconsciously. If we did, not only will it bring trouble to you, we will also bring disaster on ourselves."

Su Ming did not speak. After sweeping his gaze across the two youths, he closed his eyes and fell into deep thought.

This was an accident. However, Su Ming was already prepared for this accident to happen when he agreed to White Bull Tribe's Patriarch's request. After all, Hong Luo's actions were too flashy, and it was difficult for people to not remember his looks and traits.

However, he did not expect that this would happen so quickly. Just one Nan Gong Hen, and his appearance when he was his red-haired self was completely revealed.

But fortunately for him, Nan Gong Hen had been talking about it casually when they were in the city, and judging by his looks, he did not seem to have grown any suspicions towards him. A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he looked at the two youths once again.

"Knowing about this will bring more harm than good to you. Not only will it possibly make you lose your life, you might also bring about total annihilation to your tribe..." Su Ming did not lie. Once the two children revealed any hints, then White Bull Tribe would be in danger.

"Senior..." Ahu's face turned pale. Lan Lan, too, was in the same condition.

Su Ming lifted his right hand swiftly, and with a flick of his wrist, the boy and girl immediately fell to the side unconscious. Su Ming was still as calm as ever. If he did not have the Immortal's Nascent Soul and learned a method to wipe out other people's memories from the legacy Hong Luo left him, he would not have agreed to escort anyone in the World of Nine Yin.

He was already prepared for this a long time ago. He just did not expect that he would be using it so early.

Two hours later, Lan Lan and Ahu walked out of Su Ming's room with dazed looks in their eyes. After returning to their rooms, they

only started recovering gradually after the time taken for the burning of an incense stick. Not a hint of the red-haired Su Ming was left in their memories.

Teenagers would never be able to keep still. Once Lan Lan regained her senses, she could not contain her desire to go out and take a look around Shaman City, especially now that noon had just passed by and it was still bright outside. So she went with Ahu and invited the boy with the withered right arm to go with them. Once the three of them obtained permission from Su Ming and Nan Gong Hen, they left the inn.

Time trickled by. When it was almost evening, while sitting with his legs crossed, Su Ming opened his eyes and looked towards the door. After a moment, knocking fell into his ears, and it was soon followed by Nan Gong Hen's cheerful voice.

"Brother Mo, dusk in the World of Nine Yin is incredibly beautiful, and it's even more so when the nine moons show up. Why don't we drink and admire the sky together?"

A large part of the reason why Nan Gong Hen could have so many friends was because he spoke with a cheery tone and because he was the type of person who would take the initiative and invite people to drink with him.

When Su Ming heard Nan Gong Hen's words, he smiled and went to the door. Once he pushed it open, he saw Nan Gong Hen carrying two pots of wine standing outside his room.

Since Su Ming had covered the entire inn within his divine sense, all of Nan Gong Hen's actions, and even everything that happened in the inn could be detected him. Nan Gong Hen did not bring out those two pots of wine himself. He had instead asked the innkeeper for them, and these pots of wine had just been brought out from the underground wine cellar.

Su Ming had also scanned the innkeeper and the wine with his divine sense, and detected no problems. Besides, Nan Gong Hen

had also drank one pot when he was in his room, and it seemed like because he thought that wine when drank without any company was tasteless, he came to Su Ming.

Su Ming knew about all of this, and took over a pot of wine with a smile, then took a big swig from it. Nan Gong Hen's eyes shone brilliantly, and as he laughed heartily, they walked towards the top level of the inn.

The top level of the inn was a balcony loft. There were several tables placed there and the balcony did not have a lot of things acting as shelter, causing the air to enter the space from all directions and circulate freely there. They sat at a table by the edge and looked towards the fire-red shade in the sky. It was very comfortable.

"I like the World of Nine Yin a lot, and I come here almost every single time it's opened..." Nan Gong Hen said with a deep sigh while drinking and looking at the sky in the distance.

Su Ming's gaze fell on the fire-red shade in the sky and he remarked in a calm tone, "This is indeed a good place. It's difficult to imagine that it was an ancient ruin."

"Heh heh, look at the peace we have here and think about the dangers outside. Think about the area one million li away where not even our ancestors have managed to explore, and here we are, drinking and looking at the moon appearing. This is just so friggin' comfortable!" Nan Gong Hen laughed boisterously and drank a huge mouthful.

"Brother Mo, do you know what my dream is? I want to go past those one million li and go to a place no one has ever gone to before, and I want to drink over there while looking at the dusk and watching the moon appearing!" Nan Gong Hen looked at the faint shadow of the moon that was gradually appearing in the red sky and spoke with a smile.

"Over there, I wouldn't have to be bothered by any wars, I could

ignore my father's dreams for me, I wouldn't have to think about anything, just my own dreams... and over there, I would wait for a person." Nan Gong Hen let out a light sigh.

"Oh?" Su Ming took a sip of his wine and looked towards Nan Gong Hen.

"Brother Mo, you must have wondered why I always come here. It's not just because I like this place—I really like it, by the way—but I come here every time because I made a promise with someone, and that's the more important reason...

Nan Gong Hen remained silent for a moment before he spoke with an agonized voice. "I will wait for her here. She went past those one million li... And we made a promise that I'll wait for her here. But it's been so many years, and she still isn't back."

"Promise..." Su Ming lowered his head and looked at the pot of wine in his hand. He brought it up and took a big swig from it. His gaze fell on the sky in the distance, and in the midst of that red, the first moon gradually appeared.

"If you truly can't forget her, then why don't you go and look for her in that area?!" Right at that moment, an aloof voice traveled forth from the loft. Su Ming's divine sense focused together. He had only managed to notice this person appearing one breath before that voice spoke!

Several breaths later, an aloof woman walked up the stairs. That person was naturally Nan Gong Hen's little sister, who also happened to be the one person Su Ming kind of did not want to see at the moment.

The woman did not even look at him. Once she walked over, she sat by the side and took the pot of wine from Nan Gong Hen's hands. Immediately, white, chilling air spread out from within, and it was obvious that the wine inside the pot had chilled over instantly. She brought it up and took a big mouthful from it.

Nan Gong Hen lifted his head and looked at the woman, only speaking after a long while. "I will, I definitely will!"

Su Ming watched the siblings by the side and was just about to search for an excuse to leave when his expression suddenly changed. A freezing glint immediately appeared in his eyes and he got up to look at a distant spot in the city.

"Brother Nan Gong, I have something I have to deal with. Please excuse me." As Su Ming spoke, the freezing look in his eyes became even colder, and with one move, he turned into a long arc and flew off the balcony.

Nan Gong Hen was momentarily stunned. When he lifted his head to look, the cold woman by his side turned her gaze on Su Ming's departing back for the first time, and her pupils suddenly shrank.

At that moment, in a bustling street located in a downtown area to the north of Shaman City was a shop, and Lan Lan was standing in that shop seething in rage. Ahu looked a little frightened by her side, and as for the boy with the withered right arm, his face was pale and his expression bitter.

Right before them stood an extravagantly dressed boy with scorn on his face. There was a married woman standing by his side, and she held herself in a beautiful manner. No signs of time or age could be seen on her face. Her eyes were calm.

There were three expressionless men standing behind the boy and woman. The ripples spreading off the three men showed that they were all Medial Shamans.

"Qi Dong was the one who first took a fancy to this herb, and he even paid for it! How could you be so unreasonable and snatch it away?!" Lan Lan demanded furiously.

"Qi Dong, I didn't expect I would run into you here. Judging by your right arm, you must be thinking about using this herb to heal

it. Don't you worry, I'll have someone buy all of these herbs in the city. If you come and beg me, I can give you some of it. If you kowtow to me, then I will give you a shrub... but right now, I'm feeling horrible. Chase them out!" the rich boy said with a smile, and his final sentence was spoken to the Medial Shamans behind him.

"Bei Er, don't go causing trouble to other people intentionally. That's impolite. Since he bought this herb first, then we'll give it to them after we break their legs and throw them out."

The woman spoke with a bland voice, then turned around and no longer bothered with them, looking at the other things in the shop, as if this sort of thing would not catch much of her attention. Since she gave the order, there would naturally be someone who would carry it out.

Chapter 427: A Misunderstanding? That's Not Enough!

Once the boy called Bei Er heard the woman's words, a hint of cruelty appeared on his lips. Then he looked at the boy with the withered right arm with a smug look on his face.

The right arm of the boy who came with Lan Lan and the others was now withered up so badly that it looked to be only skin and bones. His face turned even paler.

"How could you do this? We've never bothered you before, and we already paid for this herb! You're the ones who're trying to snatch it from us!

"Your power is great, how could you bully us children?! Don't you feel ashamed?!" Lan Lan's face was red from anger. She was terrified, but among the three of them, Qi Dong was keeping silent like a block of wood, and Ahu was being as timid and cowardly as ever.

While Lan Lan was terrified, she was still screaming in rage. When she saw Qi Dong's pale face, she gritted her teeth!

"Our guardian is Mo Su, and his guardian is Nan Gong Hen. If you dare hurt us, the both of them will never forgive you!"

When she saw that one of the expressionless Medial Shamans started walking towards them, Lan Lan shouted loudly and protected Qi Dong and Ahu as they retreated. Her face was already stark pale, but she continued keeping up a brave front.

"Nan Gong Hen..." The woman who had already turned around to look at the other items frowned slightly when she heard Nan Gong Hen's name.

"Since it's Nan Gong Hen, I'll just take one leg off each of you. As for that little girl, she has a quick mouth. Cut her tongue off."

"Understood, Ma'am." The Medial Shaman who was walking towards Lan Lan and the other two bows was a thin middle-aged man. At that moment, he turned towards the woman and bowed to her while voicing his obedience to her respectfully. Then he turned around and walked towards Lan Lan and the others without any sort of expression.

Under the pressure coming from him as a Medial Shaman, Lan Lan shuddered. Ahu's eyes were filled with terror, and Qi Dong lowered his head bitterly. It was impossible for the three of them to leave the place. The pressure was like the might of heaven to the three of them.

"Qi Bei, First Mistress, this has nothing to do with the both of them. We only came together to Shaman City because we were heading down the same path. My matter doesn't concern them. If you truly wanted to deal punishment, you can break my legs and my remaining arm, I will take their place." The boy with the withered right arm lifted his head at the moment, and with a bitter expression on his face, he took a few steps forward.

The boy's words did not catch the woman's attention. As if she did not hear them, she picked up a black wooden hair stick in the shop and looked at it with her head lowered. The boy by her side cast Qi Dong a glance with a cold sneer on his face. The smugness and disdain on his face was as clear as day.

The middle-aged Medial Shaman who was walking towards Lan Lan and the other two boys did not stop for even a moment. As he got closer, the cold chill spreading from his body made despair appear in the three teenagers' eyes.

Qi Dong's eyes turned red. With a roar, as he moved back, he used his body and knocked Lan Lan and Ahu towards the door to the shop.

"Run! Ahu, take Lan Lan and run!"

Lan Lan hesitated. Ahu grabbed her hand by her side and

immediately rushed towards the gate in his anxiety. However, right at the instant he and Lan Lan managed to reach the door, a gust of wind shot out from nowhere and blew against them from before them. It immediately caused Lan Lan and Ahu to shudder before their bodies were forced back against their will, as if they had knocked into a wall. As they moved back, they coughed out a mouthful of blood.

"Our guardian is Mo Su, he won't forgive you!" Lan Lan wiped away her blood and glared at the Medial Shaman fiercely. Ahu sucked in a deep breath by her side. His face might be pale and his chest hurt, but he stood before Lan Lan with an unwavering determination on his face, just like a mountain.

Qi Dong laughed brokenly, and when he looked at Lan Lan and Ahu, there was a deep, apologetic look on his face. He regretted his actions immensely. He should not have come out. It would have been fine if he alone was harmed, but getting others involved was not his intention.

The middle-aged Medial smiled coldly and did not have the responsibility a person of his status should feel as a high-ranked Shaman. His attacks against the three defenseless children were incredibly brutal.

"Mo Su? I've never heard of any powerful Medial Shamans who goes by that name before. I'd like to see just how this person won't 'forgive' me."

The middle-aged Medial Shaman took one step forward and leapt past Qi Dong. With a swing of his arm, he flung Ahu aside, and Ahu was instantly sent tumbling to the side, causing the middle-aged Medial Shaman to arrive at the pale-faced and despair filled Lan Lan.

With a cold sneer, the middle-aged Medial Shaman lifted his right hand swiftly and moved to point towards Lan Lan's right leg. The moment his finger touched her leg, the it would immediately

shatter to pieces, and she would forever be rendered lame.

By the side, Ahu let out a piercing howl as if he had gone mad and was about to charge forward. As for Qi Dong, his heart was pain, but he did not hesitate. He, too, charged forward.

But the two children were not even Fledgling Shamans. It was impossible for them to overtake that middle-aged Medial Shaman, and even if they did manage to pounce on him, they could do nothing against him.

The middle-aged Medial Shaman's right hand was as quick as lightning, and with a speed that seemed as if there was nothing that could hope to match up to it, he went straight for the despairing Lan Lan's right leg.

However, it looked as if there was nothing that could match up to his right hand, it was not as if there was truly no one who could stop it. Right at the instant there was only three inches between the middle-aged Medial Shaman's right index finger and Lan Lan's right leg, a voice that could chill one right down to the soul traveled forth from the sky outside the shop.

"Don't you dare!"

The voice echoed in the air, sounding as if it was still coming from the distance, but if anyone listened carefully, they would feel as if that voice was right by their ear. The moment the middle-aged Medial Shaman heard that voice, his index finger was suddenly held by a right hand that suddenly appeared beside him!

It was a cold hand attached to a black sleeve. As the hand appeared, a masked man dressed in black appeared beside the middle-aged Medial Shaman as well.

"Didn't you want to see how exactly I would 'not forgive you'? I'll show you!"

Naturally, that masked man was Su Ming. It only took the span of a breath from the moment he spoke to the moment he appeared.

Right when he grabbed the middle-aged Medial Shaman's right index finger, that man's expression immediately changed drastically.

However, right when his expression changed, Su Ming crushed his finger with his right hand. A sharp crack rang in the air. The Medial Shaman let out a groan and his face instantly turned pale. His right index finger had been crushed to bits.

His heart trembled, and by instinct, he wanted to retreat, but before he even took two steps back, he saw blood pouring out from the cracks of Su Ming's fingers. Right before him, Su Ming's eyes under the mask shone with a profound light and he lifted his right hand to swing it at the Medial Shaman before him.

With that one swing, the gust of wind that this person used to deal with Lan Lan and Ahu appeared out of nowhere with an intensity far greater than before, turning into a whirlwind that swept this person inside. Green light shone at the center of Su Ming's brows, and the small virescent sword charged out with a sharp whistle, piercing through that whirlwind, and as blood scattered into the air, green light flickered.

The whirlwind disappeared, and what was left on the spot was the middle-aged Medial Shaman with his eyes wide open in disbelief. There was a bloodied wound at the center of his brows that pierced through his entire skull. He fell to the side, convulsing a few times before he breathed his last and died.

All of this, right from the moment Su Ming appeared to the moment the middle-aged Medial Shaman died, only lasted for the span of a few breaths. It happened so fast that it was unbelievable, so quick that no one could react to it.

The woman who was inspecting the black wooden hair stick turned around swiftly. With an electrifying gaze, she looked at Su Ming, and a stern look appeared on her face.

The boy beside her turned pale in the blink of an eye. To him,

that span of time that only lasted for a few breaths was only an instant. Yet it was as if the world had turned upside down after that instant. It made his head go off in a bang, and he stood there with his mind in a blank state.

The two Medial Shamans beside the woman were originally expressionless, but both their faces instantly changed at that moment. Their gazes were immediately filled with shock as they stared at Su Ming. They knew it themselves that they could not kill a fellow Shaman at the same level so quickly and clearly. It was as if the middle-aged Medial Shaman was so weak that he could not withstand one blow before this person.

When Lan Lan saw Su Ming, she was also taken aback. This was the first time she saw Su Ming attack, and with just one attack, he had managed to make this person who had made her sink into despair die instantly. That sort of power and that sort of murderous aura made all the doubts she had towards Su Ming disappear without a trace.

At the same time, right after she saw him, she was like a child who had met her parent after she was bullied, and immediately felt hurt and reliant on him.

"Senior..." Lan Lan's eyes turned red and she sounded almost in tears.

"Senior!" Ahu's face was filled with excitement as he stood by the side, and he bowed deeply towards Su Ming with a fist wrapped in his palm.

Even Qi Dong came to Su Ming's side with excited haste. That aloof boy seemed to not know how to convey his emotions, so he could only kneel down towards Su Ming and kowtow several times.

The woman's face was stern as she stared at Su Ming. After some time, a gentle smile suddenly appeared on her countenance. "Sir, how may I address you? This might perhaps be a

misunderstanding. I am a member of Eastern Goosefoot Tribe. We've always liked getting to know the powerful Shamans from other tribes, do you have anyone that you may be familiar with in our tribe?"

The woman might no longer be young, but her beauty still remained. When she smiled, she gave off a feeling as if she was charm personified, and with that beauty of hers, she did not look as if she was deliberately doing it. She instead gave others a feeling that this was natural for her. This was completely different from Madam Ji's charm; they gave off two different kinds of appeal.

"The reason for this is because my son likes this herb and got into a conflict with this boy. It doesn't matter who is right or wrong, you have already punished my guard. This is a misunderstanding, could you let it slide?" the woman asked gently, twirling her hair with a finger.

"It's not like that! They were being bullies! We already paid for that herb, but they wanted to break our legs, I..." Lan Lan immediately said by the side.

"Enough!" Su Ming's gaze was calm when he interrupted Lan Lan's words. Lan Lan immediately fell silent obediently and no longer spoke.

"I don't care who is right or wrong. You hurt my people, and you want to call it off by saying it's a misunderstanding? That's not enough!" Su Ming declared coldly. This was the ninth summit's principle, and it was also Su Ming's own principle.

Chapter 428: One Hundred Million Soul Devouring Heaven!

Once the woman heard Su Ming's cold words, a murderous glare appeared in her eyes. She already told him her tribe and had even humbled herself because she did not want to offend this person who could marginally be considered to a powerhouse even among the powerful Shamans.

After all, there were not many of those from Eastern Goosefoot in Shaman City. In fact, to her, what she did today could not be considered going too far. She was already being merciful to that Qi Dong boy, and as for that boy and girl, she was only asking for one of their legs to be broken. She was not trying to take their lives.

This man had already killed one of her people, and she even tolerated it, but judging by his words, he was being completely unreasonable. That was going too far.

"Sir, aren't you being too arrogant?!" the woman demanded coldly, but right when she finished speaking, Su Ming shook his head and moved towards them.

"Kill him!" Murderous intent shone in the woman's eyes. To her, since Su Ming did not appreciate her good will, then she would have his head stay in this place.

"When I attack you, you are not allowed to strike back..."

When Su Ming walked over, the two Medial Shamans closed in on him quickly. One of them was a Battle Shaman, and the other a Spirit Medium. At that moment, the Spirit Medium bit his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of blood, which turned into a large amount of vengeful spirits. With piercing howls, they pounced on Su Ming.

At the same time, the Battle Shaman took a huge step forward with an incredibly stern countenance, stirring up a violent gust of

wind. Golden light shone on his body, and he looked as if he was dressed in golden armor. With an incredibly mighty bearing, he threw a punch at Su Ming.

That one punch instantly caused sounds as if the wind was broken through. There was also a suction force spreading out from the punch, causing the space around them to distort. Clearly, the Battle Shaman's punch was not any ordinary fist.

However, right when his fist was about to land on Su Ming, Su Ming looked as if he did not intend to dodge and was simply going to let that punch hit him. But right at that instant, he moved slightly, and the Battle Shaman's fist landed on empty air. At the same time, Su Ming appeared to the Battle Shaman's right.

"If you strike back, I will strike back heavily," Su Ming stated calmly.

He formed multiple seals with his right hand, and during the instant his Nascent Soul's power spread from his body, the seals had already changed several times. He pressed his hand on the Battle Shaman's ribs, and the man shuddered.

His face instantly turned pale, and at the same time, Su Ming retracted his Nascent Soul's power. The Berserkers' power that was used to refine the body erupted on his right hand. He clenched his fist and struck.

The Battle Shaman coughed out fresh blood and moved to the side with a groan, unable to stop Su Ming at all. As he moved back, a black bruise appeared on his ribs, and a strange round mark showed up there.

The mark looked as if it could absorb the man's flesh and blood, causing the man to rapidly wither away as he retreated. Once that black round mark started absorbing his flesh and blood, a large amount of his flesh started rotting away.

The appearance of that mark might have made it seem like it was

an easy thing to do, but in truth, it was what Su Ming had obtained when researching the Curse while he was in isolation. Attacking with his Nascent Soul's power was to cut off the circulation path that was almost like those passages for Qi circulation in his opponent's body, and that punch filled with the Berserker power was to temporarily stop the recovery of his opponent's flesh and blood, and it was followed by Su Ming sending out the Curse's power through his hand.

Just by doing these things, he could cause the person to not have any sort of cultivation circulation. When the blood and flesh started to be unable to recover on their own, they would begin absorbing everything else in the body to aid in their recovery with an explosive force!

Waves of black mist spread out from that round mark, causing the man to scream in pain. With a shocked look filled with terror, he tried to stop that mark under his ribs from rotting away, but it was difficult to do. He could only scream in pain and convey a terror that would strike fear in other people's hearts.

"If you intend to injure me heavily, I will strike back fatally." Su Ming no longer bothered himself with the man and walked towards the Medial Spirit Medium. The vengeful spirits that had spread out from the Spirit Medium were circling Su Ming, but right at the instant they were about to pounce on him, a bell chime came from within Su Ming's body.

The bell chime rang mightily, and the instant it rang out, those vengeful spirits instantly let out screams of pain and swiftly retreated in desperation. It was as if there was an existence within Su Ming's body that terrified them.

However, before they could retreat too far away, they immediately started letting out shrill screams, and as if there was a great suction force from Su Ming's body, they were sucked towards him. In the span of a breath, they were dragged into Su Ming's pores, disappearing without a trace.

Su Ming remained as calm as ever, and not a hint of change in expression could be seen on his face. It was as if he knew a long time ago that this would happen. This was the power of the bell he obtained after the sixth head had awakened on Han Mountain Bell. He would need to absorb enough souls to awaken the seventh head.

After Hong Luo passed away and Su Ming subsequently regained his senses, he checked Han Mountain Bell as well. The three heads Hong Luo shocked awake earlier had fallen asleep once again after his death, but Su Ming could feel that even though the three heads went back to sleep, they had become much easier to awaken compared to before.

‘Absorb one hundred million vengeful spirits to attain the power of Han Mountain Bell’s sixth head - One Hundred Million Soul Devouring Heaven...’

When the Spirit Medium saw Su Ming forcefully absorbing those vengeful spirits into his body and even felt the connection between him and them breaking in an instant, his face turned pale. He lifted his right hand abruptly and slapped his own forehead. Immediately, veins popped up there.

This scene made the Spirit Medium look incredibly hideous. He did not look like a person, but was more like a malicious spirit. He let out a piercing howl, and a large amount of black mist seeped out from all over his body.

"If you strike a fatal blow, then I will have your family die with you..." Su Ming's words were spoken slowly, and when he said them, he had already appeared before the Spirit Medium.

The Spirit Medium shuddered. Su Ming's words and swift decisiveness when he killed previously rose in his mind instantly. Those words were spoken calmly, but the meaning behind them had a domineering presence so mighty it seemed to be able to shoot straight into the sky and blow apart everything.

That presence was so overbearing that no one could go against it,

could not even resist it, or else, they would only die. One of Spirit Medium's companions corpse was still on the ground, while his second companion was still wailing in pain, most of his body already decayed...

As that black mist completely surrounded that Spirit Medium and veins popped out on his face, he lifted his right hand and swiftly chopped down on his right leg. Immediately, a thud came from his right leg, and it was cut off. Blood poured out of his wound, but it was instantly sealed off by the black mist. His face was bloodless as he held a hand on the wall beside him, then turned to look at Su Ming respectfully.

Su Ming's eyes remained on the Spirit Medium for a moment before he turned away and looked at the woman, whose eyes were now filled with terror.

"I am the daughter of Eastern Goosefoot's tribe leader! Our tribe is only slightly smaller than a big tribe, and this time, my tribe uncle is among those who are coming to Shaman City, and he is a Latter Shaman!

"If you dare hurt us, Eastern Goosefoot Tribe will never let you off! You're dead meat!"

The woman let out a piercing screech. The moment Su Ming looked towards her and she said those words, a strong light flashed in her right hand and turned into a light screen, protecting her along with the boy whose face was now filled with terror and who was trembling in fear.

At the same time that screen of light appeared, an explosive power spread out from it swiftly. The face of the Spirit Medium who had cut off his own right leg changed. Black mist surrounded him and he swiftly flew off, charging out of the shop.

Almost the instant he left, the shop where Su Ming was let out a violent boom. The sound spread through most of Shaman City, causing most of the people to take notice of it.

The shop was ripped apart under that boom, and its parts fell down layer by layer, shattering and exploding into numerous pieces that scattered through the area, causing the street to look as if a pit had appeared in it, and it was a terrifying sight to behold.

Dust flew into the air, and within the dust, the onlookers could faintly see that the woman and boy were protected by a screen of light, and they were completely unscathed. Su Ming stood before them, looking as calm as ever, and nothing much had changed on him. As for the three children, they were surrounded by a ray of dark light, uninjured as the shop crumbled around them.

The woman glared at Su Ming with hatred from behind the screen of light. The gracefulness she possessed was long gone. That hateful look made her seem rather similar to Madam Ji.

As the boom echoed in the air, two long arcs charged over from the sky in the distance, closing in the span of a breath and descending beside Su Ming before turning into a man and a woman.

The man was naturally Nan Gong Hen, and the woman was Nan Gong Shan, who donned a cold demeanor right after she appeared. She stared at Su Ming's back, immersed in her own thoughts.

Nan Gong Hen swept his gaze past his surroundings with a dark face. When he saw the Medial Shaman who had the center of his brows pierced through, his gaze paused on him for a moment, but when he saw the man who had completely rotted away but was not dead and was lying there wailing weakly, his pupils shrank.

"Brother Mo, this is..." Nan Gong Hen hesitated for a moment. He had naturally seen the hatred filled woman behind that screen of light.

"Nan Gong Hen, this has nothing to do with you! This is a personal grudge between Eastern Goosefoot Tribe and him!"

Once the woman saw Nan Gong Hen, she immediately spoke. She

was the daughter of a tribe leader and was very knowledgeable of the world since she was young. At that moment, she immediately deduced that if Nan Gong Hen joined in, then the situation would turn incredibly undesirable for her.

"Mo, if you dare to, then don't leave Shaman City immediately. Right now, I've already activated my screen of light, and my tribe uncle will instantly rush here. I'd like to see whether you will still be as arrogant before a Latter Shaman!

"Even if you want to mitigate the situation, it's already impossible!" she said, her voice laced with malice.

Nan Gong Hen's face turned dark and he turned around to cast a look at the boy with the withered right arm. When he promised this boy to help him through his journey to become a Spirit Medium, he already knew about his ties to Eastern Goosefoot Tribe, but he was not bothered by it. He was certain that Eastern Goosefoot Tribe knew of his status in the God of Shamans Temple, and it was not a problem for him.

However, the change in the current situation had Mo Su dragged into play. This gave Nan Gong Hen a massive headache. He could already tell what had transpired with just one glance. If he pulled himself out of this matter, then it would be impossible for him to continue being friends with Su Ming.

Chapter 429: The Might of One Blow!

"This is a misunderstanding..." Nan Gong Hen laughed wryly, but the moment he said those words and before he could even finish his sentence, the woman behind the screen of light immediately barked coldly.

"Nan Gong Hen, he killed three of my guards!"

Nan Gong Hen's words died in his mouth. He was just racking his brain and thinking of what to say when Su Ming smiled.

"Brother Nan Gong, don't get involved in this. Help me take care of the two children. Once I'm finished with this, let's continue drinking." As Su Ming spoke, he looked towards the woman behind the screen of light.

"As for that Latter Shaman from your tribe, I'd like to see just how much stronger he would be if compared to me!"

Su Ming was not lying or exaggerating. He had his Nascent Soul clone, had that Poison Corpse in the Berserker Soul Realm, and had the legacy of the Wind Berserker, he truly wanted to know just how wide was the distance between him and a Latter Shaman!

As for the problem of him exposing his identity... Well, Su Ming's power was incredibly mixed at the moment. He had with him the power of Immortals, Berserkers, and the Shamans' Curse. Unless there was an End Shaman around, it would be difficult for anyone to figure out his identity.

After all, Hong Luo's Path to Life had wiped away Su Ming's presence, and if even Di Tian found it hard to detect him, it would be much more so for other people.

Su Ming's words made Nan Gong Hen immediately swallow the words he had thought of to mediate the situation. He looked towards Su Ming with internal shock, and began estimating Su Ming's power once again. Judging by his look, it seemed like he

really intended to fight against a Latter Shaman. If this came out of any other Medial Shaman, Nan Gong Hen would absolutely not believe them.

However, the surprises Su Ming had given him were aplenty. The strange perception he showed all their way here that allowed him to detect danger could be said to be incomprehensible. There was also the matter about the two corpses he saw just now. The first one had clearly died with just one strike.

The strange one was the second corpse. Judging by its look, it seemed like... the Curse. This left Nan Gong Hen in shock, and at the same time, he found himself unable to speak. He nodded instead to Su Ming.

When the woman heard that Su Ming wanted to fight against a Latter Shaman, she looked as if she had just heard a great joke. Derision appeared on her face.

"You boast without shame and act with extreme conceitedness. You're just a puny Medial Shaman, and you dare say such words? When my tribe uncle comes here, let's see whether you will still dare say such words!"

The boy beside her let out a huge sigh of relief. With the protection of the light screen, he had become much less afraid. At that moment, he was looking at Su Ming coldly, with hate burning in his eyes.

This incident happened in an incredibly busy street in Shaman City. As things continued unfolding between them, they had already attracted a large amount of attention. The onlookers did not feel any sort of pressure towards these sort of exciting incidents, and most of them were watching around them with the intention to be entertained.

If anyone swept through the place broadly, they would find that there were several hundreds of people watching. There were even some Shamans who were rushing over when they heard their

companions sending news to them.

"Isn't that Madam Zhao from Eastern Goosefoot Tribe? She was the most beautiful woman in Eastern Goosefoot Tribe in the past..."

"Eastern Goosefoot Tribe might not be a big tribe, but it's already considered one of the bigger tribes. There might be no End Shamans in the tribe, but I heard that they have four Latter Shamans. Who is that masked person? How did he offend Eastern Goosefoot Tribe?"

"Interesting. Madam Zhao was actually forced to bring out the Light Screen of Protection. I remember that only the core members of these larger tribes have a protective Spell with them. Once that screen of light is activated, the tribe members from all around the area will immediately notice it."

Su Ming placed his hands behind his back and stood there, looking at the sky without a single word.

The three children now looked rather alarmed, but when they saw Su Ming's relaxed demeanor, they slowly calmed down and their eyes became filled with anticipation, but there was still a hint of anxiety in them.

Time passed by slowly, and half the burning of an incense stick later, the woman behind the screen of light grew anxious. By right, once the screen of light was activated, her tribe uncle from her tribe should arrive quickly, but he was not here, even now.

Su Ming's relaxed and calm demeanor at the moment also gave her some pressure.

"The time for half the burning of an incense stick has passed by, but your Latter Shaman still isn't here." Su Ming averted his gaze from the sky and looked at the woman behind the screen of light, speaking in a languid manner.

"If that's the case, then I won't wait anymore." As Su Ming spoke,

he walked towards the screen of light.

The boy beside the woman immediately became nervous, but the woman only smiled coldly. She did not believe that Su Ming could break this screen of light in a short period of time.

Su Ming walked leisurely towards the screen of light and tapped at it lightly with his right hand. Immediately, a great rebound shot up and bounced his right hand several inches back.

When the woman saw this, she let out a sigh of relief in her heart and said with a cold sneer, "You won't be able to break this screen of light!"

Su Ming gave the woman a calm look, then turned around, walking in the air towards the distance with his back facing the screen of light.

"Why are you leaving? Could it be that you no longer dare to wait! Even if my tribe uncle is late, what can you do to us?! The protection by this screen of light is not something you can break!

"Didn't you say you're going to break our legs?! Didn't you say you'll be waiting for my tribe uncle to arrive?! Why are you afraid now?!"

The woman immediately mocked him. She was worried that Su Ming would escape, and her words were filled with provocative intent.

She was not the only one acting this way. The Shamans who were watching around them also laughed. Clearly, they were mocking Su Ming's departure even though he had been so tough earlier.

However, most of the people agreed to Su Ming's actions. After all, that Latter Shaman would arrive at any moment, and if he continued waiting, then he would be bringing his own death on his head.

If it was anyone else, they might have run away much earlier.

Su Ming ignored the woman. Once he was one hundred something feet away, he came to an abrupt halt, and as he lifted his right hand, he turned around swiftly. Immediately, a black spiked club appeared in his right hand!

That spiked club was entirely black, and when it appeared, a primal, wild feeling shot out from it. Once Su Ming held that club, he turned around. He then raised that spiked club and dropped it toward the screen of light one hundred something feet away beneath him.

The instant that spiked club was released, its size instantly changed, turning to become one hundred something feet long. The breadth of that club was equally shocking, causing the area to instantly burst into an uproar, and during that moment, the club let out a hum in the sky, bringing with it a sharp howl as it broke through the air.

It was as if the club contained an unimaginable weight, and it drew the line of a black fan as it traveled downwards. The woman widened her eyes, and at the instant shock appeared on her face, it was as if a huge mountain fell down on the screen of light, covering the moon in the sky and forming a long shadow on the ground.

A boom that shook the sky and earth erupted from the screen of light at that instant, and it was so loud that it was deafening. The instant that boom drowned out the uproars from the onlookers, the screen of light shone with a powerful light.

As it flashed violently, the top of the screen of light was pierced through by nine teeth, while the booming sound continued echoing in the air. The entire screen of light let out a cracking sound that screamed that it was no longer able to endure the hit. It shattered, and with a bang, it exploded with the force that drowned the area!

Right then, with the screen's mighty power still lingering

around, that shocking spiked club fell on the ground with a boom, causing the ground to shake a few times. The houses and streets in the area also trembled, and dust flew into the air.

As the ground trembled, a circle of fine cracks appeared. Those cracks spread through the area with rumbling sounds, and they covered around one thousand feet, causing the floor to be in a state where anyone would suck in a sharp breath once they saw it out of terror.

There was not a hint of damage on the gigantic spiked club. As it exuded the primal and wild presence, there was also a cold air around it. At the same time, all the people who witnessed this scene sucked in a sharp breath. They were all shocked to the core, stunned by the sight.

Returning to the ground, Su Ming picked up the club once again, slowly. The spiked club quickly shrank and eventually disappeared from Su Ming's hand. The woman's face was stark white. She staggered back a few steps, stared at the ground, then at Su Ming. Her face was filled with shock, and she was staring at him, aghast.

The boy beside her fell to the ground, shivering, so terrified that he was on the verge of a breakdown.

"I can't break it?" Su Ming asked flatly.

After a short period of silence, a powerful commotion immediately broke out around them. The scene just now was deeply embedded into the minds of those who witnessed what happened, and it would not disappear.

The might of that one blow from the spiked club and the power of that imposing presence was enough to make everyone be unable to even think about resisting when they came face to face with it.

"Who is he?! Just... Just what is that Enchanted Vessel?!"

"Just one blow, and he managed to forcefully break that screen of light. What incredible power!"

"He used the strength of the Enchanted Vessel. I think the spiked club's weight alone has already reached a terrifying extent, that's why he only needed to use that strength alone and it's already enough to make that screen of light shatter...

"But no matter what, a normal Medial Shaman would not have any power to try and strike back when they go against this person!"

As the onlookers continued talking, despair appeared in the woman's eyes for the first time. She was beginning to feel faint hints of regret for treating the three youths that way earlier...

Nan Gong Hen sucked in a sharp breath. When he saw Su Ming putting away that black spiked club, Su Ming's power in his estimations increased once again. He knew that even if he could dodge that blow, he would have to pay a heavy price for it. He was originally rather wary of Su Ming to begin with, and that wariness grew deeper at this moment, but at the same time, his desire to befriend him grew more fervent.

A glint appeared in Nan Gong Shan's eyes. When she looked at Su Ming, uncertainty appeared in her eyes.

As for Lan Lan and Ahu, once they recovered from their shock, they immediately started cheering. They were still children, after all, and it was easy for them to begin idolizing powerful warriors, especially those on their side. In their eyes at that moment, Su Ming's strength made them so excited that it seemed like they were the ones who just delivered that blow.

As the woman sank into despair, the screen of light exploded, and as her body started trembling, a cold harrumph suddenly came from the sky in the distance. Five long arcs charged towards the commotion from the sky. The person in the lead was an old man with a head full of silver hair. His was steely, and the four people following behind him all possessed extraordinary power!

The five of them had clearly ignored the rule that forbade flying within one hundred li of Shaman City and were closing in rapidly.

In her despair, the woman looked as if she had just found hope. She stood up swiftly and called out agitatedly, "Tribe uncle!"

A grave look appeared on Su Ming's face under the mask, but his eyes were overflowing with fighting spirit. He sucked in a deep breath and began circulating his power. Rings of dust started spreading under his feet, and he lifted his head to look over.

Chapter 430: First Fight against a Latter Shaman

The silver-haired old man charged towards the ground with a steely face, arriving to stand before the woman in an instant. At the same time, the four people behind him descended around them.

"Tribe uncle, this person..." When the woman saw the old man arriving, she finally let out a huge sigh of relief in her heart, but just as she was about to speak...

"Quiet!" The silver-haired old man let out a cold snort. His voice was like a clap of thunder, making the woman immediately jolt and lower her head, not daring to speak anymore.

The boy by her side also trembled and lowered his head, not daring to speak.

"Take them both away. Causing trouble right the moment you arrive in Shaman City, hmph." The silver-haired old man did not even spare Su Ming a glance and started speaking to his followers by his side in a low voice.

"Senior, that person can't leave just yet," Su Ming said unhurriedly from where he stood nearby.

When his voice was heard, the old man finally cast his gaze at Su Ming. His face was cold, and once he gave him a once-over, he averted his gaze and looked at Nan Gong Hen, who was smiling wryly at the side.

"Nan Gong laddie, is this person related to the God of Shamans Temple?"

"That's..." Nan Gong Hen hesitated for a moment before he gritted his teeth. "Senior Tie Mu, brother Mo might not have any sort of connection to the God of Shamans Temple, but he is my friend, I..."

Right when Nan Gong Hen said those words, the silver-haired old man swiftly waved his arms, and immediately, a violent gust of wind appeared out of nowhere, turning into an illusionary wave before him that charged straight forward.

The wave came too suddenly, and a barely noticeable glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. The instant the illusionary wave came crashing towards him, he took a step forward, then to his left, to his right, to the back, and continued moving until he took eight continuous steps, looking as if he was walking in circles. Immediately, a whirlwind stirred up around him, charging forward to crash into that wave.

Booming sounds reverberated in the air. The whirlwind beyond Su Ming lasted for several breaths before it instantly dissipated away. At the same time that whirlwind scattered away, he took four steps backwards. With each step he took, the ground would tremble, and a footprint would be deeply imprinted on the floor. When he took his fourth step, fine cracks instantly started spreading on the ground underneath his feet.

In fact, as the cracks spread on the ground, an illusionary wave of water also covered the entire area.

When that illusionary wave came crashing towards them, Nan Gong Hen's expression changed drastically and he staggered a several dozens of feet backward before he managed to stop. As for Nan Gong Shan, since she was originally not too close to begin with, by just activating the cold Qi in her entire body, she managed to not even move.

"Then don't get involved!" At that moment, the silver-haired old man's voice traveled towards them hoarsely.

"As for you, tell me the name of your tribe." The silver-haired old man brought his arm down and looked at Su Ming with a ghastly expression.

As a great Shaman, he had gone through far too many things, and

his intelligence was definitely not something that the woman could compare to. Even then, he was suppressing his anger, wanting to be absolutely certain of this person's origins before he decided to what extent he wanted to injure him.

As long as Su Ming was not related to the God of Shamans Temple, as long as he was not from some big tribe, as long as he did not belong to a tribe who was on friendly terms with Eastern Goosefoot Tribe, then he could kill this person without any worry.

He wanted an answer, an answer from the person's mouth itself. If he did not want to answer, it was fine. He could still kill him, and he would still be in the right. Even if he truly had some sort of background, the people around him could be his witness. Tie Mu had indeed asked, but he refused to answer. Then no matter what his background was, it was no longer related to Tie Mu.

"I come from a small tribe, I believe you wouldn't know about it, senior Tie Mu." Su Ming smiled. He learned of the old man's name from Nan Gong Hen just now, and at that moment, he saluted the old man with a bow and a wrapped his fist with a calm face.

"You came from a small tribe and are unrelated to the God of Shamans Temple, then... what sort of stupid courage made you kill my tribe members?!" A chilling glare appeared in Tie Mu's eyes. "Kill him right here!"

Right when Tie Mu spoke, the four men behind him immediately turned into four long arcs and charged towards Su Ming with killing intent shining in their eyes.

Su Ming stood in his spot, and right when the four people closed in on him, a light crease appeared between his brows. He took a step forward with his right foot, and the instant he landed, he shot forth with an extreme speed.

In a flash, he charged through the four incoming long arcs, and as he lifted his right hand, green light shone, and the small virescent sword was instantly enlarged. As Su Ming got closer, he

swung the sword downwards, and it immediately stirred up a sharp whistle as it cut down towards Tie Mu.

Tie Mu let out a cold harrumph, then lifted his right hand and furled it into a fist, hurling it straight at the sword cutting down towards him. The instant he punched forward, the illusionary, bellowing waves behind him moved along with his fist. The seawater turned into raging waves that circled his right hand, causing the old man's fist to be completely invisible from the distance. All the onlookers could see were the waves rolling furiously.

Bang!

The wave crashed into Su Ming's Virescent Light Sword. At the same time, a great power shot into Su Ming's body from the sword. Su Ming groaned, and Han Mountain Bell manifested as an illusion outside his body. With a flash, he appeared on the other side of the old man, then with a red glare on two of his fingers of his right hand, he pointed towards the old man with an extreme speed.

The old man frowned, then closed his eyes instantly before reopening them swiftly. As he opened and closed his eyes, he let out a low roar. That roar was like a clap of thunder, and once it fell from the old man's mouth, it turned into a wave of sound that bellowed in the sky, causing a large amount of ripples to appear in the air around them. In fact, as the air trembled, tiny, faint cracks appeared in space.

Su Ming bore the brunt of the wave of sound. Sharp stabs of pain traveled up those two fingers of his. He immediately retreated and activated his full speed to move back eighty feet away before he managed to stand still. A trickle of blood flowed down the corner of his lips.

At the same time, the four long arcs charged towards him from behind. When they were just about to close in on him, Tie Mu suddenly shouted at them.

"The four of you, go back! You're not his opponent!" The four long arcs froze for a moment, then immediately shot up into the sky. Then in midair, they rushed towards Tie Mu to arrive behind him, reappearing as people from those arcs. The four of them were frowning and looking at Su Ming with hostility.

"As expected of a Latter Shaman... As a Latter Battle Shaman, your physical strength has surpassed that of a mortal and become that which belongs to saints, senior Tie Mu. I am a person without talents, so I would like to ask for your help to teach me again." Su Ming wiped away the blood at the corner of his lips, and his eyes overflowed with battle intent.

"Overconfident fool. Within five breaths, I'll take your life!" Tie Mu lifted his right foot and stomped on the ground. With that one step, the ground immediately started trembling violently. A strong rebound shot out from underneath Su Ming, and he jumped into the sky.

But the instant Su Ming jumped up, Tie Mu used the power of that step and leaped into the air. He clenched his fist and hurled it straight towards where Su Ming was.

The illusionary waves behind him manifested as he struck, rolling about fiercely, then turned into a gigantic greenback shark. When that shark opened its mouth wide and charged towards Su Ming, the first breath passed by!

It was followed soon after by Tie Mu retracting his fist swiftly, then hurling it out once again. The second fist caused the sky and earth to rumble, and the wave spread out through the area abruptly, covering almost half of the sky. At the same time, the wave was stirred up, charging towards Su Ming, it turned into a black octopus with many tentacles that rushed towards Su Ming among the waves.

This was the second breath!

When the third breath arrived, Tie Mu struck the third time in

midair. With that one fist, the illusionary wave enveloping half of the sky stirred up once again, turning into a gigantic dark turtle that swung its tail towards Su Ming with a force that caused a loud boom to rang out in the air, the sound that only appeared when there was a shock wave in the air!

Once Tie Ma delivered those three punches, he watched Su Ming from midair, and his gaze was as if he was looking at a dead person. He had the confidence that this somewhat powerful Medial Shaman could not last through the first three Styles of his Four Beast Fist.

The Shamans watching underneath on the ground were all shocked to the core, and all of them gained a deeper understanding towards the might of Latter Shamans. All of them were stunned silent.

Su Ming looked at the waves roaring in the sky and the three ferocious sea creatures charging towards him, and the seawater surrounding him also let Su Ming know that it was impossible for him to dodge it. At that instant, a brilliant flash appeared in his eyes.

"A Latter Battle Shaman..."

Su Ming immediately lifted his arms, and they started leaving behind afterimages as he started forming seals with his hands. After they were changed several times, a black light suddenly shone around his body. Han Mountain Bell manifested in the form of an illusion, and the instant it covered his entire body, a shocking roar shot out from it.

As that roar rang out and the three ferocious sea creatures closed in, a thing that made all of the people underneath dumb with shock happened right before their eyes.

That thing was a ferocious beast, a gigantic, ferocious beast with nine heads, six of which had their eyes open while lifting up towards the sky! The ferocious creature manifested from Han

Mountain Bell, and the moment it appeared, the power of the world surged towards it from all around, causing the creature's body to instantly gain physical form. As it roared, the six heads crashed into the three sea creatures.

Tie Mu's expression changed for the first time. Su Ming's strength surprised him greatly, and at that moment, without any hesitation, he lifted his right hand once again and delivered the fourth punch.

That punch immediately made all the seawater around Su Ming stir up and surge even higher into the sky, causing the area around him to be void of seawater. At the same time, the water that rose into the sky above Su Ming gathered together to form a gigantic fist.

That fist was entirely azure blue and was made of seawater. It looked to be several hundreds of feet in size, and at that moment, it fell down, straight towards the nine headed beast.

Booming sounds instantly reverberated in the air and spread through the entire Shaman City, catching all the Shamans' attention. In fact, the Berserkers and Immortals who had come alone to Shaman City also immediately looked over with changes in their expressions.

As the booming sounds lingered in the air at the spot where Su Ming and Tie Mu were fighting, the illusionary seawater disappeared, the three sea creatures were torn apart, the gigantic fist in the sky also shattered inch by inch and dissipated into nothingness.

Tie Mu's face was dark as he stood in midair. He looked at Su Ming right across him, who was revealed after the nine-headed beast also shattered and disappeared.

"You are quite good, but if you want to fight against me, you are still... overestimating yourself!" Tie Mu let out a cold harrumph. He took a step towards Su Ming, and the killing intent in his eyes

shone brilliantly.

"Am I now?" Su Ming wiped away the blood at the corner of his lips and grinned.

Chapter 431: Seven Art Divine Ability!

When Tie Mu saw Su Ming's grin, he frowned.

He was not the only reacting this way. All the people underneath were puzzled when they saw Su Ming's grin and heard his words. Su Ming might have performed extraordinarily while going off against a Latter Battle Shaman, but that was all. He was simply extraordinary. The possibility of the two of them fighting on equal ground was simply not in existence.

Even if Su Ming had looked as if he had used all his strength and made Tie Mu to be in a slight disadvantage, but besides his face being slightly darker, Tie Mu was completely unscathed. On the other hand, the blood at the corner of Su Ming's mouth looked quite terrifying.

By almost everyone's estimations, Tie Mu only needed to attack one more time and Su Ming would absolutely not be able to stand up to it. His only outcome would be death.

"Hah, he's just a Medial Shaman, how could he go and challenge a Latter Shaman? I already said it just now, this person is definitely going to die..."

"His courage is praiseworthy, but... he's not smart enough. This sort of challenge is no different than seeking death."

"That's a Latter Shaman. An old monster who can become a Latter Shaman is an absolute powerhouse among the Shamans. There's no way a Medial Shaman will be able to win against him!"

As those pairs of gazes looked over, Nan Gong Hen felt torn, but resolution appeared in his eyes. He had already formed his plan. He will use this battle to have senior Tie Mu quell his anger first, then no matter what, he would do everything he could to try and save Mo Su. On his father's behalf, that Tie Mu should be willing to spare Mo Su.

As for Nan Gong Shan, she was frowning. Her aloof gaze still remained on Su Ming. The uncertainty in her eyes became stronger.

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath in the sky, and with a move, a layer of black fog immediately seeped out from his chest, rapidly spreading out around him, but in an instant, it gathered together once more and turned into a tall person who was entirely black.

That person did not have any hair and was entirely black, from head to toe. The moonlight was reflecting off of him slightly, as if his skin was made of scales. His eyes, which were revealed for all to see, were cold.

That was Su Ming's Nascent Soul clone, the puppet that was formed with Ji Yun Hai's corpse!

Once that clone appeared, green light flashed at the center of Su Ming's brows. The small virescent sword flew up and began circling round the clone's head, letting off rays of freezing light and sword whistles.

The instant the clone appeared, cries of surprise immediately rang from the crowd underneath. Quite a few of them had already recognized what Su Ming's clone was!

"A Soul Catcher's puppet! That person's a Soul Catcher!"

"He's a Soul Catcher? And here I was wondering why his gaze seemed a little strange to me when I saw his eyes just now. So he's a Soul Catcher!"

"Why didn't he use any of the Soul Catcher's Spells just now, even though he's a Soul Catcher? But that puppet is a Soul Catcher's Puppet, all right! I won't be wrong about this!"

Tie Mu's brows crinkled slightly. Su Ming's methods had surprised him. From his experiences, this person definitely did not come from a small tribe. He could tell just by looking at the puppet itself that it was an incredibly extraordinary item, and that was if

he ignored that flying sword that was very similar to those belonging to Immortals and that bell which was clearly a valuable treasure.

In fact, he even had a vague feeling that the puppet was somewhat familiar, but he could not recall where he had seen it before, and more importantly, he could sense that the puppet was a threat to him!

This threat might be faint and indistinct, but it was enough to make him be on guard.

"Senior Tie Mu, I am an untalented person, I would like to challenge you again!" Su Ming declared slowly, and the fighting spirit in his eyes burned even stronger.

"No wonder you are not afraid of me, so you had this supporting you, but do you really think that with just one puppet you can fight against me?! To me, you are still... overestimating yourself!"

Tie Mu's lips curled up in a cold sneer and he took a step forward. He had already made a decision. He would end this quickly, or else his reputation would be ruined for taking such a long time to kill a Medial Shaman while so many people in Shaman City were watching.

As he took that one step, blue light shone on Tie Mu's face, especially in his pupils. There were even wave like ripples in his eyes, and with a flash, he charged towards Su Ming.

An incredibly imposing presence spread out from his body. The pressure coming from it immediately caused banging sounds to ring in the air around him.

Su Ming immediately retreated, and as he lifted his right hand, black light shone in it. The spiked club immediately manifested. At the same time, his Nascent Soul clone charged forward.

As he charged forward, Su Ming's clone lifted his right hand, formed a seal with his hand, and seized at the ground. A circular

area of several thousands of feet lurched. It was soon followed by a large amount of white mist that shot out from the ground. It charged into the sky in a moment, and it turned into an azure dragon of one thousand feet long.

"Earthen Aura Dragon Vein!"

This was Hong Luo's unique divine ability, and he had only used it when he was fighting against Di Tian. Most of the people had not even heard of it before. If Hong Luo was the one casting it, he could gather up the earthen aura from a circular area of ten thousand li and perhaps even wider, and in fact, he could even summon the true Deity of Dragon Veins.

However, the clone's power was still not comparable to Hong Luo's. He was still just a Nascent Soul, yet Su Ming had already obtained Hong Luo's legacy through the Path of Life. He learned most of Hong Luo's divine abilities and Arts. After a year of mulling over these things, he could also cast some of them, but the power of these Arts was much weaker.

However, Hong Luo's enemy was Di Tian, and Su Ming's current opponent was the Latter Shaman, Tie Mu, who was much weaker than Di Tian, and in fact, could not even hope to compare!

At that moment, as the Earthen Aura Azure Dragon appeared, Tie Mu's expression changed. He moved forward even quicker, and the moment he got closer, without a word, Su Ming's clone grabbed that Earthen Aura Azure Dragon and yanked it up!

When the Earthen Aura Azure Dragon appeared, sounds of a violent commotion broke out among the crowd underneath. Su Ming's divine ability was something they had never seen before, and when they saw the clone actually being capable to absorb the aura of the earth, the shock in their hearts became even stronger.

The instant the Earthen Aura Azure Dragon crashed into Tie Mu, Tie Mu lifted his right hand and hurled his fist forward.

"Four Oceans Ode, First Ode: Eastern Ocean!" he growled, and when he hurled his punch outwards, an ocean manifested before him once again. The azure blue ocean raged madly and charged towards the Earthen Aura Azure Dragon.

The seawater looked to be almost the same as Tie Mu's previous divine ability, but if anyone looked closer, they would immediately notice that this seawater seemed as if it was real. It was as if it was truly there and not just an illusion.

In fact, the humidity and distinctive smell of the sea even came crashing into Su Ming's face.

The instant the ocean crashed into the Earthen Aura Azure Dragon, rumbling sounds reverberated through the entire sky.

"Second Ode: Southern Ocean!" Tie Mu spread out his left hand and pushed it in the direction of the south. Instantly, a red ocean manifested to his south. The water made it seem as if it was an ocean of blood. As it roared, the waves came tumbling and crashing down on the clone and Su Ming himself.

The clone ignored it, and instead started forming seals rapidly, then pushed to his sides swiftly.

"The world changes constantly but will eventually end up the same in the end, the white mountains and black waters may seem different but are all the same... [Transformation to Divinity!](#)"

Seven types of divine abilities were contained in those three sentences, and this was the strongest divine ability Hong Luo had among all his Arts during the early stages of his cultivation. He had obtained this from an Immortal ruin, and he had no idea of its origins.

However, even if it was Hong Luo, he had only come to scrape the surface of these seven divine abilities. He did not explore them but had instead placed the vital points of these divine abilities on the communication with Earthen Aura to turn the aura of the

earth to blood for the execution of Ten Lives of Subjects.

Hong Luo believed that earth possessed life. If Earthen Aura was the earth's breath, then it must surely possess blood as well, just like humans. Its blood was not the rivers, not the sea, but was hidden deep under the ground.

Only Earthen Aura would contain some of the blood of earth. He borrowed Earthen Aura to bring out this blood, and only then could he execute the Art of Purge the Heavens, and because earth contained life, that was why by borrowing and fusing with it, he could cast the Origin Divine Ability of the Immortals - Ten Lives of Subjects!

It could be said that Hong Luo walked down the traditional path of the Immortals. As for the seven Arts, he had only explored them slightly. However, on Su Ming's side, with his clone's current level of cultivation, it was impossible for him to cast Purge the Heavens. Hence, he focused his attention on the seven Arts Hong Luo had somewhat ignored, because some of those Arts could be used by Nascent Soul Cultivators!

"Nine Transformations!"

At that moment, as Su Ming's clone formed those seals and pushed to both sides while saying those words. Immediately, the clone shuddered, and he swiftly clenched his right hand before punching at Tie Mu through the air, even though he was still far in the distance.

The punch seemed like it contained no strength, but at that moment, Su Ming's clone, no matter whether it was his expression or his actions, looked exactly the same as Tie Mu when he executed the first Ode of the Four Oceans!

Transformation could be understood as a deeper level of imitation. An imitation of an opponent's divine abilities and Arts with the user's own power.

After Su Ming's clone hurled out that fist, an azure sea immediately appeared before him. Besides being a little smaller, that ocean was no different from the one summoned by Tie Mu's Spell!

Shock appeared on Tie Mu's face, but what made him even more surprised was the actions the clone did next!

Imitation was just a part of the Nine Transformations Art. The true Transformation came from after the imitation. This divine ability would start changing as if it was evolving, and the first, the second... and up to the ninth Transformation would happen!

Each Transformation would cause this Art's power increase to exponentially, but the power of cultivation for it would also increase!

"First Transformation!"

Su Ming's clone spoke swiftly, and as his voice reverberated in the air, his body charged into the ocean he had summoned. Once he blended with the ocean, it started looking as if it was boiling.

At the same time wisps of white smoke appeared, and the ocean started expanding swiftly. Raging waves soared in the sky, and a large amount of bubbles continuously popped and reappeared. As those bubbles broke, red liquid spread out from within them, looking as if it wanted to dye the seawater red.

"Third Ode: Western Sea!" Killing intent flashed in Tie Mu's eyes. He was shocked by Su Ming's strength, but he was still confident that he could use his power to subdue this person!

However, Su Ming's strength was something he had never expected, because he never thought that a Medial Shaman would be able to fight against him to this point through his varied methods.

In fact, he could already imagine that if he let this person escape, then it would definitely not be a good thing for his tribe. If he was

already so powerful now, then if he had a chance to become a Latter Shaman, the enmity they had formed today would cause Eastern Goosefoot Tribe to have to pay a terrible price in the future!

A. 九變十化雷同一律, B. 白山黑水千人一面... C. 行化入神 = A. The world changes constantly but will eventually end up the same in the end, B. the white mountains and black waters may seem different but are all the same... C. Transformation to Divinity

There are seven Arts contained in these three phrases , and Su Ming must understand the phrases to be able to cast the Arts.

The two phrases are actually formed of four Chinese idioms. Transformation to Divinity is not.

九變十化 (jiu bian shi hua) means that things are constantly changing. If I translated it word by word, it would be "nine transformations, ten transmutations".

雷同一律 (lei tong yi lv) means that everything is the same, and if I translated it word by word, it would be "all of the same sound",

白山黑水 (bai shan hei shui) means the eastern north part of China, literally, "white mountains, black waters".

千人一面 (qian ren yi mian) means that everything is the same, and literally means "a thousand people, but the same faces".

The first phrase is broken down into three parts, which also happen to be the names of three of the Arts:

九變 → Nine Transformations

十化 → Ten Transfigurations

雷同一律 → One Voice

Since Su Ming had to understand the phrase, I thought it would be more logical if I used the meaning of the sentence in the phrases he had to understand, and then the seven Arts would be broken down and translated in another manner.

So in my mind, I understood it as Hong Luo doing this.

"Here, you have seven Arts (Insert names of Arts here), by the way, if you wanna use them, understand these phrases (Insert phrases here)."

So that's how we have two different versions even though they are the same words in the Chinese version.

Chapter 432: To Go Forward, Retreat!

Tie Mu was already feeling rather regretful in his heart, and his anger towards the trouble the woman caused burned hotly. However, this was not the time for him to think about it. He had to use the chance before this person announced his background and tribe to kill him or injure him badly.

He turned around, and his right leg swept forth like a violent gust of wind. Immediately, a rolling yellow ocean manifested to his west, rolling about and sweeping up a large amount of illusionary yellow sand that raged in the sky.

"Fourth Ode: Northern Sea!" Tie Mu growled, and as his body spun around, he swept his left leg to the north. Soon after, a black sea manifested to the north, and it came crashing towards with roaring waves.

Su Ming retreated, and as he did so, he lifted the spiked club in his hands and swung it around. As his clone fought against Tie Mu, the spiked club in Su Ming's hand had already been swung around four times, and each circle was bigger than the last. After those four circles, the spiked club had become incredibly long, and it was so heavy that it was the maximum weight that Su Ming's physical body could bear.

Su Ming's goal in this battle was to test his combat capabilities, not to risk his life in this. That was why after swinging that club four times, he no longer added to the spiked club's weight. Even if he had wondered many times in his heart just... how much weight he could add to the spiked club he had taken from the glacier.

The four circles caused deafening sounds in the sky. Each hum caused the crowd underneath to feel fear in their hearts after they heard it. The instant Tie Mu's Four Ocean Ode crashed into the Earthen Aura Azure Dragon and the ocean formed from the First Transformation from the Nine Transformation Art belonging to

Su Ming's clone, Su Ming's spiked club drew a big arc, forming the shape of a gigantic fan in the sky, and covered the light from the nine moons in an instant, then crashed down on the illusionary oceans and Tie Mu.

Booming sounds shook the sky and earth. The illusionary oceans immediately shattered, and they were destroyed due to two sources of power. One of them came internally from the clone, and the other crashed into it externally, due to Su Ming's spiked club landing on it from the sky.

As the oceans crumbled, the sea the clone had made was also blown away, blending into the ocean around it, dyeing the air a faint shade of red. At the same time, the clone quickly retreated, and in the span of a few breaths, he returned to Su Ming's side.

However, the instant the clone warped backwards, a furious roar came from the disappearing illusionary ocean before him. Looking disheveled, Tie Mu closed in on the clone in an instant. His eyes were bloodshot, and he spread his right hand wide open, seizing the clone just as quickly as he was moving.

He grabbed the clone's throat, and right when Tie Mu wanted to savagely crush what he thought was a puppet, suddenly, a loud hum echoed in the air around Su Ming's clone, and he swiftly turned into a large layer of black fog that was spreading through the area quickly.

That black fog was formed of multiple black beetles. In fact, the part Tie Mu's right hand had seized was made up of black beetles. He did not even catch the real body of the clone. The clone's real body was staring at Tie Mu coldly as he retreated swiftly.

As those black beetles spread out while Tie Mu was taken aback by the sight, the clone's appearance was clearly shown before him. Once Tie Mu saw that dried up body and those gray eyes, his expression changed drastically for the first time. His pupils even shrank, and disbelief along with shock rose on his face.

"Ji Yun Hai! You're Ji Yun Hai!" Tie Mu's expression changed drastically. He had recognized the owner of those gray eyes. It was Ji Yun Hai, the man who he had been briefly acquainted with in the past!

It was especially easy to remember him when he saw the black beetles pouncing on him from all around with a howl. Those beetles made Tie Mu absolutely certain that this person was Ji Yun Hai!

However, once he was certain that the person before him was Ji Yun Hai, a deep wave of dread rose instantly within his heart. He came to an abrupt stop and looked towards Su Ming.

At that moment, once Su Ming brought that club down, sharp pain shot up his right hand, and most of his body was completely numb. As he quickly retreated, his face turned slightly pale.

The spiked club rapidly shrank, and once Su Ming put it away, his clone returned to his side with a warp.

Tie Mu stared at Su Ming, while a huge storm raged in his heart. He simply could not imagine how such a powerful Latter Shaman like Ji Yun Hai could be turned into a puppet by someone else!

This sort of thing made Tie Mu instantly feel terror towards Su Ming.

He sucked in a sharp breath, and with a jolt of his body, the pouncing black beetles were immediately bounced several dozens of feet away, but they rushed towards him again without fear of death.

'There's no mistaking this. These are Ji Yun Hai's Origin Shaman Bugs... How... How could he be turned into someone else's puppet?!' Tie Mu stared at Ji Yun Hai, who was standing beside Su Ming, and his face gradually turned pale.

'He has valuable treasures, has Ji Yun Hai acting as his puppet, is a Soul Catcher, and his divine abilities are also strange and

unpredictable... Just who... is this person?!'

As Tie Mu was feeling shocked to the core, an intense commotion had broken out among the crowd underneath. Even Nan Gong Hen was in a state of disbelief.

"Ji Yun Hai! Senior Tie Mu said that the puppet is Ji Yun Hai!"

"He's talking about that Ji Yun Hai, the best Soul Catcher under all End Shamans, the one who had disappeared for many years!"

"This person actually managed to turn Ji Yun Hai into his puppet. If he didn't refine it on his own, it would be impossible for that person to control him..."

"He might be in a disadvantage in this battle, but he's already incredibly strong to be able to battle against a Latter Shaman up to this point!"

Nan Gong Hen remained stunned for a long time before he eventually started laughing wryly. His estimation of Su Ming's power had changed multiple times and he had originally thought it would not change anymore, but by the looks of it, he had still underestimated Su Ming by a long mile.

Tie Mu waved his arm in the sky, and once he shoved all the black beetles around him away, he forcefully shifted his eyes from Ji Yun Hai's body and looked towards Su Ming.

"I'll ask you one more time. Which tribe do you belong to?!" Tie Mu voiced his question word by word.

"It's just a small tribe. You wouldn't have heard it before, senior Tie Mu." Su Ming's answer remained the same, and his expression was calm. His power circulated in his body, and his fighting spirit continued burning in his eyes.

"What an ungrateful brat. Even if you have Ji Yun Hai as your puppet, but I was only using a portion of my power just now... I gave you a chance, if you're not going to tell me the truth, then I will capture you today and have the adults in your tribe come and

get you!"

Tie Mu's thoughts had already changed, and he was beginning to be unwilling to kill Su Ming. He already had a plan in his head. If this person really had some background behind him, then someone would surely come to help him shortly.

If no one came, then it would mean that this person truly did not have any sort of background behind him. If that was the case, it would still not be too late for Tie Mu to kill him.

"If that is the case, then I will have to ask to learn from you once again." Su Ming smiled faintly. With a freezing glint in his eyes, he waved his right hand, and immediately, black smoke appeared and thickened beside him. When it gathered together and shrank, his Poison Corpse formed!

The appearance of that Poison Corpse and the presence he exuded clearly showed that his original status was that of a Berserker in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm!

There was no light in the Poison Corpse's eyes, but the imposing presence, the dark shade that covered all of its body, and the distortions that appeared in the air because of the poison that was clearly spreading from him not only caught the crowd around the area completely off guard, it also stunned Tie Mu momentarily. Right after, his expression immediately changed!

As his expression changed, Tie Mu also began laughing wryly in his heart.

'Just what is this person's background? Not only does he have Ji Yun Hai, he also has a puppet made from a Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm, and this puppet is clearly filled with poison... And the boy has way too many skills at his disposal. By the looks of it, he still has a lot he hasn't revealed. Damn it, just how in the world did I run into this monster?!

'He isn't a Medial Shaman, this is... he's just plain going too far!'

Tie Mu could not stop laughing wryly in his heart. If it was just Ji Yun Hai's puppet, he still had the confidence of fighting against him at full power... but if this person threw in that clearly extraordinary Poison Corpse into the mix... Even if he could win this battle, there would be grave consequences for him.

If they were outside, it would have been fine, but they had just entered the World of Nine Yin, and Eastern Goosefoot Tribe had yet to execute their plan. He could not get hurt.

He was right. Su Ming did indeed still have some skills he had not revealed. He had still yet to use his three Wind Separation Slashes, and that was if he did not mention all his other attacks. Through this battle, as Su Ming's puppets appeared one after another, he found the difference between him and a Latter Shaman.

If he attacked alone, he would not be able to hold his own in the fight. If his clone appeared, he could still somewhat put up a fight, but if he also brought out his Poison Corpse, then he could fight against an initial stage Latter Shaman, and he would not necessarily lose to that Shaman!

This was the first time Su Ming felt himself becoming stronger in the land of the Shamans. This sort of feeling made him experience a myriad of emotions.

'Some of my attacks are external forces. I wonder when will I be able to use my own true power to fight against a Latter Shaman without using a clone or a puppet...'

Tie Mu hesitated for a moment and let out a long sigh. He cast a complicated look at Su Ming, then without another word, he turned around and charged towards the ground, landing beside the woman who was now struck dumb by Su Ming's attacks, then he lifted his hand, and slapped her across the face.

The woman coughed out blood and fell to the side. Her cheek became swollen, and she lowered her head, not daring to speak. While she was observing Mo Su and the old man's battle, she had

already known that she had caused trouble...

"Sir, you killed several of my tribe members, and I've now punished her as well. Let us now put this matter behind us. If you still want to continue fighting, then I will fight you to the end!" Tie Mu turned his head around and looked at Su Ming coldly.

"Senior, your level of cultivation runs deep, and I am not your match. Even if I used all my strength, I am still in a disadvantage, I wouldn't dare continue..." Su Ming smiled wryly and wrapped his fist in his palm towards the old man with a respectful expression.

When Tie Mu saw Su Ming's attitude and heard his words, his expression warmed up slightly. This person might have attacked and fought against him, but he still remained rather polite. He always addressed Tie Mu as his senior, and he was even helping him retain his dignity before these people.

His tact made Tie Mu be unable to feel too angry towards him. In fact, he even had the feeling that there was a high possibility that his own people were the ones who provoked him first.

Subconsciously, he dispelled the thought of hunting down Su Ming after he was done with his task. Tie Mu even grew slightly fond of him.

In addition to his wariness towards Su Ming's varied methods and his suspicions towards his status, that slight fondness grew in Tie Mu's heart, and he cast a deep look at Su Ming.

"Well, you young folks do need to be impulsive in certain things. Since my tribe was the one who was unreasonable in this matter, I can understand why you attacked. You don't need to be humble about this either. This battle ended in a tie!"

Tie Mu's expression became much warmer. Once he finished speaking, he turned around and had his tribe members bring the boy and woman to leave through the air. When they left, there was a yellow spot at the cloth between the boy's legs, and there was the

stench of urine coming from there.

The boy who was not even a Fledging Shaman, he would never forget the battle this day.

Once the people from Eastern Goosefoot Tribe left, the people around the area looked towards Su Ming. Their eyes were filled with non malicious envy and respect. No matter what, Su Ming's strength were deeply etched into all their hearts. Before long, the entire Shaman City would know about the battle between Mo Su and Tie Mu.

Chapter 433: Skeleton of an Evil Spirit

The one who was the most excited was Lan Lan. She looked at Su Ming with eyes shining with elation. At that moment, Su Ming was the most powerful protector in the world.

Ahu was even more elated. The zealousness and reverence on his face was the same that all powerful warriors would have when they were still teenagers towards powerful warriors they looked up to. At that moment, Su Ming was the person Ahu wanted to imitate in his heart.

Even Qi Dong was the same. He had seen Su Ming and watched his battle with the Latter Shaman. The shock and excitement in his heart made him be unable to regain his senses even after a long time.

‘One of these days, I will be as strong as he is. I will make Eastern Goosefoot Tribe pay several times back for what they did to me!’ Qi Dong gritted her teeth and clenched his fist, eyes burning with determination.

Under the people’s scrutiny, Su Ming put away his Poison Corpse and clone in midair, put away all the black beetles and everything else, then with one single move, landed on the ground.

"Brother Mo... you hid yourself too deeply. I only know now that you have such great battle prowess with you, and here I was wondering how I should be helping you just now..." Nan Gong Hen gave a wry laugh and walked forward to wrap his fist in his palm towards Su Ming.

Su Ming shook his head and said, "I was just lucky. Senior Tie Mu did not use his full power, or else I would have been unable to last as well."

"Brother Mo, you don’t have to be so humble... Oh well, you’ve always been like this. But this battle will make your name ring

through all of the Shaman City. It's a good thing as well. After all, the World of Nine Yin is cut off from the outside world, and everything is decided through your own level of cultivation and your power. Only powerful warriors will be able to gain firm ground and gain other people's respect here."

As Nan Gong Hen spoke, a squad of guards from the God of Shamans Temple came from the distance. All of these people possessed extraordinary power, and all of them were Medial Shamans. Once these people arrived, they immediately dispersed the crowd.

However, no one came forth to interrogate Su Ming. Instead, as they walked past him, they would wrap their fists in their palms towards him as a form of greeting, and their expressions were all full of politeness and respect.

In truth, they had arrived a long time ago, but it was impossible for them to get involved and try to stop a Latter Shaman's attack. They could only hang around at a spot far away and wait for Su Ming to be killed before they could come and clear up the battlefield.

However, the things that happened after left all these people shocked to the core. When they saw the people from Eastern Goosefoot Tribe leave, respect towards Su Ming filled their hearts. No matter where they were, powerful warriors would always be respected!

As these people went away, Su Ming and Nan Gong Hen returned to their quiet inn. On the way, Su Ming swept his gaze past Nan Gong Shan, and he found that the woman had a constant frown on her face, as if she was uncertain about something. Once he mulled over it for a while, he understood what was bothering her.

Nan Gong Shan's emotions must be incredibly mixed. She knew that Hong Luo was so powerful that it was impossible for her to take revenge on him. She could only feel bitter about it. Perhaps

she had seen some form of familiarity on Su Ming and became suspicious of him.

But even though Su Ming had shown extraordinary power and could even hold his own against Tie Mu, in her eyes, if he was truly that person, then the battle would have definitely not unfolded this way...

That was why her suspicions towards Su Ming had turned into uncertainty, though in truth, she no longer suspected him of anything.

After giving it some thought, Su Ming had already guessed most of what she was thinking. This additional benefit which he obtained through this battle actually helped him get rid of a lot of trouble.

On that night, the three teenagers went to sleep late due to their excitement. To them, the incident that happened that day was something they would never be able to forget in their lives.

Nan Gong Hen's attitude towards Su Ming became distinctly much friendlier. When the next morning arrived, he went to invite Su Ming to the God of Shamans Temple branch to rent the protection of the Spirit of Nine Yin.

"The treasure gambling event should be held a month later. Most of the people from the tribes should already be here by then, as for those who are not here by then, well, the chances are, they won't be able to come here anymore.

"We might still have one more month, but I think you haven't rented a Spirit of Nine Yin before. We might need to spend quite a fortune, but we have a month's time to get familiar with it, and it will be a great help to us in the future."

As they moved towards the God of Shamans Temple branch located in this place, Nan Gong Hen explained with a smile, "The treasure gambling event will last for several days. When it's over,

the crowd will disperse, and we will bring the teenagers from our tribes to go activate their paths of cultivation. At that time, we will have to split up.

"Brother Mo, you can take a look around Shaman City during this month. After all, this is the World of Nine Yin. There are plenty of items here that are not available outside, and because of the hype of the treasure gambling event, you'll also be able to see a lot of rare items being sold here." As Nan Gong Hen continued speaking to Su Ming, he greeted his friends he met on the way with a smile.

Once again, Nan Gong Hen demonstrated just how wide his connections were. Su Ming saw at least several dozens of people showing close ties to him on their way to the temple, and once most of these people greeted Nan Gong Hen, they would size up Su Ming, and he could see the reverence hidden in their gazes.

"Brother Mo, you became famous through that one battle. The deal about you not losing to a Latter Shaman with just the power of a Medial Shaman has already spread through the city, it's clear from the people's gazes around us," Nan Gong Hen said with a smile.

Su Ming was just about to give a comment about that when Nan Gong Hen quickly added a sentence, "Brother Mo, you don't have to be humble anymore..."

Su Ming gave him a faint smile and did not continue speaking.

They did not walk for long before they arrived at a spot near the center of Shaman City, outside a gigantic palace. The palace was filled with a dignified air. There was a long staircase of ten thousand feet to reach it, and there were a large number of guards from the God of Shamans Temple around the area. All the Shamans who came to this place were mostly silent, and all of them did not linger around for a long time as they came in and out.

There were distortions in the air behind the palace. There seemed to be a vortex spinning around without a sound over there,

and it gave others a feeling that there was another world contained within.

Further down was a gigantic stone pillar standing erect and towering above the ground. There were numerous seals shining with an unknown color on the stone pillar, and right at the top of it was the gigantic head Su Ming had seen outside the city, the head that looked like it belonged to a person but was dried up like a block of wood.

When Su Ming got closer to the area, he could feel a great pressure that enveloped the sky and earth. Obviously, even if this was not the core of Shaman City, it was an important spot.

"Before I came here, I spent a lot of time and effort to prepare my offerings. I should be able to move the Spirits of Nine Yin in the fifth layer." As Nan Gong Hen led Su Ming onto the stairs, he mumbled under his breath.

Once Su Ming heard it, a glint appeared in his eyes, but he did not ask in detail. Both of them walked up the stairs, and once they were right before the palace's door, Su Ming's pupils shrank.

He saw a gigantic oval shaped vortex before the door floating seven inches off the ground. The moment Su Ming saw it, he was immediately reminded of the Gate to the Void.

'This is... Could it be that this is also a Gate to the Void?' Once Su Ming gave it a few closer looks, he averted his gaze from the vortex and looked towards the hall behind it.

The door was open and it was empty inside. There was only a skeleton placed in the center. Its feet were chained down, and it was sitting down with its legs crossed. The skeleton looked to be of the same size as an average human being. However, at its skull, or perhaps more precisely at its forehead, was a vertical slit. By the looks of it, there was an eye there when this person was alive.

There were eight gigantic circular grass meadows around the

skeleton. At that moment, there were two people sitting cross-legged on the grass meadows. One of them was a man dressed in a purple robe, some golden threads sparkling on it, and his long, red hair tied in a ponytail.

There were wrinkles covering his hands and they looked rather dried up and withered. However, he had the appearance of a middle-aged man, and it gave him a rather strange air.

The other person was an old man. He looked really ordinary, dressed in a sackcloth, his face covered in wrinkles. He looked really miserable, while his eyes were closed as if he was deeply immersed in his own thoughts.

There was not a hint of presence from within the palace, as if the world inside the palace and the world outside were two different dimensions. Those outside could see it, but they were separated from it.

"We can't enter that place... Er, perhaps you can, brother Mo. Only Latter Shamans can go in there and gain enlightenment before the skeleton..."

"Do you see the old senior by the skeleton? He's the Latter Shaman Chen Huan from Wise Winter Tribe. The other senior in the purple robe is the Temple Elder of God of Shamans Temple. He only has one word to his name - Mu," Nan Gong Hen explained.

Su Ming stared at the skeleton chained down in the palace and asked calmly, "What is that skeleton?"

Nan Gong Hen hesitated for a moment before he whispered his answer to Su Ming, "I only know it's an Evil Spirit of Nine Yin that was killed when this place was developed in the past... I heard that the Shaman Tribe suffered huge losses when they killed this person in the past..."

"All right, brother Mo, we'll have to temporarily part ways here. You'll reach Nine Yin Hall once you walk through the vortex. I'll

be choosing from the Spirits of Nine Yin in the fifth layer.

"Normal treasures such as Shaman Crystals will only allow you to choose your Spirit of Nine Yin from the first layer. You'll only know the details once you get in there. Brother Mo, act within your abilities, choose according to how long you'll stay in the World of Nine Yin. Once I come out, I'll wait for you outside." Nan Gong Hen wrapped his fist in his palm as a farewell to Su Ming, then turned around and moved into the vortex and disappeared.

Su Ming scrutinized the vortex for a moment, and right when he was about to move in, suddenly, a light shone from within the vortex. A person appeared from inside, and at the same time, a gentle power spread out and pushed Su Ming back a few steps. The person in the vortex rapidly gained physical form and walked out.

That was a tall but thin young man. He had an indifferent look on his face, was dressed in black, and there were multiple small braids decorating his hair.

The instant Su Ming saw this person, a glint appeared in his eyes, and his lips curled up in a faint smile under the mask.

Once that person walked out, he instinctively looked at Su Ming, then immediately looked away. Just as he was about to leave, he suddenly paused in his footsteps, turned his head back, took a few closer looks at Su Ming, then turned around and left the area with a calm look.

Su Ming no longer hesitated and lifted his foot to step into the vortex. As the vortex shone, he disappeared in it and was gone without a trace.

After Su Ming entered the vortex, the young man who walked out from it previously turned his head back from the stairs and uncertainty appeared on his face.

"Have I met that person before..?" The young man lifted his right hand and pressed it against the center of his brows. He stood there

for a moment, then opened his eyes slowly, revealing the
puzzlement within.

Chapter 434: Spirit of Yin

When Nan Gong Hen stepped into the vortex, he turned his head back to cast a look behind him. He might have accepted the fact that Mo Su's battle prowess was equivalent to that of a Latter Shaman and deep down in his heart believed that his own ability would not compare to Mo Su, but he still felt that if he made his offerings and rented a Spirit of Nine Yin, then his power would surpass Mo Su's by a large margin.

After all, he had come to the World of Nine Yin many times in the past, and since the Calamity of Eastern Wastelands was about to arrive, this would perhaps be his last chance.

That was why it could be said that he had spent an endless amount of energy to prepare the offerings for the Spirits of Nine Yin in the fifth layer based on his understanding towards the Spirits of Nine Yin before he came to this world. He had full confidence that even if it would be difficult for him to rent the Spirits of Nine Yin from the fifth layer, he could still rent those in the fourth layer.

That was why after he entered the first layer, he didn't stop for even a moment. He walked through three doors in succession and went straight to the Spirits of Nine Yin in the fourth layer.

'Mo Su might be strong, but once I rent a Spirit of Nine Yin from the fourth or fifth layer, then I might be able to fight on equal ground with him, and perhaps... surpass him!' Nan Gong Hen was filled with confidence, and looked pleased with what he would gain soon through his preparations.

Moving aside from Nan Gong Hen, once Su Ming disappeared into the vortex outside the palace and reappeared, he swept his gaze around his surroundings, and he was shocked by what he saw.

This was a dimension filled with fog. It was difficult to see its end with the naked eye. It was extremely quiet in the area, and besides

the gigantic mountain before him, it was empty ground everywhere else around him.

The mountain shot into the clouds. It looked incredibly lofty, and there was also a wave of mighty pressure that descended on him at the same time. But that was not all. If that was the case, it would not have shocked Su Ming. The one thing that made his breath still for a moment was the multiple statues located on the gigantic mountain.

Each of these statues were the height of an average human being. They were decked in simple armor and their faces were covered by a helmet. Their hair was braided, making them look rough, but at the same time, they exuded a strong, imposing presence.

That was the presence that belonged to powerful warriors!

They all held different weapons in their hands. Some of them had long spears, some scimitars, some battle axes, and there were many other different types of weapons as well. Some of them held large shields in their hands.

There were several hundreds of statues in the mountain, and they stood quiet and still in different locations.

Besides Su Ming, there were several dozens of other Shamans there. Those Shamans were very quiet and did not bother each other. Some of them were pacing around the area as if they were choosing their statues. Some of them stood beside a statue with their right hands pressed on top of it as if they were sensing something.

Su Ming's arrival did not catch any of their attention. After a moment, a faint glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he looked upwards. There was another towering mountain above this mountain. This second mountain floated in the sky and shone with a dark light. It also looked rather indistinct.

However, he could see faintly that there were many such statues

on the second mountain as well...

When he looked even higher, Su Ming saw the third mountain, the fourth, the fifth... Until his sight was blocked by emptiness and he could no longer see what was higher clearly.

The height of this place was difficult to describe with words. The sky seemed like it would reach so high it would never end, causing the distance between each of the mountains to be far apart from each other.

‘Nan Gong Hen once mentioned that there are nine layers to this place, and the higher you go, the stronger the Spirits of Nine Yin will be. Then by the looks of it, the nine layers he mentioned are these mountains... Then if that’s the case, there should be nine mountains.’

With his head lifted, Su Ming observed these mountains for some time before he averted his gaze and walked towards the mountain before him.

There was a staircase winding up the mountain right up to the top. There were even some paths branching off along the way. Each of these paths would lead to those statues, and if someone walked up the main staircase and past all these branching paths, then that person would be able to walk past all of the statues in the mountain.

There were two statues right at the bottom of the mountain stairs. These two statues were clearly better than those in the mountain, and they wore less armor. In their hands they held long spears. The tips of the spears were pointed downwards but were still about ten feet off the ground, and these spears were twenty something feet long. All those who wanted to go up the mountain needed to walk past the tips of the spears.

Su Ming walked closer to these two statues, and once he sized them up, he walked past the tips and stepped on the staircase leading up the mountain. He did not continue going up the

mountain when he arrived at the first branching path but walked on this path leading to the right, then stood before the first statue standing erect there.

This was a statue whose appearance could not be seen clearly, and who held a battle axe in his hand. He was about Su Ming's height, and there was a primeval air spreading out it. At the same time, there was also the imposing presence of a powerful warrior surrounding this statue.

After a moment of thought, Su Ming lifted his right hand, and the instant he was about to place it on the statue, just like what the other people did, the entire mountain suddenly shuddered.

A strong ray of light also burst forth from the path, and as that ray of light began shining and the mountain shuddered, most of the people in the mountain looked towards that direction.

Right when Su Ming focused his attention on that spot, he saw a statue from which the light was coming from. That light spread to an area of one hundred thousand feet, and ripples along with distortions also came from his body. Gradually, the statue started giving off a feeling as if he was a melting block of ice, and he was revived!

Green light shone on his armor, and he lifted his helmet-clad head slowly. The green light was also shining in his eyes.

Standing right before the statue was a female Shaman. The woman looked really excited, and once she wrapped her fist in her palm and bowed towards the statue, the warrior lifted his right leg and stomped on the ground, shooting straight up into the sky, and he pointed the scimitar in his hand towards the woman.

She flew up swiftly and floated in midair to stand beside the revived statue. The statue shone a few times, and his body shrank abruptly, turning into a green ray of light that charged towards the woman. Eventually, he landed on the back of her right hand and turned into a golden mark.

The woman did not stay any longer. With an excited look on her face, she turned around and charged towards the vortex at the bottom of the mountain.

When the woman left, the mountain stilled. The gazes filled with complicated feelings and envy were gone, and the mountain slowly regained its silence.

Su Ming looked in the direction the woman had left, took a deep breath, then turned his head around to look at the statue beside him. Anticipation appeared in his eyes. During that instant, he had clearly felt a presence that was equivalent to Tie Mu's from the revived statue, and judging by the presence, the statue was definitely a Latter Shaman, and in terms of the Berserker Tribe, that would be saying that the statue was as powerful as someone in the Berserker Soul Realm!

'So... This is the Spirit of Nine Yin... But Nan Gong Hen mentioned before that the Spirits of Nine Yin cannot leave this world. If that wasn't the case, then with the amount of Spirits here... It doesn't matter whether it's Shamans or Berserkers, no one could fight against them!' Su Ming sucked in a sharp breath, shocked.

'Just what sort of secret is contained in the World of Nine Yin? It has the Candle Dragon's carcass, the burial ground of Spirit Mediums, and the altar for Thought Soothsayers...

'And this is just within one million li of this area. As for the area beyond that distance... there must be an endless amount of mysteries there... Just what sort of existence is the World of Nine Yin? An ancient ruin, huh..?'

Su Ming remained silent for a while, then looked at the statue before him and placed his right hand on it. The instant he did so, he immediately felt waves stirring in his head, and it was soon followed by a serene voice echoing inside his mind.

"There are two types of offerings I receive. One, I want a

thousand Nascent Stones per day, which are also known as Shaman Crystals, Berserker Stones, and also spirit stones. I only want high quality stones, not subpar ones.

"Two, I want a Scattering Dust pill once every seven days."

The voice echoed in Su Ming's head, eventually turning into a lingering echo and gradually disappeared. Su Ming lifted his right hand. His eyes might look calm, but there was already a huge storm raging in his heart.

'Scattering Dust?!' Su Ming's breathing quickened, and he only recovered after a long while. He lifted his head and looked at the statue. Slowly, his eyes were filled with confusion.

Scattering Dust was the first medicinal pill he had created in that strange dimension. He had never heard of that pill from anyone else before, and only when he created Spirit Plunder did he understand that his herb quenching methods were somewhat related to the Shamans'...

In fact, his Spirit Plunder was also known as Soul Catcher Stone, and could only be created after much effort from End Soul Catchers. Su Ming also believed that the method these End Soul Catchers used to create this Spirit Plunder was completely different from his.

'Soul Catchers originate from the World of Nine Yin, then is it possible... that the End Soul Catchers also obtained the method to create their Spirit Plunder here..? Then, could it be... that my herb quenching methods also come from this place?!'

Su Ming was shocked. He had never been able to puzzle through the origins of the black stone fragment. In fact, he had even theorized before that this item was a part of Di Tian's plan.

He stared at the statue for a long time, then moved to the next statue. Once he placed his hand on it, a voice spoke in his head. Besides a different request for its first offering, the voice still

requested Scattering Dust for its second offering.

After Su Ming tested several dozens of statues, he noticed that all of the statues in the first mountain should be the same. They all requested different things for their first offering, but the second offering was always the same.

‘Most of the requests for the first offering are different for each statue, and some of them are really weird. By the looks of it, Nan Gong is right. The Spirits of Nine Yin here are all the natives of this world, and they once helped the Shaman Tribe gain footing in this place...

‘Then, if that’s the case, these statues are the same as me. They are all alive and not dead. They are... all alive! As long as I fulfill their requests, they will become my guards... If that’s the case, then perhaps they only helped the Shamans gain footing here after the Shamans paid a huge price for them!

‘But... just what are they..?’ Su Ming took a few steps back. When he was observing these statues, two more were revived and rose into the air then left with someone.

There was a variety of emotions on Su Ming’s face. After a moment, he suddenly lifted his head, and his gaze fell on the second mountain, the third, the fourth, and right up to the indistinct end at the sky.

‘If that is the case, I won’t bother about the origins of the Spirits of Nine Yin first. Perhaps I can... rent... the strongest guard here!’ A glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes, and they shone brilliantly.

Chapter 435: Dark Yin Warrior!

Nan Gong Hen was standing on the fourth mountain in the sky, right before a gigantic, dark silver statue of three hundred something feet, and he had hesitation etched on his face.

The presence exuded by the statue far exceeded all of its kind in the first mountain. His body was not just much stronger than his contemporaries, but he was filled with an air that struck fear in people's hearts. There were many scars on his body, and there was a feeling of age coming from them.

He held a gigantic battle axe in his hand, and it was about one hundred feet big. The murderous aura around it made Nan Gong Hen not dare to get closer to it.

‘This is the Dark Bronze Spirit of Nine Yin, and he is the strongest existence in the fourth mountain. Very few people have been able to rent it. From what I know, he has only ventured out eight times!

‘Once I go to the fifth layer, there will only be Platinum Spirits of Nine Yin there. But while the Platinum Spirits of Nine Yin are stronger than the Dark Bronzes, they are only at the base level of the fifth layer. Compared to the strongest Dark Bronze here, the difference between them isn't really that great... but the price this statue gave... it's just too ridiculous! It's even more expensive than the fifth layer!’

Nan Gong Hen remained incredibly indecisive. Before he came to this place, his original plan was to reach the fifth layer, but once he saw the Dark Bronze statue, he wavered in his decision once again.

Just as he was hesitating, Nan Gong Hen cast a look at the land beneath the mountain. From this place, he could see the third, second, and first mountains vaguely.

‘Oh well, I might as well go to the fifth mountain and take a look

before I make a decision!’ Nan Gong Hen gritted his teeth and left the statue reluctantly, then moved to the top of the mountain.

"Hah... the amount of money we have in our hands is different, while I'm hesitating about whether I should be choosing the fourth or fifth mountain, Mo Su should only be at most be able to make offerings to the Spirits of Nine Yin in the second mountain. After all, without ample preparation, it would be difficult for anyone to start making offerings in the third mountain and above," Nan Gong Hen mumbled under his breath, and he felt a little pleased in his heart, and that feeling dissipated some of the dejectedness he felt just now.

‘Once I rent my Spirit of Nine Yin, then at the very least, I would be able to turn tables on him!’ Nan Gong Hen smiled faintly, and his spirits lifted.

At that moment, Su Ming was walking calmly up the stairs of the second mountain. There were fewer statues in the second mountain compared to the first. There were only about to one hundred or so, and their armor was more complete. They also had more varied weapons.

The pressure of the powerful from their bodies was also stronger than those in the first mountain. By the looks of it, while they might not be in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, they should be at least at the peak of the initial stage of that Realm.

There were less than ten Shamans in the second mountain, and all of them had dark expressions on their faces as they wandered about the statues, as if they were uncertain about which one they should choose.

Su Ming casually chose a statue and pressed his right hand against it. After a moment, when he lifted his right hand and a glint appeared in his eyes.

‘Five thousand superior Shaman Crystals per day... then if I stay here for a month, I would need one hundred fifty thousand

Shaman Crystals, and if I stay here for several months, I would need several hundreds of thousands of Shaman Crystals. This sort of price is unthinkable for a person in a small tribe. Even a person from a middle-sized tribe would need to tighten his belt to rent this.

‘They also added more Scattering Dusts. They want three pills once every three days.’

Su Ming remembered that the Shaman Crystal vein White Bull Tribe and Black Crane Tribe were fighting for had less than twenty thousand Shaman Crystals, and those that could be considered superior quality should be rare and in between. Even if he extracted all of these and brought them here, he might not even be able to get this Spirit of Nine Yin to follow him for four days.

‘No wonder the person who found the Nine Abyss Flower didn’t come and rent a Spirit of Nine Yin. The price... is too high! But in other words, Scattering Dusts are hard to get even if someone offers to buy one for several tens of thousands of Shaman Crystals. If I just bring out one, while the price for it may be great, but if I can bring three out in one go, then the price will blow up exponentially.’ Su Ming’s heart pounded against his chest, and he walked to the top of the second mountain.

He did not stop any longer. Once he reached the top of the mountain, he stepped into the Relocation Rune in this place, and with a flash, he disappeared from this place. When he reappeared, he was already at the much higher third mountain.

There were already less than one hundred statues in the third mountain, only about a few dozen. The armor these statues wore practically covered them from head to toe, and most of them were decked in complete sets. They were also about two hundred feet tall, looking like tiny hills. The pressure they exuded made Su Ming’s breathing quicken.

The strength of that pressure was much greater than what he felt

from Tie Mu. In fact, it was much stronger than the Berserker now turned Poison Corpse he had met, who was in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm.

‘Could it be... that these statues are already an existence equivalent to those in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm? If that’s truly the case, then those in the fourth mountain would be at the peak of the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, and those in the fifth mountain... would be in the latter stage of the Berserker Soul Realm?’

‘If that’s the case, then what sort of power do those in the sixth, seventh... and up to the ninth have?!’

Su Ming walked around in the third mountain. Not counting him, there were six Shamans standing beside different statues, as if they were communicating with them. When Su Ming had only travelled one hundred feet into the third mountain, suddenly, the mountain trembled. He immediately saw a gigantic statue reviving, and once the warrior opened his eyes, he lifted his head and roared towards the sky.

His roars shook the sky and earth, causing the space around the area to distort. Soon after, the statue flew up and swung the gigantic, long halberd in midair. The presence he exuded instantly made Su Ming feel an immense pressure.

As the statue flew up, a tall and lean, long-haired man dressed in a blue robe laughed and jumped up to stand on the statue’s shoulder. The statue did not seem to mind, turning into a long arc and charging to the exit with the man.

Su Ming’s expectations grew stronger. He took a few brisk steps, and once he arrived at the top of the third mountain, he stepped into the Relocation Rune, disappearing into it. All those in the third mountain could see the Rune flashing. Three of the few remaining people lifted their heads to look over, but their expressions were calm, and there were not many changes on their

faces.

After all, there were some people who could not offer more money, but would still try to go to a higher level to have a look before they left. They had seen many of such people before.

When Su Ming appeared at the fourth mountain, Nan Gong Hen was in the fifth mountain looking at a statue that was four hundred feet tall and was no longer black but so white it was like silver. There were some fine runic symbols on his armor, and he looked incredibly gorgeous and extraordinary.

His appearance alone was already far better than the statues' in the fourth layer.

'Twenty five thousand Shaman Crystals per day, and I must pay for ninety days in a go... or I can offer some items that are rare even in the World of Nine Yin... this price is still a little reasonable. It's far less than the guy from the fourth layer. That one from the fourth layer actually asked for thirty thousand Shaman Crystals, the nerve! And I even have to pay for at least one hundred eight days in a go.'

Nan Gong Hen automatically ignored the other rental alternatives the statue offered besides the Shaman Crystals. To him, Shaman Crystals were the main focus.

When he was observing these statues, he had also noticed the Relocation Light from the third mountain. He turned his head around and cast a glance at the area underneath before ignoring it. Instead, he walked to the next statue. He wanted to choose a statue that was the cheapest in the area but whose strength was not that much different from the others.

'It's a pity that these Spirits of Nine Yin are all so prideful, and each of them increasingly so. There is absolutely no room for negotiation. If I tried to haggle, I wouldn't hear any sort of answer. It'd be as if they were ignoring me.' Nan Gong Hen shook his head.

Including Su Ming, there were only three people in the fourth mountain choosing their Spirits of Nine Yin. There was one who was standing by the mountainside, and there was one who stood at the three hundred something feet tall dark bronze statue covered in scars where Nan Gong Hen had lingered around earlier while struggling in uncertainty. That person also looked undecided.

It was an old man. By the looks of it, he had arrived at the peak of a Medial Shaman and was only a step away from becoming a Latter Shaman. He stared at the statue and sighed.

As Su Ming walked on the fourth mountain and looked at these statues that were much higher than those in the third mountain, he found that there were less than fifty of them in this place.

As he continued walking forward, Su Ming's gaze was immediately attracted by a scar-ridden statue at the mountainside. The statue was the one Nan Gong Hen had been observing earlier, and he was also the cause of the old man's sighing.

Su Ming walked towards the statue slowly and he looked over calmly. There was nothing around the statue, neither was there any other of his kind in his vicinity. He stood there alone, and his armor was filled with scratches. It was plain that he had gone through much battle throughout his life. The murderous aura spreading out from that gigantic battle axe made Su Ming's pupils shrink.

The old man cast Su Ming a glance, then ignored him. Instead, he continued wavering in his decision, and the struggle in his eyes became stronger.

Once Su Ming walked closer, he lifted his right hand and pressed it on the statue. The instant he did so, a hoarse voice immediately echoed in his mind.

'Thirty thousand Shaman Crystals per day. If you want my protection, then you need to pay for one hundred eighty days in one go. If you agree to it, then I will protect you from all danger

within my power, but not anything beyond.’ The voice only said those words, and once he finished, his words lingered in the air before dispersing.

Su Ming was stunned. This was the first Spirit of Nine Yin he had met that only stated the amount of Shaman Crystals he wanted but did not mention the equivalent amount of medicinal pills as an alternative.

As Su Ming was caught in a daze, the old man by his side seemed to have made his decision. He had thought about it for a long time. After all, this was a hefty sum. If it was thirty thousand per day, then it would be about five million superior Shaman Crystals for one hundred eighty days. Even to big tribes, this was an incredible fortune. No one would offer this amount of money easily.

Once the old man made his decision, he no longer bothered with Su Ming. He pressed his right hand on the statue as if he was communicating with the Spirit of Nine Yin. After a moment, light immediately started shining in the statue’s eyes. A powerful presence instantly spread out from his body, and his presence swept through the area like a vortex, causing his body to rapidly reawaken.

‘I am the best warrior of this layer. Choosing me is better for you than choosing those tribe members of mine in the fifth layer.’ Humming sounds traveled out of the statue’s mouth. This was the first time Su Ming had seen one of these statues speaking, and a sharp glint instantly shone in his eyes.

As the old man’s face was lit with excitement, Su Ming suddenly sent a trail of his divine sense into the reviving statue.

‘If it’s Scattering Dusts, what is your price?’

Chapter 436: Old Man!

The voice Su Ming delivered through his divine sense could only be heard by the Spirit of Nine Yin, the old man by the side could not hear it. Once the reviving gigantic warrior statue heard Su Ming's words, he turned his head around swiftly and stared at him.

At the same time, his body stopped regaining life.

The old man was stunned.

"You have Scattering Dusts?"

Su Ming took a few steps back and looked at the statue, whose voice was reverberating like thunder in his head.

"Sir, if I want your protection, how many Scattering Dusts do you require?" Su Ming sent his divine sense out with a calm look.

However, the old man was not stupid. He saw the statue looking at Su Ming at that moment, and knew that the unexpected occurrence was due to him, but this place banned fights, and they were not the ones who chose the Spirits of Nine Yin. They were chosen based on the will of the Spirits of Nine Yin. At that moment, he stared at Su Ming coldly, and while there was aloofness in his eyes, there was also a freezing glare, along with contempt.

After all, the amount of Shaman Crystals required to obtain the protection of this Spirit of Nine Yin was too great! He did not believe that this person would be able to produce this amount of Shaman Crystals!

"I want ten Scattering Dusts every seven days. Even if you only have ten, I will still protect you for seven days. If you only have five, then I will protect you for three days and a half. If you only have one, then I will protect you for one day!"

As the voice of the Spirit of Nine Yin echoed in Su Ming's head, he started calculating how many Scattering Dusts he had in his

disposal. He only had less than two hundred of these pills right now, but as long as he had enough materials, then he could immediately start making them, and he was incredibly familiar with the procedures of making this pill, so even if he would end up wasting some, he would only waste about a tenth of materials.

"Would you accept South Asunders?" Su Ming mulled over his thoughts for a moment before he sent his divine sense into the statue once again to test waters.

"South Asunder?! You have South Asunder?!" Strong light immediately began shining in the gigantic statue's eyes. Even the voice that was reverberating in Su Ming's head had become agitated.

His body started trembling slightly, and the halted revival was activated once again. However, his eyes were fixed on Su Ming, and he no longer paid any attention to the old man.

"Sir, you're going overboard. Leave immediately, if you continue fighting over him with me..." The old man immediately became nervous and growled threateningly at Su Ming, but before he could finish speaking, the gigantic statue suddenly stretched out his left hand and grabbed the old man. As the old man cried out in surprise, the statue tossed him down the mountain.

"Get lost! Don't bother me when I'm making a deal!" That old man's body immediately turned into a long arc and he was tossed down the fourth mountain.

"It doesn't matter whether it's South Asunder or Mountain Spirit, if you bring five of either, I will offer you seven days of protection."

The statue's voice buzzed in Su Ming's head. He was incredibly excited by the mention of South Asunder. After all, he had been here for many years, and while he had met people who brought out Scattering Dusts before, most of the time, the number was incredibly small, and the effects of the pills were weak, making it

painfully obvious that they had obtained it from some spot in the World of Nine Yin.

However, Su Ming gave him the feeling that he had quite the number of this pill, and he had even mentioned South Asunder. This made the Spirit of Nine Yin excited.

"Looks like you've found a pill storage. How about this, if you have better medicinal pills like Spirit Plunders, then with just one, I will protect you for 60 days!

"If you think that my power can't satisfy your requirements, then I know an old man in the fifth mountain who should originally have been in the sixth layer, but if you Shamans want to get up there, you would need to be at least a Latter Shaman or else it'll be difficult for you to get in there.

"That's why the old man came down to the fifth layer... One Spirit Plunder and he will protect you for 10 days. I'll go and talk to him, perhaps we can increase the time he can protect you, but the condition is, you have to give me South Asunders and Scattering Dusts!"

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he immediately asked, "That old man you speak of, what is his level of cultivation?"

"By your standards, he's an End Shaman," the gigantic statue immediately said, and an expectant look appeared on his face.

Su Ming's heart pounded in his chest. He wanted to go to many places in the World of Nine Yin. That Candle Dragon's corpse alone was already a place he wanted to go to, then there was the burial ground of Spirit Mediums, which might be of help for awakening the seventh head in Han Mountain Bell and allow him to obtain the One Hundred Million Souls Devouring Heaven Art.

Then there was the deal about the Thought Soothsayers as well. If that altar could make Thought Soothsayers appear, then if it was possible, Su Ming would like to go and see the birthplace of

Thought Soothsayers.

Also, his main purpose was the Nine Abyss Flower. This flower could increase the chances of surviving through a life threatening crisis when one was entering the Berserker Soul Realm once they attained great completion in the Bone Sacrifice Realm. This was an item that Su Ming had to get no matter what.

Also, he had to think about the problem of his identity possibly getting exposed. If that happened, then if he could obtain the protection of a Spirit of Nine Yin at the level of an End Shaman, then he could be like fish in water in this place... In fact, it would even be possible for him to go and explore the area one million li away.

"All right!"

Once he thought about it, Su Ming nodded and brought out a small bottle from his bosom, then threw it at the Spirit of Nine Yin that had completely regained its life. That Spirit of Nine Yin grabbed that small bottle, and with a method, from which Su Ming could not even feel any ripples with his divine sense, laughter came from under the Spirit of Nine Yin's helmet.

"My name is Li Huo. According to the treaty made between my tribe and the Shaman Tribe, I am willing to serve you." As Li Huo laughed, he took a step forward, and once he stood before Su Ming, he lifted the gigantic battle axe, and the action caused howling sounds to reverberate in the air. A violent gust of wind swept through the area.

Li Huo's huge body rapidly shrank in that wind and turned into a dark silver light that charged towards Su Ming's left hand. He suddenly lifted his right hand and received that dark light with that hand. The dark light hesitated for a moment, then turned into a mark on the back of Su Ming's right hand. It flashed a few times.

"Boy, let's go to the fifth layer. I'll tell you where that old man is, or else it'll be very difficult for you to find him."

Li Huo's voice echoed in Su Ming's ears. Su Ming dipped his head down and looked at the mark on the back of his hand, then lifted his head before moving briskly towards the top of this mountain.

He was not afraid of this Li Huo causing any problems. He had still one chance to use the power of the God of Berserkers, and there was enough power in it acting as a deterrent even if he did not use that one last chance.

Even if that person had the power equivalent to an End Shaman, Su Ming could still intimidate him!

After a moment, Su Ming arrived at the top of the mountain, and as the light from the Relocation Rune shone, he disappeared within. When he reappeared, he was already on the fifth mountain.

Besides him, only Nan Gong Hen was in this mountain.

Nan Gong Hen was moving about the mountain, occasionally coming to a stop to in search of a silver statue that he thought would be more reasonable. He had seen the light from the Relocation Rune in the fourth mountain, but did not pay too much attention to it. He simply continued browsing through the few statues in the mountain.

It was only when he was at the mountainside that his footsteps come to a halt and he looked towards the mountain staircase in the distance with a strange look - He saw Su Ming slowly walking up the stairs.

He blinked, then Nan Gong Hen let out a dry cough and gave Su Ming a smile.

"When I saw the light from the fourth mountain's Relocation Rune, I was wondering who it was. I didn't expect it would be you, brother Mo. Since you're here, why don't we take a look around together?"

When Su Ming saw Nan Gong Hen, he wrapped his fist in his

palm and greeted him with a smile with his usual calm look on his face.

"I was expecting to meet you here, brother Nan Gong. You mentioned before that you were going to choose a Spirit of Nine Yin here."

"Brother Mo, it seems like I've made a fool of myself before you. All of the Spirits of Nine Yin here need several millions of Shaman Crystals before we can tempt them. In truth, if I had not made preparations for this, I wouldn't choose any of the spirits here," Nan Gong Hen said with a smile, and there was a slightly pleased expression on his face. After all, the amount of Shaman Crystals he had to spend to choose a spirit in the fifth layer was enough to render anyone speechless.

Nan Gong Hen pointed at a statue and started providing explanations to Su Ming. "Come, brother Mo, let me introduce you to this place. Look at this Spirit of Nine Yin, his armor is giving off pressure, but his weapon is a scimitar. This spirit should be one specializing in defense, but his battle prowess is slightly weaker than the other Spirits of Nine Yin here."

When Su Ming looked over, he heard Li Huo snorting coldly in his ear.

"Your companion didn't reveal much. Ta Ka's scimitar is so sharp that if I ran into him, I would feel my skin crawl. His armor, however, is rather mediocre."

Nan Gong Hen continued introducing the statues to him and would occasionally place his hand on the statues to find their price. Su Ming always had a smile in place and did not open his mouth to speak much. All this while, he was listening to Li Huo rebutting Nan Gong Hen's views, and by the end, he was looking down on Nan Gong Hen even more.

"Brother Mo, you might not be able to provide any offerings in the fifth, but you can look around as well to broaden your

perspectives. I walked up to the fifth layer in the past as well." As Nan Gong Hen spoke, he arrived at a spot where two statues stood erect on the other side of the mountain.

One of the statues was large and the other small. The big one was four hundred something feet tall, while the small one was only two hundred something. That small one did not hold any weapons in his hands and looked incredibly ordinary. The big statue, on the other hand, was holding a long spear, and he looked incredibly heroic and extraordinary.

Nan Gong Hen placed one hand on each of the statues. After a while, a brilliant light began shining in his eyes. He looked at the statue that was four hundred something feet tall and excitement filled his face.

"Brother Mo, look at this spirit. His price is thirty-two thousand Shaman Crystals per day, and he's the most expensive statue in this place, but don't just judge him because he's expensive. This spirit is definitely the strongest one here!

"Look at the spirit beside him. His price might only be twenty thousand Shaman Crystals per day, but... I definitely won't choose him!" Nan Gong Hen was originally still wavering about his decision, but when he saw Su Ming standing by his side, resolution immediately appeared on his face.

"I'll choose this one!" As he spoke, he placed his palm on the statue again.

"Idiot, Su Han might be in the fifth layer, but he's definitely not the strongest. Your friend's an idiot, that old man beside him is the friggin' strongest monster here. That's what the old man likes. He'll use himself to set up a contrast and to serve as a comparison to scare Su Han so that he will raise his own price. Just you watch, a large part of the offerings Su Han obtains will be given to the old man!

"Boy, the one I'm talking about is him. Place your hand on him,

I'll talk to him!" Li Huo's voice traveled into Su Ming's ears.

Su Ming cast a glance at Nan Gong Hen with a wry smile, because he knew that even if he advised him against it, Nan Gong Hen would also not listen to him. He then walked towards the statue that was only two hundred something feet tall.

Chapter 437: You Have a Good Eye!

Nan Gong Hen's statue shone with a strong light, and the statue started rapidly regaining life. At that moment, Su Ming pressed his right hand against the two hundred something feet statue.

Nan Gong Hen also saw Su Ming's actions, but he did not bother himself too much with it. In his eyes, Su Ming was just checking out the statue's price. Even if the statue was not expensive, not all people were capable of making offerings to him and taking him away.

'I browsed through the entire mountain once, and the price for this one is the highest. The prices offered by the Spirits of Nine Yin are based on their abilities. If he dares make this price, then I will pay for it!

'By the looks of it, he's the strongest in the fifth layer!'

Nan Gong Hen might be finding it painful to part with the Shaman Crystals, but he trusted his own judgment. As he watched the light from the statue shine in an area that spanned to one hundred thousand feet, as the incredibly extraordinary statue looked as if it was about to completely regain life, and as light shone in his eyes, his breathing started quickening.

After a moment, once the statue was completely revived, he lifted his long spear and struck the ground. At the same time, he shot up in the sky with a whistle. Only a pair of brightly burning eyes could be seen on his face, which were covered by the helmet. He lowered his head and cast Nan Gong Hen a glance.

That gaze was slightly strange, as if it contained an array of complicated emotions, a deep sentiment...

"By the treaty formed between my tribe and the Shaman Tribe, I am willing to serve you until you are no longer able to fulfill the requirements of the offerings." The Spirit of Nine Yin in midair

said these words slowly. His voice echoed in the area, and humming sounds could be heard, making him sound incredibly exceptional.

Nan Gong Hen was just about to fly up excitedly when the statue on which Su Ming had placed his right hand immediately started shining by his side. The light was incredibly dim, but the statue was rapidly regaining life. An ancient gaze gradually appeared where his eyes were.

Nan Gong Hen was momentarily stunned, then widened his eyes swiftly.

"Brother... brother Mo, you rented him?"

Nan Gong Hen sucked in a deep breath, and his face was filled with disbelief. Once he saw Su Ming nodding his head, Nan Gong Hen's expression immediately became strange, and he opened his mouth as if he wanted to say something, but after a moment of hesitation, he cast Su Ming a compassionate glance.

While Nan Gong Hen might find himself in a sort of disbelieving state in regards to Su Ming's financial power, but the truth was right before him, the other must have some sort of means and methods to obtain money, which no one else knew about.

However, Nan Gong Hen thought that Su Ming's choice... was kind of not worth it, or perhaps more accurately, it was extremely not worth it.

"Ha... brother Mo... you should have told me sooner, there are plenty of Spirits of Nine Yin here that are... Oh well, since you've already made your choice, then I won't say anything." Nan Gong Hen shook his head with a wry smile, and his compassion grew stronger.

There was a strange look on Su Ming's face, covered by the mask. When he saw the pitying look on Nan Gong Hen's face, the same look appeared in his eyes.

The statue beside Su Ming had already completely resuscitated. He moved his body for a while, and cracking sounds came from within him, as if he could not bear with moving. This made Nan Gong Hen pity Su Ming even more.

It was especially so when the Spirit of Nine Yin started slowly shrinking as he moved until he stood there like a normal person with a bent back. This was clearly a hunchbacked, old Spirit of Nine Yin. His armor might be silver, but it was dark and dull. When he wore it on his body, he looked rather sloppy.

When Nan Gong Hen saw this, he sighed in his heart. He could already understand just how good of a judge of character Su Ming was. In his mind, this was no longer a problem with being a bad judge of character, this was a problem of his intelligence going down the drain.

"Lad, choosing me is your fortune. Oh well, I'll protect you all the way on behalf of your Spirit Plunders, but we're doing it according to the deal we made. I will not calculate the price by days, but with each three times I attack, you have to give me a Spirit Plunder."

The old man's voice echoed in Su Ming's head. He looked at the hunchbacked old man before him. This old man might be wearing a helmet and was decked in armor, but he looked incredibly strange in this appearance.

However, Su Ming was very respectful towards him. He wrapped his fist in his palm to salute the old man.

"I will do my best to fulfill your requirements, senior."

The old man was quite satisfied with Su Ming's show of respect, so he took off his helmet, held it under his armpit, revealing a very unique countenance.

His dark skin looked like wood, and when set against his long silver hair, it made the hair incredibly eye-catching. Once Su Ming saw the old man's face, his pupils shrank. This person's

appearance was highly similar to the gigantic head that was placed high on top the stone pillar in Shaman City. Clearly, they were from the same tribe!

The old man's face was filled with wrinkles and his eyes were unfocused. After a yawn, he swept his gaze past Nan Gong Hen, and his lips curled up in a smile.

In Su Ming's eyes, that smile looked quite nasty.

The old man grinned and said in a raspy voice, "You, boy. This man is a heroic and exceptional one. You did well to choose the best lad in my tribe. Not bad indeed. You have a good eye!"

Nan Gong Hen's sympathy towards Su Ming increased once again. Just as he was about to open his mouth and say something, he suddenly widened his eyes and saw the old man lifting his head to look at the Spirit of Nine Yin he had rented, then said something that stunned him in place.

"Hey, dummy, where's my share?!" The old man glared and looked at Nan Gong Hen's Spirit of Nine Yin standing in midair. At that moment, Su Han, the spirit, brought out a ball of glittering light from his bosom obediently and handed it to the old man respectfully.

The old man shook the ball with his hand, then nodded his head, satisfied. He quickly put it away into his own bosom, all while not forgetting to address the stunned Nan Gong Hen in the process.

"Boy, you have a really good eye. Don't worry, if that dummy is disobedient, then I'll teach him a lesson afterwards. Don't you worry, all the tribesmen I introduce are absolutely free of problems!

"Hey, how about we go now? It's been a long time since I went out. I wonder how many things have changed in the outside world." The old man turned his head around and looked at Su Ming, urging him on.

Su Ming cast Nan Gong Hen a compassionate glance, then let out a fake cough before he walked forward. The old man had his hands placed behind his back, following behind him with a swagger, even humming a little tune, all while looking incredibly smug.

Nan Gong Hen only recovered after a long while. He looked at the old man leaving into the distance before he lifted his head and looked at the Spirit of Nine Yin called Su Han. He suddenly felt that this originally heroic and extraordinary spirit looked like a rather rigid person... In fact, he seemed kind of silly...

His mind kept going back to the moment the old man had demanded his reward and his acts of praising Nan Gong Hen himself. He shuddered, then slapped his own head before he started laughing wryly.

‘This is the first time... I heard about of the Spirits of Nine Yin conning people!’

Just like that, Nan Gong Hen brought with him regret and dispiritedness, along with the Spirit of Nine Yin that had turned into a mark on the back of his hand, then left the dimension through the vortex in the air with Su Ming... and the old man who made him grit his teeth but whom he did not dare offend.

The instant the old man walked out, he lifted his head and looked at the gigantic head lifted up high on the stone pillar. A complicated look along with nostalgia appeared in his eyes. The complication quickly disappeared and he averted his gaze to look at the shackled skeleton in the palace behind the vortex.

The instant he saw him, the old man sighed.

"Lad, I'm going to meet an old friend of mine. As long as you are in the city, I'll be able to detect you. When you want to leave, I'll appear.

"If you need me to attack, then call out the name I told you, and I will naturally attack!" The old man said with a flat tone, then took

a step forward. His body instantly disappeared.

When the old man left, Nan Gong Hen wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming with a wry smile.

"Brother Mo... ha... I'll cut myself off here. I'd like to go back and clear my mind in the inn, then... communicate with my Spirit of Nine Yin. Once the treasure gambling even starts, I'll come out. Are you coming with me or do you want to go explore Shaman City?"

Su Ming felt some degree of pity towards Nan Gong Hen, but just when he was about to speak, a glint suddenly appeared in his eyes, because he saw a person looking at him while standing at the foot of the palace's stairs.

"Brother Nan Gong, please go back first. I'll be exploring the area here." Su Ming wrapped his fist in his palm to bid farewell.

Nan Gong Hen, who was feeling incredibly dispirited, did not have any mood to say anything anymore. He shook his head and left the place quickly...

Once Nan Gong Hen left, Su Ming looked towards the person standing at the bottom of the stairs, and their gazes met. His lips curled up into a smile under the mask, and he walked down the stairs.

As he got closer to the person who was observing him, the thin young man who was dressed in black robes and had various small braids decorating his hair started, his pupils shrinking, but he continued standing there without moving.

When Su Ming walked down that long staircase and arrived right before the person, the young man suddenly smiled. His shrunken pupils dilated. He looked at Su Ming and wrapped his fist in his palm, giving him a small bow.

"It's a great joy in life to be able to meet an old friend in foreign land. I was wondering why I thought you were familiar. Now I

remember. Brother Su, you still look as graceful as when we parted ways," the young man said with a smile.

He was Wu Duo, the person who Su Ming had met when he was heading to Sky Mist City and the person who had a mysterious background and seemed like a Thought Soothsayer from the Shamans!

"Brother Su, you don't have to argue with me, I'm very certain of this. We're not strangers, since I waited for you here and could identify you, then it proves that I'm not that sort of despicable person, or else, there would be no need for me to do this.

"Brother Su, your disguise is really great. It doesn't matter whether it's your presence or the general air you give off, no one would be able to find any clues about you. Even if I used any of Thought Soothsayer Spells to look into you, I wouldn't be able to find any answers.

"However, ever since I was young, I possessed a talent no one else had. I'm very sensitive to smells. Brother Su, you can change everything, but you neglected to change your smell." Wu Duo spoke with a faint smile, and his words were filled with sincerity.

"My name is Mo Su." Su Ming looked at Wu Duo.

"My name is Zhong Yi. Brother Mo, it's a great pleasure to meet you for the first time. Would you mind finding a place with me so that we can sit?" Wu Duo cast a glance at the mark of the Spirit of Nine Yin on the back of Su Ming's right hand, then spoke in a whisper. "You must have come here for the treasure gambling event as well. I know quite a lot about this. Perhaps we can even work together..."

Su Ming mulled over it for a moment, then nodded.

Chapter 438: Crimson Stone

The Shaman City belonging in the World of Nine Yin was built a very long time ago. Even now, besides the city giving off an ancient feeling to others, it did not give off too much of a feeling of decline. Instead, as time went by, the city was continuously improved, causing it to be incredibly prosperous.

It was especially so each time the World of Nine Yin was opened up and a large amount of Shamans surged in, which would cause the city to bustle with activity, and there were numerous shops which would still be visited even at night.

It was a bit past noon. In a two story inn located in the west of the city were Wu Duo and Su Ming, who were sitting at a table while looking at a river running through the entire Shaman City. Sounds of running water echoed in their ears, adding another sort of taste to the wine they drank.

"The person who fought against the Latter Shaman from Eastern Goosefoot Tribe yesterday must have been you then, brother Mo. When I saw you walking out from the place of the Spirits of Nine Yin with Nan Gong Hen by your side, I could already guess." Wu Duo smiled, and there were all sorts of emotions in his eyes as he looked at Su Ming.

"I didn't expect that in a few years since the last time we met, your level of cultivation would have went up by leaps and bounds. It's indeed impressive!"

Su Ming shook his head and said slowly, "Being able to fight against senior Tie Mu was just pure luck on my part."

"Oh? Brother Mo, you don't have to be humble. I might not have seen it, but when I heard about it from others, I could tell that you definitely did not manage to survive by pure luck." Wu Duo smiled and took a sip of wine.

When he heard Wu Duo phrasing it as such, Su Ming smiled faintly and no longer spoke about that. Instead, he looked at Wu Duo and said calmly, "Brother Zhong, what are the details of the treasure gambling event you mentioned? I don't know much about it, so I hope you would be able to tell me."

"Brother Mo, you must obtain a sufficient amount of Shaman Crystals before the treasure gambling event. Only then will it be possible to reap any sort of rewards from the event. Of course, if you're only going there to take a look and not to join it, then you won't need to do this."

Wu Duo took a sip of wine, cast Su Ming a look, then said with a smile. "This treasure gambling event is actually a unique thing that only appears in the World of Nine Yin. It is divided into two parts. All people who have more than one hundred thousand Shaman Crystals can join the first part of the event.

"Only those who have become Latter Shamans can gain from the second part. Most people whose level of cultivation is not high enough would not choose to enter the second part, unless they have great luck. If not, most of them would end up really badly." Wu Duo spoke in great detail. He knew that Su Ming might have gained some knowledge about the event, but since he was not a Shaman, there must still be some details that he was not entirely clear about.

"Oh? Please, I would like to hear it." Su Ming brought the wine cup to his lips and took a sip.

Wu Duo gathered his thoughts for a while, then looked around before he asked in a whisper, "Brother Mo, do you know why this place is called the World of Nine Yin and do you know how this name came to be?" .

Su Ming looked at Wu Duo. He did not speak. He knew that Wu Duo did not require any answer from him.

"Besides the Yin Spirit Tribe telling the name to the Shamans'

ancestors in the past, it originated from a stone monument that was once erected at a spot somewhere in this place.

"There were only four words on the stone monument, and they were 'World of Nine Yin'. As for the Yin Spirit Tribe, it's this..." Wu Duo said, then lifted his left hand to reveal the glowing mark on the back of his hand.

"In the past, when the Shamans' ancestors arrived in the World of Nine Yin, they somehow got into contact with Yin Spirit Tribe, allowing them to be able to get their help to occupy an area of one million li in this place in one go, though it was over a period of many years. They also managed to get their help to build Shaman City.

"The treasure gambling event is actually largely connected to the spot where Shaman City is built." Wu Duo's voice was soft. It did not spread too far, and only Su Ming could hear it clearly.

"They chose to build Shaman City on the ground right underneath our feet because there is a gigantic secret in this area. It was very difficult for outsiders to learn about this secret, and it was not until many years later, when an End Shaman who participated in building the city told his descendants of this secret before he died that more Shamans learned about this through a series of complicated events.

"Heh heh, brother Mo, it's definitely difficult for you to guess this. Before we built Shaman City over this land, this place was a giant pit! There were many crimson colored stones stored in it. There was nothing strange about those stones, but we could not send our senses and perceptions into them. When we cracked them open gently, we found some strange herbs inside!

"The famous Nine Abyss Flower is one of them! In fact, there are still plenty of herbs that are not recorded by the Shamans, and even those from Nine Li Tribe cannot recognize them. They should be treasures of immeasurable worth that were rare even during

ancient times, and have long since become extinct!

"However..." A brilliant flash passed through Wu Duo's eyes.

"Most of the Crimson Stones have nothing inside. Well, actually, they might have had something inside before, but because they had been around for too long, those things gradually dissipated.

"Only few among the Crimson Stones contain herbs, and even so, most of them have already turned into fossils. There are no longer any sort of medicinal properties within them. And even if some herbs still contain medicinal properties, there won't be much of it left anyway.

"However, there is no absolute in this world. Some of these Crimson Stones that have been cracked open before were found to contain herbs that still contain seven tens of their medicinal properties! In fact... from what I know, there were nine times over the years where complete, undamaged herbs that still retained all of their medicinal properties were found in these Crimson Stones!

"These herbs are all incredibly old, and each of them could be called a priceless treasure! But it all depends on luck. If you're lucky, perhaps the herb's original value itself is already high to begin with. If you're not lucky, then it would be an ordinary leaf. Even if it was still fresh, it would still be..." Wu Duo sighed deeply with feeling.

As Su Ming listened to Wu Duo's words, his eyes began sparkling.

"We calculate the value of the herbs based on two things. One of them is the quality of the herb itself, and the other is the medicinal properties the herb contains compared to other herbs with the same effects.

"Herbs are not the only things contained in Crimson Stones either. There are also ancient Enchanted Vessels and some skill manuals. All of these are things you might find in there. It just depends on whether you can find them and whether the item you

get can still be used...

"Due to its mysteriousness and because even End Shamans will have difficulties in finding any sort of clue from these stones, this luck-based cracking of Crimson Stones has gradually turned into the treasure gambling event!

"This sort of heart pounding excitement is something many people cannot resist... The Crimson Stones that can only be bought with a large amount of Shaman Crystals can be said to be able to make a person rise to great heights in an instant... and it can also make a person lose everything in an instant as well." Wu Duo licked his lips. Clearly, he was very passionate about this treasure gambling event.

"These Crimson Stones are valuable. Even if it is incredibly rare for herbs and treasures to appear within them, with the God of Shamans Temple's power and influence, there's absolutely no need for them to hold this treasure gambling event. They could just crack open all the stones on their own. By doing so, they wouldn't have to lose anything!" Su Ming frowned.

"Brother Mo, you might not know about this, but that's what the God of Shamans Temple did in the beginning, but as time passed by and the secret of this place spread through the entire Shaman Tribe... Heh heh, the God of Shamans Temple's influence might be great, but the big tribes in the land of the Shamans would absolutely not let it monopolize the chance of obtaining priceless treasures.

"Even those middle-sized tribes have set their sights on this event. It's only under the pressure of all the tribes in the land of the Shamans that the God of Shamans Temple brings out a portion of the Crimson Stones every single time they open up this place and host this treasure gambling event!" Wu Duo explained.

Su Ming pondered over this for a moment before he voiced his thoughts. "Even so, the big tribes must have also joined the team of

people who developed this place. It's impossible that they didn't know about this. If that's the case, what you're saying is a little far-fetched.

"Besides, how could there still be Crimson Stones in this place after such a long time? And by the looks of it, they still have quite a lot of these things left. This is something I don't understand as well."

Wu Duo hesitated for a while before he said with a lack of confidence, "Perhaps there are some reasons that I don't know of regarding the former matter you speak of, but no matter what they may be, the God of Shamans Temple has been hosting this treasure gambling event involving all Shaman Tribes for many years...

"There is in no way you can fake this, and there have been people who have indeed been able to find valuable herbs in these stones. The nine times I spoke of are examples.

"As for the second, well, brother Mo, you still don't really understand this World of Nine Yin. The amount of Crimson Stones in this world is incredibly large, but we can't extract too many of them in one go. We can only get them out slowly. That is how the God of Shamans Temple is able to bring out these Crimson Stones every single time they open up the place.

"Legend has it that there are several huge tunnels underneath Shaman City. These tunnels were all dug out through the years, during the process of mining for these Crimson Stones.

"But it's true that the number of Crimson Stones that are brought out is smaller with each treasure gambling event. I didn't come here when this place was open to public the last time, but I heard later that they only brought out about ten thousand of these stones. It's a little fewer than the previous times."

Su Ming thought about it quietly for a while. There might be some things he still did not understand about this, but Wu Duo did not seem to know everything either, which could only mean that

these thing were not privy to a Medial Shaman.

"Brother Zhong, is the second part of the treasure gambling event you speak of a small scale event that is limited to only certain people who have certain levels of cultivation, and is held in another place that is like a trading zone, in a manner almost like an auction?"

"Wrong guess. There is indeed small scale auctions like these during the treasure gambling event, but those are held in private. They are not considered as the second part of the event. The second part of the event is incredibly bloody, and people frequently die in this part! Its name is also known as Stone Looting Event!

"The End Shaman who is protecting Shaman City will definitely not take action. This is a contest between Latter Shamans, and the location is in one of the three small Crimson Stone veins that are usually closed off to public. They are all located within these one million lis.

"Some Crimson Stones will gush out of these small Crimson Stone veins once in a while. After some preparations, the God of Shamans Temple will be able to make these veins gush out a large amount of Crimson Stones for a short period of time. It depends on the person's abilities on how many they are able to loot.

"When the time comes, a Relocation Rune will be activated. The original rule states that everyone with any sort of level of cultivation can enter it, but few Medial Shamans go. But since there's that Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands, the pressure of the threat of death from this disaster will drive those who want to survive through it mad. The number of those who will risk their lives in this event will be a lot higher compared to previous times.

"What I want to discuss with you is the second part... If you're willing to help me, then I will give you some of the Crimson Stones I'll obtain. I can promise you, if everything goes smoothly, then we

will get a large amount of Crimson Stones!" Wu Duo looked at Su Ming with an expectant look.

Chapter 439: Selling Items!

Su Ming did not immediately speak. Instead, a pensive look appeared on his face.

After some time, he asked unhurriedly, "Brother Zhong, what method do you have to be able to obtain a large amount of Crimson Stones from under the noses of numerous Latter Shamans during the second part of the treasure gambling event?"

"This is..." Wu Duo hesitated for a moment, then shook his head. He continued, "Please forgive me for this, brother Mo. If you're willing to work with me, then I will tell you in detail. The only thing I can say is that for this to work, I've already enlisted three of my Shaman friends for help. Our likeliness to succeed is six out of ten, but if you join us, then we will have seven or even eight!" Once he finished speaking, Wu Duo looked at Su Ming with eyes filled with sincerity.

After a moment, Su Ming shook his head and replied in a hushed voice, "I need to think about this. I can't give you an answer at the moment."

He could understand why Wu Duo could not tell him in detail. After all, if Su Ming was the one making the deal, he would react like this most of the time as well. However, this was too much of a risk, and if he was just to place his judgment based on the rewards itself, then unless the rewards were truly great, he was otherwise not the type to take risks for something unknown, which in this case, were the Crimson Stones, whose existences were already a gamble on their own.

"All right, I hope you'll think about it carefully. I hope to be able to work with you again, brother Mo." Wu Duo was not expecting that Su Ming would immediately agree to this either. After all, trying to fight over the Crimson Stones against Latter Shamans would end in their deaths if they were even the slightest bit

careless. The fact that Su Ming did not reject him right from the get go was already a good thing in Wu Duo's books.

He knew that Su Ming was a cautious person. It was something he had learned when they had met and worked together before. He also knew that if Su Ming said that he would think about it, then he would definitely do so instead of using it as an excuse. That was why he did not continue trying to persuade him. After all, even if he truly wanted Su Ming to join him, if he said too much, it would just end up backfiring on him.

Wu Duo talked to Su Ming a little more about the legends in the World of Nine Yin, and when dusk was about to arrive, the two of them left the place.

Su Ming did not immediately return to the inn, but started taking a stroll around Shaman City. There were quite a large number of shops there, and they were selling a lot of items Su Ming had never seen or heard of before. In fact, there were also some herbs that were usually rare in the world outside being sold in large quantities here.

In Shaman City itself, Su Ming could already find about seven to eight of the herbs drawn on the bamboo slip he had, which had a large amount of medicinal herbs listed on it. This made him incredibly excited. After all, while Su Ming was still reluctant to use the Spirit Plunders he had to open the next door in that strange dimension, but as time passed by, there would come a day where he would still need to create the medicinal pills that came after Spirit Plunder.

Even if he did not know what the next medicinal pill was called, and neither did he know what sort of herbs he needed, but if he bought some of every type of herb he could find, he would still be able to get some that were useful to him.

In his excitement, Su Ming spent almost all of his time the next few days in search of herbs in Shaman City. Not only did he

manage to find a large number of medicinal herbs listed on the bamboo slip, he also found all the materials required to make Scattering Dust, South Asunder, Mountain Spirit, and even Spirit Plunder!

All of these materials were sold separately and in small amounts. In fact, there were quite a number of these herbs that were used in other manners, but in Su Ming's eyes, these herbs were all treasures.

However, the number of Shaman Crystals Su Ming had was incredibly limited. While the price for these herbs was not high, if Su Ming wanted to buy all of them, then he would still need to spend quite a lot of Shaman Crystals. Besides, Wu Duo had also mentioned that if he wanted to try his luck during the treasure gambling event, he would need to prepare a large amount of Shaman Crystals.

Nonetheless, Su Ming did not have too much of an interest towards this treasure gambling event. To him, the percentage of being able to win was simply too low in this sort of treasure gambles. He did not have too many Shaman Crystals for him to gamble anyway. The disparity between the effort and reward was simply too great.

‘I can choose not to enter the treasure gambling event, but I’m almost running out of Shaman Crystals to buy these herbs. This is a little troublesome...’

Half a month later, Su Ming stood by the window in his room at the inn, caught in a mix of joy and gloom. He was happy because he had browsed through almost all of the shops in Shaman City and bought a large amount of medicinal herbs, causing him to be confident in being able to create more medicinal pills. He could even create about ten Spirit Plunders from the herbs he had at hand, though it was still a problem for him to get living dead people.

But he was feeling dejected because he was running low on Shaman Crystals. When he saw that there were some medicinal herbs that he could not buy, he was worried that once he missed this chance, there would be required an unknown amount of time before he could come to the World of Nine Yin again.

‘Oh well, I’ll have to sell medicinal pills. Thank goodness I’ve been asking around in secret when I was buying herbs, so I know quite a bit about this. While the selling and trading of medicinal herbs is incredibly rare here, but there are still people who do it.’

A glint flashed through Su Ming’s eyes, and he made his decision. He had been asking about by beating around the bush during the past few days to know whether medicinal pills such as Scattering Dust could be sold.

Once he walked almost the entire Shaman City, he had actually managed to find a shop with two Scattering Dusts, though there were barely any medicinal properties left in them. However, the smell of the pill allowed Su Ming to recognize that it’s method of creation should be identical to his own Scattering Dust, even though there were still some details that were different about them.

Su Ming lifted his right hand, then once he turned it over, three Scattering Dusts immediately appeared on his palm. The color of the three Scattering Dusts was radiant, and they were letting off wisps of refreshing medicinal fragrance, making them incredibly exceptional.

He stared at the three Scattering Dusts in his hand, then put them away. Once he did so, he sat down cross-legged on the bed in his room and started meditating with his eyes closed. During the past half a month, he did not have time to bother with Lan Lan and Ahu, but he had left the Brand of his divine sense on them. If the two of them got into any sort of danger, then Su Ming would rush over just like he did half a month ago.

Su Ming had made a promise. If he had not agreed to the Patriarch's request from White Bull Tribe, he could have ignored them, but since he made a promise, then he would fulfill his promise to the best of his abilities. Outsiders would only be able to see and think about the rewards he would gain based on the importance he placed on fulfilling promises, but in truth, in his heart, he did not want to break any more promises to anyone else...

That was why even though it did not seem like Su Ming was placing a lot of attention towards Lan Lan and Ahu, that was not the case in reality.

Night went by. When the next morning arrived, Su Ming opened his eyes, and a glint appeared within them. He got up and left the room. Nan Gong Hen was still in isolation, having not left his room during the past half a month. Su Ming swept his gaze past Nan Gong Hen's room, then looked away and left the inn.

After a brief stroll through Shaman City, he changed his appearance without anyone noticing him. His mask was no longer on his face, and he wore a straw hat on his head. He looked a little more built than he originally was. Outsiders would not be able to see the details on the extra mass he gained, but in truth, Ji Yun Hai's black beetles had already stuck themselves on Su Ming's body under his clone's will, causing his body to become taller and buffer by one whole size.

Once he was done changing his appearance, Su Ming appeared outside a large shop in a rather lively street. It was a six story shop, and there were only about ten of such shops in Shaman City.

There was a stone monument stuck right in front of the shop, and there were three huge words carved with a flourish on it - Nine Shaman Pavilion!

Su Ming came to this Nine Shaman Pavilion twice during the past half a month, purchasing a large amount of herbs each time. He

knew that this was a place with nearly all types of herbs, and besides herbs, this pavilion sold almost everything else. It did not matter whether it was Enchanted Vessels, weapons, unique items belonging to the World of Nine Yin, or even some information not privy to others. The things they sold were quite all-rounded.

Su Ming averted his gaze. He was wearing a bamboo hat at the moment and had his divine sense enveloping his entire body, which also had the power of his Nascent Soul fused within, causing his aura to be incredibly mixed up, but also looking quite balanced. He walked into Nine Shaman Pavilion.

The ground floor of the pavilion was huge and looked incredibly spacious. There were three big, broad stone walls that were several dozens of feet tall right at the center of the building. On these stone walls there were some glowing words, and there were some Shamans who were reading them at the moment.

Occasionally, they would walk hastily towards the shop attendants dressed in uniforms waiting on both sides of the stone walls. Usually, after a brief, hushed exchange, the attendants would guide them to enter one of the dozens of closed off chambers located around the hall on the ground floor.

Su Ming had come to this place twice before, so this was his third time here. He was already familiar with the place. He knew that the glowing words on the three stone walls were the items that were for sale, and if people were interested, they could go to the shop attendants to make a deal.

Right at the back of the hall on the ground floor was a Relocation Rune that was several dozens of feet big. This Rune would only relocate a person to one place, and it was the first floor, and besides this Relocation Rune, there was no other way to enter the first floor.

Su Ming swept his gaze across the hall. No one was able to see his appearance, since it was covered by the straw hat, but that messy

but balanced aura had captured the shop attendants' attention. One of them, a middle-aged man, immediately took a few steps forward to stand in front of Su Ming and wrapped his fist in his palm before bowing towards him.

"My friend, how may I serve you?" The middle-aged man was a Medial Shaman, and he did not seem too weak. He looked at Su Ming with a smile on his face.

"I'm here to sell things," Su Ming said flatly, and his words were few.

"Oh? Sir, what are you selling? Nine Shaman Pavilion will offer a satisfactory price for any and all sorts of treasures in the world based on the price they should have." As the man smiled, [he sent his perception outward](#), and when it gathered on Su Ming, a great wave of power immediately bounced off him, causing the man's expression to change, and he instinctively took a few steps back.

"Since when did Nine Shaman Pavilion started being so oblivious to the rules?!" Su Ming's raspy voice came from underneath the bamboo hate. His voice was incredibly ghastly and sounded as if it was a terrifyingly biting, cold chill.

When the middle-aged man was bounced off by Su Ming's divine sense, he felt as if there was thunder booming in his head. The strength of that divine sense was so great that even Latter Shamans would feel fear towards it, much less this male Medial Shaman. The man's face immediately turned pale, and just as he was about to speak, Su Ming let out a cold harrumph and flung his right hand outward, immediately tossing out a small white bottle.

"Bring this to your manager. I will only wait for the time of the burning of an incense stick on whether you will accept this or not!" Su Ming's voice echoed in the air in an aloof manner.

The middle-aged man instinctively caught the small white bottle, and while he was shocked and terrified by Su Ming's power, he opened the bottle and sniffed it after lowering his head. He

frowned. There was a medicinal fragrance within that small bottle that smelled rather extraordinary, but the bottle was empty. There was only some of that fragrance lingering inside.

Out of caution, once the man wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming and bowed, he walked towards the Relocation Rune, then disappeared with a flash.

Su Ming stood in the hall and his expression remained as calm as ever under the straw hat. However, before half the time required for an incense stick to burn after the man disappeared, the Relocation Rune shone once again, and the man walked out with a look of shock on his face. Behind him was an old man.

I realize that I should make an explanation about this. You lot are familiar with divine sense, which is 神识 (shenshi). The Shamans use 感知 (ganzhi), which is perception. Why not senses? Because from what I understand, 感知 isn't used to sense something but to perceive something, hence perception.

Chapter 440: Su Ming's Shock

There were not many changes on Su Ming's face while he remained hidden under the straw hat. However, he did focus his attention and sized up the old man. He looked to be a Medial Shaman as well, but Su Ming noticed that while the Relocation Rune shone and the middle-aged man with Su Ming's bottle was the first one to walk out, he instinctively slowed down a little, causing the old man to be able to overtake him and making the middle-aged man to be the one following.

When this minor detail fell into Su Ming's eyes, it allowed him to find some clues.

There was still shock on the middle-aged man's face. When the old man looked towards Su Ming, he took a few quick steps forward and stopped ten feet away from Su Ming.

"I am Zuo Dao Ming. Sir, this way, please!" The old man turned all his attention towards Su Ming and was very polite towards him. He even wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed.

Su Ming gave him a slight nod, then walked forward in a relaxed manner. The old man followed behind him. When the both of them walked past the spot where the middle-aged man was, the man immediately lowered his head and bowed respectfully.

Su Ming did not bother with the man. He walked straight towards the Relocation Rune with the old man beside him, then as the Relocation Rune shone, they disappeared.

Only when Su Ming left the place did the middle-aged man let out a breath of relief. The memory of him bringing the small bottle to the first floor resurfaced in his mind. The manager of the first floor had originally been displeased about it, but when he took the small bottle over and sniffed it, his expression immediately changed drastically and he quickly went to the second floor. By this point, the man already had no idea which floor manager was

in possession of that small bottle.

However, by the looks of it, that small bottle was definitely not any common item, but the man simply could not wrap his mind around just what made that bottle so extraordinary.

The light from the Relocation Rune made Su Ming's vision blur slightly. A slight medicinal fragrance wafted into his nostrils. That scent was very odd, but when he tried to get a detailed sniff, it was gone.

Besides that medicinal scent, the first thing Su Ming saw was a man sitting by a desk made of purple wood, positioned right ahead of him. That man wore a white, long robe, and his face was as fair as a piece of jade. The man was incredibly handsome, and while he was a little old, the thin beard on his face made him seem even more striking.

He had his head lowered as he sat by the desk, and he was holding Su Ming's bottle in his hand. There was a slight crease between his brows, making it seem as if he was frowning. Occasionally, he would take a sniff from it, and then he would close his eyes slightly.

"Grandmaster Yu, I brought him here." Once the old man by Su Ming's side bowed to the white-robed man respectfully, he took a few steps back into the Relocation Rune. This man might not have given him even the slightest bit of attention, but he did not mind. The Rune shone once again and he disappeared.

At that moment, only Su Ming and the white-robed man remained at this floor of the pavilion.

Su Ming remained calm. He could not really gauge this man's level of cultivation. When his divine sense fell on the person, a gentle power bounced it away, but that power was not alive. It actually felt quite rigid. Clearly, this person did not have a power that far surpassed Su Ming's own but instead had some treasure that made it hard for others to examine him using divine sense.

If Su Ming truly wanted to check this man's power, then he would need to force his way through. While he had the confidence that he would be able to break this power that bounced him off, there was no need for him to do so.

The white-robed man did not speak, and neither did Su Ming. He swept his gaze across the floor. This was a room that absolutely could not compare to the size of the ground floor; it was only about a third of it. There were a dozen something illusory, glowing objects floating around, causing this floor to be brightly illuminated.

There were black stone boards spread on the floor and even some sculptures that protruded off the walls around them. These sculptures were not of birds, but were an endless amount of plants and flowers that looked alive. It was a pity that they did not have color, or else there was a possibility that a person would feel confused as to where he was when he cast his first glance into the room.

Right before Su Ming and behind the white-robed man sitting by the long purple wooden table was a window. Sunlight shone through it, making the room seem like a fantasy.

When Su Ming was about to look away from the window, his gaze suddenly focused, and he cast a scrutinizing look at the sky outside the window, and then, he felt his heart quiver.

What he saw was an endless mass of sky; he could not see the ground.

'This isn't the first floor... If it was, then I would be able to see the ground. Judging by the height, this floor is at least the third floor.' Su Ming no longer looked at the window, but cast his gaze at the center of the floor.

There were three incense burners of the same size there. They were all about half the height of a person, and it would take two men to fully encircle them. Wisps of green smoke floated up from

them, turning into layers of smoke rings that spread in all directions.

The incense burners were not of a single color, but were instead of a variety of them. They looked incredibly pretty, but Su Ming only let his gaze stay on them for a moment before he looked at the thing placed at the center of these three incense burners.

It was an oval-shaped stone. It was dark red and did not look smooth. It actually looked very ugly. There were even a lot of holes decked on it, and judging by the looks of these holes, they did not seem as if they were formed naturally, but were made by man.

That stone was very big and surpassed the height of those incense burners. It was twenty something feet tall, and it was about the size of several of these incense burners. It was placed at the center of this floor and stood out like a sore thumb.

As the wisps of smoke rising from the three incense burners turned into smoke rings in midair and started spreading out, some of them were absorbed by the small holes on the stone. Later, they would seep out from another hole. There had to be some sort of unique changes made within the stone that caused the smoke that seeped out of the stone to turn into smoke butterflies that looked as if they were dancing in midair.

Even though they disappeared quickly, new smoke butterflies would reappear. The cycle repeated, and it could be even said that the sight could not be compared with anything else in the world.

Su Ming took a few steps forward and stood before the big stone to look at the wisps of smoke surrounding that stone before turning into pairs of butterflies that danced with each other. Suddenly, the faint medicinal fragrance that he'd sensed before spread out faintly once again. The origin of it was between the stone and the three incense burners. Su Ming could smell it straight away, but when he tried searching for it, the smell was already gone again.

As he looked at the stone, Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He extended his divine sense to the stone, but the instant his divine sense touched it, it was immediately absorbed by a powerful suction force. It was like a piece of stone sinking into the ocean. Unless he withdrew his divine sense right when he touched the stone, perhaps a large amount of his divine sense would be devoured.

Su Ming's expression changed under the straw hat. He stared at the stone, and a surprised glint appeared in his eyes.

Right at that moment, the faint and indistinct medicinal fragrance reached him once again. This time, even though the fragrance was still as faint as ever, but it was a little thicker than before. When Su Ming smelled it, while his expression remained as usual under the straw hat, he was already shocked to the core.

Because right at that instant, he felt a faint ripple spreading out from the storage bag in his bosom. That ripple might only have lasted for an instant and everything returned to normal right at the next moment, but Su Ming knew that he was not imagining things.

Besides his clone and the Poison Corpse, there seemed to be nothing else that could send out ripples from his storage bag, but the thing that made Su Ming shocked was not the clone, neither was it the Poison Corpse... Naturally, it was not the strange snake either. It was instead a material Su Ming had obtained a long time ago to create medicine!

It was a small, black, humanoid creature contained within a gigantic mountain rock as if it was sealed within! Su Ming had obtained that rock from the auction hosted by Western Sea Clan outside Freezing Sky Clan. It was one of the main ingredients to make the Welcoming of Deities.

Those ripples came from the mountain rock, or more accurately speaking, they came from the small black humanoid that looked as if it was dead!

This item had once caused a small stir in the past, and after that, due to the Battle of Sky Mist, Su Ming hadn't had the time to ask around about what happened to the person from Enlightenment Gathering Tribe. In fact, he had already forgotten about this.

When he saw the ripples from the mountain rock, Su Ming was shocked.

He might have only seen this stone once, but through the discussions he had with Wu Duo, if he still could not recognize that this was the Crimson Stone that was used in the treasure gambling event, then he was no longer Su Ming.

'A small number of these Crimson Stones used for the treasure gambling event contain either completely fossilized, partially fossilized, or... herbs that are not fossilized at all. This is... incredibly alike to the small black humanoid contained in my mountain rock! However, one of them contains herbs, and the other a humanoid thing!

'Wu Duo also said before that there are not just herbs contained within these Crimson Stones, there are many other things contained inside as well!' Booming sounds were going off in Su Ming's head. He had never linked these two items together before, but the mountain rock's ripples had lifted a corner of the fog's mystery!

'Could it be that the mountain rock containing this black humanoid actually came from this place?!' Su Ming was in shock as he looked at the stone before him. He was absolutely certain that the fragrance did not come from the incense burners' smoke from that stone.

After all, the smoke from the incense burners was constantly around, and was unlike the medicinal fragrance, which was always faint and indistinct.

Su Ming stood there for a moment before he took a few steps forward and got closer to the stone. He closed his eyes, and after a

long while, the medicinal fragrance appeared once again. He sucked in a huge breath, and as he breathed in, a large amount of that medicinal fragrance entered through his nostrils and surged right into his mind. At that instant, he placed his divine sense on his storage bag to observe the black humanoid sealed in the mountain rock.

It was right at that instant that Su Ming felt the small black humanoid shuddering a little, and he felt those ripples clearly. More ripples spread out, and if it was not in the storage bag and Su Ming didn't have his divine sense hiding it, then the people around him would have definitely been able to sense it as plain as day.

Soon after, Su Ming's divine sense immediately saw black light flickering on the mountain rock in the storage bag and the small black humanoid shivering. Then, right in the midst of it all, a faint and blurry picture appeared at the center of its brows.

That picture was of an herb with seven leaves, and each tip of these leaves was sharp, looking like that of a poisonous snake's head. In fact, there was even one of the poisonous snake-head-like leaves that would occasionally hiss with its forked tongue out of its mouth, and it looked as if it was alive!

However, that was the only leaf that acted in that manner. The other leaves were dull, as if they were void of life, and only contained the shape of a poisonous snake's head.

"Sir, you have been watching this Crimson Stone for a long time. Could it be that you've seen it before?" As Su Ming's heart was filled with shock, a gentle voice reached in his ears.

"Sir, you have been watching the small bottle for a long time as well. Could it be that you've smelled that medicinal scent before too?" Su Ming asked flatly, having turned around and quelled the shock in his heart.

Chapter 441: Dragon Leaf

"I bought this Crimson Stone many years ago at a treasure gambling event, but even after digging out all those holes to explore the stone, I didn't manage to find anything. Breaking it would be a waste, so I wrote a method and turned it into a decoration to generate these dancing butterflies." The white-robed man smiled faintly. He lowered his head and looked at the bottle in his hand, and faint sentiment appeared on his face.

"As for this medicinal fragrance, not only have I smelled it before, I have even seen the treasure. Judging by the medicinal fragrance remaining in this bottle, there should have been many Scattering Dusts contained inside before, and it has been less than three days since they were taken out." The white-robed man lifted his head and looked towards Su Ming.

"Sir, how many Scattering Dusts do you have? We of Nine Shaman Pavilion want all of them!"

"How much will you offer?" Su Ming's expression was calm when he asked languidly.

"It doesn't matter whether you want Enchanted Vessels, Shaman Crystals, information, medicinal herbs, or anything else. Choose one of them, and I will give you a satisfactory answer," the white-robed man said firmly.

"Shaman Crystals," Su Ming said calmly.

"I will give you twenty thousand superior Shaman Crystals for one Scattering Dust. The more you have, the more I will offer you." The white-robed man smiled faintly.

If Su Ming had mentioned anything else, he might not have been able to offer such a deal. However, since he asked for Shaman Crystals and since Nine Shaman Pavilion had prepared a large amount of Shaman Crystals for the treasure gambling event,

offering this amount was not a loss for them in his eyes.

"I don't quite understand. Why is this Scattering Dust so valuable?" Su Ming asked.

"Haha! Sir, why do you ask even though you already know the answer? These Scattering Dusts can help us obtain the protection of the Spirits of Nine Yin, and since they are rare, it would be an incredibly fortuitous event for us if we were able to find any. So it is only natural that the price for them is high."

The white-robed man smiled, then said with a shake of his head, "If you have three, I can give you thirty thousand Shaman Crystals for each. If you have nine, I can give you fifty thousand Shaman Crystals for each. If you have more than nine, then I will add five thousand Shaman Crystals to each additional Scattering Dust!

"Sir, how many do you have?"

A light crease appeared between Su Ming's brows, though it was hidden by the straw hat. The price this man offered was filled with temptation, and based on his reaction, he was certain that these Scattering Dusts were not just for him to obtain those Spirits of Nine Yin. There was a high possibility that he had another use for these medicinal pills.

Su Ming mulled over it for a moment, but since he needed a large quantity of Shaman Crystals at the moment, he decided to simply force down his doubts. He said slowly, "The price of one for thirty thousand isn't high. That's not enough for us to split among ourselves."

"Oh? Sir, so you know the value of these Scattering Dusts as well? We of Nine Shaman Pavilion..."

The white-robed man's face was calm, but a thought had bloomed in his head. The 'we' in Su Ming's words had caught his attention. Clearly, this person was not acting alone but was a member of a group... When this thought appeared in his head, the

white-robed man shook his head with a smile, and as he spoke, his words were cut off by Su Ming, who interrupted with a low voice.

"There were only three Scattering Dusts in the bottle," he stated flatly.

The moment these words came out, the white-robed man's pupils shrank and his expression immediately changed. He brought up the small bottle and took a sniff once more before he closed his eyes.

After a long while, he opened them and looked towards Su Ming.

"From what I deduced, there should have been at least seven to eight of these pills in this bottle. But since you're certain that there were only three, then it's clear that their quality is much higher than of those I've met before.

The white-robed man remained silent for a moment before he said, "If that's the case, and if your Scattering Dusts are indeed of high quality, then I will buy each of them for fifty thousand Shaman Crystals! However, I must take a look before I can make my final decision."

Su Ming lifted his right hand, and as he flipped it over, he flicked his hand towards the white-robed man. Immediately, a ray of green light containing a medicinal pill within shone and charged to the man.

The instant the man lifted his hand to grab it, the pill suddenly sped up, causing the man to grab at air, and during that moment, the medicinal pill closed in on the center of his brows. As the man's expression changed, the pill came to a halt three inches away from the center of his brows and stayed there, remaining still while floating in the air.

The man's pupils shrank. He hesitated for a moment, then lifted his hand slowly and grabbed that Scattering Dust. A hint of wariness appeared in his gaze when he looked towards Su Ming.

To him, if the stranger could throw that Scattering Dust to him so confidently, then it simply went to show just how confident this person was in his heart. Unless, of course, he was a moron. If he was not, then if this person could do such a thing without any hesitation, then it meant that he was very confident and was completely not bothered by the possibility of the white-robed man doing anything that could bring harm to him.

But if that was all Su Ming did, the white-robed man would have still continued making assumptions, but when that Scattering Dust flew towards him, the sudden change of speed actually gave him no chance to dodge. The blatant intimidation forced the white-robed man to believe in his own assumptions.

He brought that Scattering Dust to his eye and looked at it carefully, then sniffed it. His expression changed constantly. He was first stunned, then surprised, and his face gradually settled on disbelief. Eventually, he sighed. He tapped his bosom with his left hand, and when he lifted his hand, there was a green medicinal pill on his palm.

It did not matter whether it was the size or the color, the medicinal pill he had was incredibly similar to Su Ming's Scattering Dust, but the feeling these two pills gave to others was this - One was dull, and the other was overflowing with life.

The difference of quality between the two was instantly determined!

Once the white-robed man finished comparing both pills, he put away his Scattering Dust, then brought out another item from his bosom with his left hand. It was a brocade box. Once he placed that box on the purple wooden desk by the side, he opened it cautiously right before Su Ming.

Su Ming looked over at the box, and his eyes immediately shrank. There was a three-leafed herb inside.

Two of the three leaves seemed to have withered, and the one

that was not withered was sharp like a poisonous snake's head. However, while it might not have withered, it looked rather listless, as if it no longer had much life left inside.

The white-robed man cautiously brought Su Ming's Scattering Dust towards the living leaf with two of his fingers pinching that pill, but right the instant he brought that Scattering Dust close to the leaf, the leaf that looked like a poisonous snake's head suddenly lifted itself and even hissed while sticking out a tiny forked tongue with hints of green in it, just like a real poisonous snake. It charged straight towards that Scattering Dust.

The white-robed man swiftly pulled his right hand back and brought his left hand to the lid of the box, slamming it shut with a bang. His lips curled up into a smile.

"There's no wrong about this. If it can make the Dragon Leaf Grass so excited, then it's definitely Scattering Dust. You actually have Scattering Dusts that have perfect quality? We of Nine Shaman Pavilion will buy all three of your pills for seventy thousand Shaman Crystals each. If you have more, I can add to the price!" The white-robed man looked towards Su Ming, waiting for his answer.

"I only have three. I'm fine with seventy thousand for each, but I want that stone!" Su Ming stated calmly, pointing towards the Crimson Stone at the center of the incense burners.

The white-robed man hesitated for a moment. "About that... While that stone is a useless stone, but when I bought it, I spent a lot of Shaman Crystals to get it... If you can sell one more Scattering Dust to us, then we might be able to make a deal for it."

"I only have three." When Su Ming saw that the man still couldn't make his decision, he turned around and walked towards the Relocation Rune.

"Brother, wait. All right, I'll just treat this as a gift for a friend. I'll give the stone to you!" the white-robed man immediately said.

Chapter 442: Same!

Su Ming stopped moving, then turned his head around to look at the white-haired man.

The man lifted his left hand and brought out a storage bag from his bosom. Once he briefly sorted and counted the things inside, he threw it towards Su Ming, and that bag immediately charged towards him. Once he caught it, Su Ming turned his attention towards it.

There were exactly two hundred and ten thousand Shaman Crystals in there. This large sum of money was perhaps nothing to the people in the World of Nine Yin, but to Su Ming, this was the largest amount of Shaman Crystals he had ever possessed.

However, compared to these Shaman Crystals, Su Ming was more concerned about the Crimson Stone placed in the middle of the room! He took a few steps forward, and right under the white-robed man's eyes, he walked up to it, then lifted his right hand and swung it forward. Immediately, the gigantic Crimson Stone disappeared into his storage bag. However, Su Ming was very cautious, he did not place the stone in the same bag as the black humanoid but in another bag.

Once he placed the Crimson Stone away, Su Ming brought out the remaining Scattering Dusts from his bosom and flicked his wrist at the white-robed man. Immediately, those Scattering Dusts flew out. Once the man caught them, Su Ming turned around and walked towards the Relocation Rune.

The Relocation Rune shone. When Su Ming disappeared, the white-robed man lifted his head and a dark expression appeared on his face. He looked as if he was hesitating about something, but at that moment, ripples suddenly appeared behind him, and an old man wearing a long black robe walked out with a snake-head cane in his hand.

The white-robed man immediately lowered his head and bowed towards him. He looked incredibly respectful.

Once the old man walked out, he looked at the Relocation Rune, which Su Ming had used to leave, and spoke in a hoarse voice. "This person's power is very diverse. I can feel a sort of threat coming from him. Don't think about anything else."

The white-robed man lifted his head and asked hesitantly, "He could make you feel threatened, my liege? Could it be... This person is an End Shaman?"

The old man remained silent for a moment before he asked unhurriedly, "There's that possibility. Just what is the deal with your Crimson Stone? And how many Scattering Dusts do we still need?"

"My liege, I obtained this Crimson Stone by chance in the past. It was one of the stones used during the past treasure gambling events. I originally wanted to examine it, but it was empty. It's a useless stone.

"As for the amount of Scattering Dusts we still need, with the three good quality pills we obtained today, we will still need two more and we'll be all ready!" the white-robed man immediately said.

"Two more..." The old man fell into a moment of pensive silence before he turned around and disappeared into the distorted ripples.

As for Su Ming, once he walked out of Nine Shaman Pavilion, he did not immediately return to the inn, but started taking a stroll around Shaman City. He had his divine sense spread outwards, and once he was certain no one was following him, he returned to his original appearance and put on the black mask. When evening arrived, he had already gone to a large number shops in Shaman City and spent almost one hundred thousand Shaman Crystals to buy all the medicinal herbs he needed before he returned to the inn

with a calm expression.

Once he returned to his room, it was already slightly dark outside. Su Ming sat down cross-legged and filled the entire area with his divine sense, causing the place to be within his control. Then, he took a deep breath, and brought out the mountain rock he had bought from the auction hosted outside Freezing Sky Clan from his storage bag. As he looked at the small, black humanoid sitting cross-legged inside, Su Ming narrowed his eyes.

"Just what is this thing... I only know that its finger is one of the main components I need to create the Welcoming of Deities..." he mumbled, and he sized up that small black humanoid.

There were certain properties within this mountain rock that were similar to a Crimson Stone's, but it was difficult to use divine sense to perform a complete check. Su Ming had not linked the both of them together before, but at that moment, as he looked at this rock, he began to find an increasing amount of similarities between them.

After a moment, Su Ming averted his gaze and lifted his right hand to slap his storage bag. Immediately, as a dark red light shone, that gigantic Crimson Stone appeared before him.

The instant that Crimson Stone appeared, Su Ming immediately saw the small black humanoid in the mountain rock shuddering as if it was struggling to open its eyes. The picture at the center of its brows began flashing, and the seven poisonous, snake-head-shaped leaves appeared once again.

The small black humanoid began trembling more furiously with each passing moment. Waves of black mist began spreading outwards from its body as if a drop of ink had fallen into water and was spreading outwards through that transparent mountain rock.

At that moment, Su Ming's pupils shrank. A sense of danger suddenly formed in his heart, and it was one that arrived incredibly abruptly.

"Give it to me... Give it to me.." Suddenly, a hoarse and hate filled voice echoed in Su Ming's mind. When that voice spoke, Su Ming's divine sense, which was hanging around in the room, immediately sensed a cold chill. That voice seemed to have come from ages ago, and his words were filled with longing and age. It could make the people who heard it feel as if they were rotting away.

"Give it... to me... I promise you a life of riches... I will give you a life where you are given the highest form of respect... Give it... to me..."

There was a strange power contained in the voice. As it spread around the room, it stirred up Su Ming's divine sense, causing an endless amount of distortions to appear around him, and all the things that contained physical form in the room looked so indistinct that they even lost their general form.

Su Ming's gaze sharpened. As his divine sense was shaken and sent into a state of agitation, he let out a cold harrumph and cut off that voice that was spreading outwards. With a wave of his arm, he immediately put away that mountain rock containing the small black humanoid into his storage bag and placed a seal outside the bag rapidly with his divine sense!

"Give it to me... Give it to me... Give it... to me.." The voice in the storage bag started fading away only after a long while. It grew increasingly weaker, and eventually, under Su Ming's observing eyes, the small black humanoid slowly calmed down. The black mist that had spread out also started flowing backwards, little by little, returning to the small humanoid's body.

As the black mist disappeared, that sense of danger Su Ming had felt also went away. His eyes sparkled, and when he turned his head back to look at his surroundings, his pupils shrank. All the things in the room had turned to dust. When Su Ming looked at them, that dust was disappearing into the ground.

The entire room was now empty.

Only the Crimson Stone remained a quiet existence before Su Ming. Not a hint of change could be seen on it.

Su Ming remained silent for a long while, and a frown could be seen constantly between his brows. This was the first time Su Ming had heard that small, black, humanoid's voice. He had originally thought that it was a dead thing, but now... it did not seem so.

‘Just what is that small, black, humanoid thing..? Why did such a change happen to it when it saw that Crimson Stone? And could it be that the flashing picture at the center of its brows is actually the thing contained within the Crimson Stone?’ Su Ming looked at the Crimson Stone, and a look of resolution appeared briefly in his eyes.

‘I can put aside the matter of what that small black humanoid is for now. As for the Crimson Stone... If it is empty, then nothing will change. But if there really is a medicinal herb in there that no one could find, and that medicinal herb is really the picture at the center of the small humanoid's brows, then...’

Su Ming stood up and moved beside the Crimson Stone. After casting it a few glances, he lifted his right hand and pressed it on the ground. With that, the Crimson Stone immediately started trembling and chips fell off.

Su Ming frowned. The power of that one palm strike just now was enough for him to split apart mountains and break stones, but when it fell on that Crimson Stone, only a small part of its outer layer was crushed.

He looked towards the numerous small holes on the Crimson Stone, took a few steps back, then green light shone at the center of his brows. The small sword immediately flew out, and with a sword whistle, green light began shining brilliantly. The small sword charged towards the stone and sliced down on it.

With that one slash, rumbling sounds immediately rang out. If Su Ming had not sealed his surroundings with his divine sense, that

sound would have immediately spread through the entire inn.

Once those rumbling sounds died down, the small sword was lifted up. A crack that was about three inches deep appeared on the outer layer of the Crimson Stone that was positioned before Su Ming. When he saw this, Su Ming's expression changed.

'What a sturdy rock!' Su Ming remained in pensive silent for a moment, then lifted his right hand and pointed at the small sword. It immediately closed in on the Crimson Stone with a whistle again. This time, the sword did not try cutting down the stone. Instead, Su Ming plunged the sword into the stone with the intention of piercing it through.

With a bang, the small sword was buried deep into the stone, straight up to its hilt. This scene made Su Ming's eyes sparkle. After a moment, the small sword flew out, changed position, then stabbed the stone again.

He repeated the process multiple times, right until the holes that the sword had created after stabbing into the stone and subsequently pulled out formed a straight line that split the Crimson Stone right down from the center.

'This stone is really strange. If I try cutting it down, I can only cut three inches into it, but it's easier if I pierce through it with the tip of a sword...'

Su Ming lifted his right hand, and after one seal, he pointed at the small sword. It immediately rose into midair, and as it shone, the sword swiftly grew larger. Once it turned into a sword that was nearly ten feet long, it cut straight down at the Crimson Stone beneath it, right at its center, where the straight line formed by the numerous amount of sword holes was.

With that one slash, rumbling sounds mixed with cracking sounds rang out, formed as the spaces between the small holes shattered and these holes connected together. As the rumbling sounds disappeared, due to the sharpness of that large virescent

sword, when Su Ming lifted it, the Crimson Stone before him shuddered, crumbled, and split into two halves right from the center.

The center of each half of this big stone was empty. If they were connected together, they would create a spherical empty space. By the looks of it, someone had used some sort of method to separate that part from the stone.

Su Ming took a few steps forward and stared at the two halves of the big stone. Eventually, his eyes fell on the right half of the stone. The faint medicinal fragrance he had detected came from this half.

After a moment of pensive silent, Su Ming controlled the small virescent sword and cut down on that half of the stone, just like he had done before. When he had split that half of the stone into eight pieces, Su Ming picked up one of them.

This was an uneven stone piece that was about the size of two palms. As Su Ming held it, a faint medicinal fragrance wafted into his nose. The source of that scent was indeed from this stone piece.

In fact, Su Ming could even see the broken part of a leaf at the spot he was looking at right then. The leaf had already fused together with the stone piece, but if he took a closer look, he could still that it truly existed.

It was a leaf, but when Su Ming had cut the stone down, he had cut off a corner of that leaf.

Holding the stone in one hand, he used the other to strike the piece repeatedly. His actions were very gentle. A large amount of chips fell off, and gradually, the stone piece became smaller. After two hours, there was only a half of that stone piece remaining in Su Ming's hands.

He stared at it blankly, but gradually, a sharp glint appeared in his eyes, because the stone piece in his hand was no longer dark

red, but transparent...

That transparency was the exact same as the mountain rock's containing the small black humanoid!

Within that transparent stone was a medicinal herb with seven leaves. Six of them no longer had any signs of life, and one of them had even lost a corner as it had extended to the surface of the stone.

However, there was a long leaf with a tip that looked like a snake. Although it was sealed within the stone, it still looked as if it was alive.

Chapter 443: World of Nine Sanctities?

If Su Ming compared the mountain rock with the small black humanoid with the stone in his hand, he would find that the level of transparency of both stones was the same, and by the looks of it, even the components of both stones were the exact same! The only things different were that one was big, and the other small, and one of them contained a medicinal herb, while the other a small, black humanoid.

‘The small, black humanoid came from here! And here I was wondering why the materials for the Welcoming of Deities were so hard to find. Besides obtaining the ninth leg of the spider, which I obtained from Han Mountain City by complete coincidence, I’m positive that the black humanoid will only appear in this place!

‘If that’s the case, than that tail scale from the python should be an item that can only be found here as well. Perhaps I can gather all the materials required for the Welcoming of Deities from the World of Nine Yin!’

Su Ming stared at the transparent rock in his hand and at the seven-leafed medicinal herb inside. The herb’s form was incredibly similar to the herb he saw in Nine Shaman Pavilion earlier in the day. The only difference between them was that his herb had seven leaves, while the white-robed man’s had only three.

Even if he compared the living leaves, the white-robed man’s herb was already very obviously withered, but the herb in Su Ming’s hand was overflowing with life, though something caught his attention as he observed that herb, something that made him narrow his eyes. Because he saw that the remaining six leaves showed clear signs that they were bitten and torn off.

Those bite marks seemed to be left behind by a poisonous snake...

As Su Ming looked at the lively leaf, a picture formed in his head. In that picture, he saw that once this Dragon Leaf Grass was sealed

inside the Crimson Stone, it bit down on one of the leaves by its side and absorbed its life to survive through the endless passage of time. After an unknown amount of time went by, it bit down on another leaf. Once it bit down on all the leaves by its side, it managed to persevere and survive.

"If that's the case, I can understand why it managed to survive... but perhaps, it's not like this," Su Ming mumbled. The herb might be in that transparent piece of stone, but he could still feel a presence akin to that of a ferocious beast coming from inside.

But this was clearly a medicinal herb!

It was this brutal presence belonging to a ferocious beast that made Su Ming feel that perhaps during the instant the herb was sealed, this leaf had swiftly killed the other leaves and absorbed their essence. It also made sure that no other leaves could share the nutrients from the roots with it. By doing so, it had greatly increased the chances of its own survival.

Su Ming could not determine the value of the herb in his hand, and neither did he know of the effects of this medicinal herb. He only knew that the white-robed man had used this herb to test whether his Scattering Dust was real.

Judging by the white-robed man's cautious attitude when he handled the herb, this thing should be extremely valuable. If that was truth, then Su Ming had reason to believe that the herb in his hand was even rarer.

After a moment of pensive silence, he put away the transparent stone into his storage bag and returned to his sitting position in the empty room. His eyes sparkled with an introspective light.

'I was originally uninterested in the treasure gambling event, but... by the looks of it, I must join this event, and not just that, I'm going to use the small black humanoid's unique ability to reap the greatest rewards possible!

‘As for attracting attention and bringing trouble to myself... I now have the warrior spirit’s protection and the chances of having the Spirit of Nine Yin equivalent of an End Shaman attack for me. If that is the case, I might as well... be flashy in the World of Nine Yin!’ A glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. He was a cautious person, but there was also a resolute being lying within that cautious man.

As long as he believed that there was something beneficial for him, he would take action without any hesitation! If the treasure gambling event only relied on luck, he would not have entered. He would not have wanted to waste his time on these sort of things that gave him no certainty of success.

However, the situation now was completely different. Once Su Ming learned of the strangeness of the small black humanoid, he felt his heart start beating in excitement. Even if he put aside the value of the medicinal herbs, there were other items in the Crimson Stones, and once he added all of these things together, this was practically a fortuitous event and serendipity to him. There was in no way Su Ming would give up on a chance like this.

‘Looks like I will change my decision regarding Wu Duo’s offer. I hesitated before because I didn’t want to join, but now... joining that thing is not of a problem to me!’

A cold glint flashed in Su Ming’s eyes. Once he understood that he was going to bring up a storm due to this serendipity, he closed his eyes and immersed himself in his meditation. Since he was most certainly going to join this treasure gambling event, most definitely going to be the center of attention during the event, and absolutely going to cause great bloodshed...

...then right now, he chose to isolate himself during the remaining two weeks he had left till the event. He chose to use this amount of time to make sure that he was in peak condition, so that he could be ready... for the surprise he would bring to these people!

As the treasure gambling event slowly crept in on the people,

more Shamans arrived to Shaman City from all directions every single day. These people who managed to rush over were either lucky that they were Relocated not too far away from Shaman City, or they had extraordinary power, which was why they could eventually reach Shaman City from anywhere within those one million lis.

Shaman City was incredibly lively at the moment. Everyday, numerous intense trades were made, and these trades did not decline in number even when night time arrived.

Even so, there were still very few people who went to the Spirits of Nine Yin. After all, the prices for renting these Spirits of Nine Yin were too high... Besides those from middle-sized tribes or larger tribes who could afford them, most of the others could only sigh in envy.

Half a month gradually passed by with the bustle of activity in the city every single day. Lan Lan and Ahu also stopped wandering about Shaman City after the first few days and chose to stay inside. After all, the situation in Shaman City was a little complicated by then. There were too many people in the city, and these two children, who were not even Fledgling Shamans and who came from small tribes, were nothing but ants to these people.

If they did not have Su Ming's protection, forget surviving in Shaman City, they might not have even been able to see the walls of Shaman City and would have died on their way there.

The last night before the treasure gambling event was the quietest night in the entire Shaman City during the past few days. Almost every single one of the shops had closed and stopped operations early in the day. Most of the Shamans had also returned to their lodgings to meditate in silence so that they could be in the best possible condition to participate in the Shaman Tribe's great treasure gambling event hosted in the World of Nine Yin.

This would be a festival, a competition between their financial

abilities, a clash of luck, and most of all, a test filled with bloodshed!

There was a pavilion located northeast in Shaman City. This was not an inn, neither was it a shop. It was instead the permanent lodgings of Autumn Sea Tribe in this place.

At that moment, there was a woman standing under the moonlight in a room at the top floor of the pavilion. The woman's hair floated in air, and she was dressed in a pink robe. Moonlight fell on her face, revealing a beautiful countenance that would make people's hearts race. She was so beautiful that not a single flaw could be found on her face... Besides her frowning brows and the faint dash of gloominess between them.

The wind was not strong, but it managed to lift up the woman's black locks to float them in the air. She had been standing there for a long time. When the wind gradually became stronger, she lifted her right hand and caught her windblown hair. Under the moonlight, when she lifted her arm, the mark of a crimson dragon could be seen on her snowy white arm!

Wan Qiu, the Sacred Lady of Autumn Sea Tribe...

In another direction in Shaman City was a very extravagantly decorated shop, and in that shop was a woman in white. There were several people standing respectfully before her. All of them were incredibly nervous, and were talking to the woman in hushed whispers.

However, while the woman was listening to their words, the occasional dazed and exhausted look gave people the feeling of her having lost her soul.

The woman's beauty could not compare to Wan Qiu, but there was something ethereal about her. The profound eyes and the gracefulness that radiated off her allowed others to be able to tell that this woman was not from the Shaman Tribe!

She was from the Immortal Tribe. She... was a Celestial Maiden.

In another direction in Shaman City was another pavilion located not too far away from where Su Ming was. Inside it, there was a middle-aged man sitting cross-legged. He was a skinny man, filled with a dignified air, without any anger on his face, the air of a leader. Sitting before him properly were two women.

These two women were almost identical in appearance, but one of them had a gentle look, and the other aloof. Their clothes were also different. The two of them sat in the room with their eyes closed, and they were both exercising their breathing.

"Meng Er, You Er, I will have the both of you by my side during this trip, but it is up to your serendipity this time as to who I will choose to take up my mantle and inherit my legacy." After a long time, the middle-aged man opened his eyes, and his eyes were filled with profundity when he spoke with a hoarse voice.

If Su Ming was there and heard the man's voice, he would definitely find it familiar. If he listened to it carefully and thought about it, then it was highly likely that he would remember that this voice only belonged to one person, and that was Sky Mist's ancestor!

One of the two women was Tian Lan Meng, and the other was Tian Lan You! When Sky Mist's ancestor spoke, the two women opened their eyes at the same time.

A resolute look appeared in Tian Lan You's eyes, and as for Tian Lan Meng, she lowered her head and sighed in her heart.

"Once the treasure gambling event ends, your trials will start!" Sky Mist's ancestor swept his gaze past Tian Lan Meng and a light crease formed between his brows, but he did not say anything.

Time slowly passed by. The nine moons in the sky faded away and dawn gradually approached, causing the world to be plunged into darkness...

In that darkness, Shaman City turned into a large shadow, and if anyone looked from the distance at the city, it would look as if it was a ferocious beast hiding in the dark.

At that moment, on a mountain nearby stood a person dressed in black robes. He looked at Shaman City, and a glint appeared in his eyes.

"I don't know why my master's projection disappeared after his fight with Hong Luo. Now I can't contact him for a short period of time... but I'm still here, so that means that Hong Luo must be gone. Then Destiny... is not a problem to fear!

"Destiny, do you think you can escape from my gaze..? Before master's second projection descends upon me, I will restore order and use this chance to land a great achievement..."

An aloof voice fell from the person's mouth. That person was Di Tian's servant, an Immortal that existed solely for Su Ming in the land of the Berserkers.

"The only thing I have to pay attention to is the End Shaman in this place... and the frightening legend of the World of Nine Sanctities..." The person mumbled to himself and walked towards Shaman City.

Light gradually appeared in the sky at dawn. The darkness on the ground was like a black veil that covered the land and was slowly lifted by an invisible hand, causing the earth to gradually brighten up...

A new day arrived. The treasure gambling event... was about to start!

Chapter 444: Great Treasure Gambling Event!

When sunlight shone through the window into Su Ming's room, he opened his eyes for the first time since he isolated himself half a month ago in meditation. A sharp glint appeared in his eyes. He had already reached the peak of his condition.

As sunlight brightened up the entire room, and Su Ming brought out a small blue bottle from his storage bag at a moderate pace. Once he uncorked the bottle, he took a sniff from it.

'Sea Marrow... This thing can allow me to recover rapidly, perhaps I will be able to use it here.' Su Ming put away the small blue bottle and stood up. Once he smoothed out his robes, he pushed open the door and walked out.

When he walked out, a door nearby also flew open, and Nan Gong Hen walked out of his room full of confidence and spirit. Once he saw Su Ming, he let out a boisterous laugh and wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming.

"Brother Mo, it's been a month since we last met, and you look even more refined than before!"

Su Ming smiled faintly, and when he cast a glance at Nan Gong Hen, he was slightly shocked.

"Brother Nan Gong, your power seems to have become considerably greater. Looks like you didn't just fuse with the Spirit of Nine Yin, you also had a serendipitous event happen to you."

"Haha, this improvement is nothing. But my communication with Sir Han was quite successful," Nan Gong Hen said with a smile and walked down the stairs with Su Ming.

When the both of them walked down, Lan Lan, Ahu, and Qi Dong also walked out of their rooms and bowed respectfully to greet them.

Su Ming looked at Ahu and Lan Lan. The boy and girl were filled with excitement and eagerness. Clearly, they also knew that this was the day of the Shaman Tribe's great treasure gambling event.

Su Ming fell into a moment of pensive silence before he looked towards Nan Gong Hen.

"Brother Nan Gong, I have a request."

Nan Gong Hen swept his gaze past Lan Lan and Ahu, smiled, and asked, "Is it related to these two children?"

"That's right. By the looks of it, they really want to see this treasure gambling event. Once we go there, I hope that you would be willing to take care of them in my place and let them return safely. There might be some changes on my side, and I might be stalled." Su Ming gathered his thoughts for a while, then wrapped his fist in his palm to Nan Gong Hen.

"That's easy. Brother Mo, you don't have to worry. If I can't even protect a pair of children, then I would be too embarrassed to face you." Nan Gong Hen spoke solemnly, with a stern expression on his face.

"Thank you very much!" Su Ming nodded.

"Brother Mo, let's not talk anymore. We should be heading to the treasure gambling event. Whether or not we can reap any rewards will entirely depend on our luck!" Nan Gong Hen said quickly, and once Su Ming agreed, the two of them brought the three youths and left the inn. Nan Gong Hen led the way with familiar ease, and the group moved further into the distance as they charged down the streets.

Almost all the people in Shaman City had left their own lodgings and were rushing at full speed towards the center of the city - the spot where the treasure gambling event was hosted.

At that moment, there were a thousand something Crimson Stones of various sizes floating in the sky above the center of

Shaman City. The larger ones were about one hundred feet tall, and the small ones were about the size of a human head. They were densely packed, and while there were only one thousand something of those stones, when people looked over, these stones looked as if they had covered the entire sky.

When the crowd looked over, the sight was a shock to their eyes, and it made them feel as if there was a strong pressure on them.

Those stones shone with a crimson light that looked as if it had dyed half of the sky red. It made people's breathing quicken. The area under those Crimson Stones in the sky was divided into eight part, and there was a platform elevated off the ground. At that moment, there were countless people on that platform.

There was a densely packed crowd around this platform. They did not have the right to be on the platform, but they still had the right to buy Crimson Stones. That was why even though they were standing on the ground, they were still very excited.

There were eight halls floating in the sky right at the center of the floating Crimson Stones, and the platform on the ground. Each of these halls were shining brilliantly, and the people inside were clearly of incredibly high status.

There were nearly a hundred strange Enchanted Vessels floating around the eight big halls. These Enchanted Vessels sparkled and were shaped in the form of a ring, and it looked as if there were numerous rays of light criss-crossing against each other. As they shone, they also let off a sharp feeling.

These Enchanted Vessels were all slowly spinning around. Each time two of these light rings crossed paths, there would be a sizzling sound. These sounds were incredibly piercing to the ears, and they spread in all directions.

Further down, more people were rushing towards the place from all around Shaman City. Su Ming was among them. If they did not have Nan Gong Hen around, they would only be able to join the

treasure gambling event with the crowd standing at the outer ring around the platform. However, with Nan Gong Hen's status, he could bring Su Ming and the others through the crowd and charge straight towards the platform, and they actually found reserved spots near the front.

The people around them were talking to each other animatedly, and their voices rose into a clamor of noise. Almost all of the people's gazes were focused on the floating Crimson Stones in the sky. Those gazes were filled with eagerness, yearning, excitement, and hope...

"It's about to start. Brother Mo, this is the first batch of Crimson Stones that will be sold. Once we start, everyone will fly into midair and examine those Crimson Stones. The stones have numbers right before them, and if you like any of them, remember the number, for there will be held an auction for these Crimson Stones after that.

"The one who offers the highest bid gets the stone!" Eagerness appeared in Nan Gong Hen's eyes, and he began providing explanations to Su Ming.

Su Ming, sitting in his seat, lifted his head to look at the Crimson Stones in the sky. His eyes were sparkling. There were far too many people here, and there were quite a lot of powerful warriors among them as well. It was not convenient for Su Ming to spread his divine sense outward, so he could not locate Wu Duo for the time being.

However, based on his own judgment, even if he did not go and find Wu Duo, Wu Duo would think of a way to find him.

He listened to the commotion in the place. The voices had now fused together to turn into a buzzing that reverberated through the area, causing the treasure gambling event to already be incredibly lively, even though it had not even started.

"This time, I'll definitely find a medicinal herb. I already

prepared a large amount of Shaman Crystals for this treasure event before I came here!"

"This treasure gambling event is a mere gamble for us to reach extreme ecstasy for one instant and for that instant of excitement when we place everything on the line. There's no way I won't get it this time! I'll buy ten stones this round!"

"Heh heh. Compared to buying Crimson Stones, I'm more interested in others opening the stones once they buy them. Their expressions when they find that the Crimson Stones they bought are completely worthless after they spent a large amount of Shaman Crystals to buy them are so very exciting!"

The buzzing filled the air and time trickled by. Once another incense stick finished burning, the one thousand something Crimson Stones floating in the sky suddenly started shining brilliantly. Once that light dyed the entire sky crimson, a hoarse and ancient voice traveled towards the crowd slowly.

"Everyone, most of you came here to gamble for treasure!" As that ancient voice reverberated in the air, the people gradually fell silent, and right before their gazes, the sky distorted, and a person walked out slowly from within.

That person appeared indistinct and his face could not be seen clearly. The crowd could only see that he had a head full of white hair. He looked like an old man, but when he stood there, the pressure he exuded was almost comparable to the pressure of the one thousand something Crimson Stones gathered together, causing the people's gazes to be attracted towards him.

"He's the Great Elder of the God of Shamans Temple. It's said that he's already halfway through to becoming an End Shaman!" Nan Gong Hen said in a hushed voice. Su Ming already had his eyes opened, and at that moment, he looked at the indistinct person in the sky, nodding his head.

"Since most of you came to gamble for treasure, then I won't

waste my breath here. The God of Shamans Temple prepared ten batches of Crimson Stones for the treasure gambling event this time! Each batch contains one thousand Crimson Stones. We have already numbered each of these Crimson Stones based on the rules. You may all now go and choose!

"We have also prepared Enchanted Vessels that are specifically used to open these Crimson Stones. If you use these Enchanted Vessels to crack open your stones, you can let everyone see what is inside your stone even more clearly!" The indistinct old man lifted his hand and pointed at the ring shaped Enchanted Vessels floating in midair.

"However, I will have to remind all of you once again. I don't care about the Crimson Stones you gained through other means, but all the Crimson Stones you bought during the treasure gambling event must be cracked opened on the spot, and you can't just cut it slightly. You must use this Enchanted Vessel to completely shatter it!

"Once we are certain that there are truly no medicinal herbs or anything else inside, we will consider the process of cracking that particular stone open finished. If there are any of you who refuse to follow the rules, then don't blame me for turning against you!" When the old man said the final few sentences, his voice became incredibly sullen.

"Now, the treasure gambling event starts!" Once the old man finished speaking, he waved his arm forward and flew towards one of the floating halls to sit down cross-legged within it. Then, with brightly flashing eyes, he looked downwards.

When Su Ming heard the old man's words, he frowned, but quickly stopped doing so. It was clear that this God of Shamans Temple was worried about some people managing to find treasures without their knowledge, which was why they decided to enforce these kind of rules. By doing so, they could practically control everything in their hands.

By the looks of it, while the people around him might be displeased with this, but most of them had already accepted it, so it was obvious that this rule did not just appear in this event for the first time but had always been around.

‘No wonder Nan Gong Hen knew about the number of rare medicinal herbs that were found during the treasure gambling event. This sort of treasure gambling event then can’t really be considered as such anymore.’

As Su Ming sank into his thoughts, some people flew up into the sky, straight towards the one thousand Crimson Stones in the sky. Soon after, more people flew up. Long arcs charged into the sky with loud howls, and in an instant, those Crimson Stones in the sky were surrounded by a large number of people.

The buzzing of discussions rose up once again, breaking the silence just now, causing the atmosphere to become lively as well.

Nan Gong Hen wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming and got up, then charged towards the sky. Su Ming remained on his seat for a while in silence before he stood up and walked towards the sky as well. As for the youths who could not fly up, they could only watch from the ground in the midst of their excitement.

There were far too many stones in the sky, and most of them were surrounded by a large number of people. These people would either be staring at the stones with sparkling eyes, discussing amongst themselves in hushed tones, or examining the stones while circling around. However, there were seals placed around these Crimson Stones, so people could only look at them but not touch. Else there would be quite a large number of those who would touch them personally to test whether there were truly treasures contained within.

Su Ming walked over slowly and moved past the crowd. He swept his gaze past every single one of these Crimson Stones and kept a close eye on the small black humanoid in his storage bag with his

divine sense.

Chapter 445: Unusual Light

"This stone doesn't look too bad. Look at the pattern. This is a horizontal pattern. I'm certain that there is an Enchanted Vessel in this stone. I did an analysis about this before. Vertical patterns are mostly medicinal herbs. Enchanted Vessels will only appear in those with horizontal patterns!"

"The light shining from this Crimson Stone is the strongest. From my years of experience, there is a seven out of ten chance that this stone isn't empty!"

As Su Ming walked past the people in the air, sounds of discussion fell into his ears. His gaze continuously swept past the Crimson Stones, and when it moved forward, he would also get closer to those stones. However, even after he had walked past a hundred something of the Crimson Stones, he did not smell a single hint of any medicinal fragrance. There was also not a single hint of change in the small black humanoid in his storage bag.

With a calm expression, Su Ming continued walking forward. Time passed by, and when he had walked past five hundred something Crimson Stones, he still had not smelled any medicinal fragrance. The small black humanoid was also as it was originally.

'Could it be that the small black humanoid only notices Dragon Leaf Grass?' Su Ming frowned. He continued walking forward, and when he walked past another hundred something Crimson Stones, he came to a sudden halt. He might not have detected any medicinal fragrance, but the small black humanoid in his storage bag had started trembling furiously.

As it trembled, a picture started flashing rapidly at the center of his brows.

Su Ming focused his gaze on a Crimson Stone that was slightly taller than a person. Besides its size, the stone was no different from the other ones. Su Ming got closer to it, and when came close

to that Crimson Stone, the small black humanoid in his storage bag started trembling even more furiously. Soon after, the flashing picture at the center of his brows gathered together and manifested itself.

It was a black flower, and it only had three petals. Each of the petals wore the ferocious looking face of a ghost. However, the three petals looked rather withered, though there was still some life remaining at its roots.

A barely noticeable glint flashed past Su Ming's eyes, and he remembered the stone's number - 697.

He did not linger around that Crimson Stone, and without batting an eyelid, he walked to the next stone. When he had seen every single one of the Crimson Stones, a bitter smile appeared on Su Ming's lips, which was hidden under the mask.

'Looks like the small black humanoid is only sensitive towards medicinal herbs, or else why would all three of the stones that made excited it consist of only herbs?

'But this is good as well. Among the three of them, there is one that actually has a purple venomous wasp in it...'

Su Ming focused his gaze on the stone numbered 949. That stone was not big and was only about half the height of a normal person. The medicinal herb in it had completely withered away and was fossilized, however, Su Ming saw a purple poisonous wasp at its stamen!

The poisonous wasp looked as if it was deep in sleep and remained still. However, while its life was faint and weak, there was still a hint of it, which meant that it wasn't yet dead!

When Su Ming returned from midair, he waited for a little while longer. More people came back, and all of them harbored their own thoughts in their hearts as they looked at the Crimson Stones in the sky.

"Time's up. Everyone, please move back. We will first auction off a hundred Crimson Stones, and once we finish cutting them, we will continue with the auction!"

The indistinct old man sitting in one of the halls belonging to the God of Shamans Temple spoke slowly. His voice was like thunder rumbling that shook the air, causing the few remaining people who were still lingering around the Crimson Stones to move back to the ground reluctantly with various changes in their expressions.

"Crimson Stone No.1. Based on its size, the starting bid is one hundred thousand Shaman Crystals. The minimum increase in bid is twenty thousand. You may begin!" the old man with the indistinct figure stated calmly.

The Crimson Stones continued floating in the sky, but all the people who had examined them, they were already incredibly familiar with the numbers on them.

Crimson Stone No.1 was a gigantic rock that was thirty feet tall. There was nothing strange about its appearance, besides the slight difference that its patterns were horizontal, not vertical.

Once the old man finished speaking, someone from the crowd immediately shouted, "120,000!"

There might be plenty of people joining the treasure gambling event hosted by the God of Shamans Temple, but seldom would there be people who would place their bids carelessly. If they did not have the power to buy, then they would end up having made a fool of the God of Shamans Temple and made a fool of all the Shamans in the place. This sort of person would not be able to walk out of the World of Nine Yin alive!

"180,000!"

"260,000!"

"320,000!"

"400,000!"

The voices that called for the bids rose continuously, and it was clear that there were quite a lot of people who had noticed the uniqueness of this Crimson Stone. Su Ming sat there and looked at Crimson Stone No.1. He only knew that there should not be any medicinal herbs in that stone, as to whether there was anything else, he could only guess.

"This is a horizontal pattern. Horizontal patterns are rare, and I remember that during the few times they appeared, most of them contained items inside..." Nan Gong Hen mumbled in his seat, and a glint appeared in his eyes.

"500,000!"

Once he shouted that bid, Su Ming smiled wryly and shook his head. He only had about a hundred thousand Shaman Crystals on his person at this moment. Compared to these people, he was really low on funds.

However, since he already chose to come here, he had naturally made some preparations for this event. To prevent incidents where the people did not have enough Shaman Crystals, they could exchange their items for Shaman Crystals, and the God of Shamans Temple were not the only people who would buy them. There were also quite a lot of people who would use the chance to buy them.

Once Nan Gong Hen shouted his bid, while the people around them continued talking among themselves, no one continued placing any bids. The old man who was now sitting at the roof of the hall in the sky swept a glance towards Nan Gong Hen, and without even announcing to whom that stone belonged to, he started the auction for Crimson Stone No.2 leisurely.

This was something that sparked Su Ming's curiosity. He had attended Western Sea Clan's auction outside Freezing Sky Clan before, and in terms of extravagance, Western Sea Clan's auction was incredibly gorgeous. But if placed in comparison with the

Shaman Tribe's auction, the Shamans' auction was more straightforward, and was also larger!

In fact, even the auctioneers' attitudes were completely different. The auctioneer from Western Sea Clan would mostly introduce the items to buyers, doing so with the idea of tempting them to buy those things. However, the Shaman Tribe was clearly holding onto an attitude that said they did not care whether these people bought these stones or not.

However, the more they acted this way, the better the results were. In fact, Su Ming could even feel most of the Shamans around him fighting over the stones...

But soon, he thought of Wu Duo's words and remembered that the God of Shamans Temple was clearly forced into this and was resigned to it, which was why they hosted this treasure gambling event. With that in mind, the people's attitude right then was understandable.

The auction went on quickly. Besides Nan Gong Hen buying Crimson Stone No.1 for 500,000, most of the other Crimson Stones numbered 1 to 100 were sold for 100,000 something Shaman Crystals, or several hundreds of thousands of Shaman Crystals.

When the first one hundred were auctioned off, Su Ming paid attention to the people cutting the stones. He wanted to see just how they would cut those Crimson Stones open.

Nan Gong Hen flew up nervously, and the other ninety-nine people joined him, moving to those Enchanted light rings in midair. The first one hundred Crimson Stones descended automatically from the sky and charged towards the hundred people, and by some unknown method, they flew straight to their respective buyers.

Su Ming gave them a few more scrutinizing looks and understood a little about what was going on. The stones went to their respective buyers because the Enchanted Vessels also had numbers

on them, and Nan Gong Hen was naturally standing right before the ring numbered one, which meant that Crimson Stone No.1 was not flying towards him, but that Enchanted Vessel No.1.

As the people stood beside the Enchanted Vessels and the Crimson Stones descended on them, their expressions became different: most of them looked rather nervous, but they were also expectant.

Compared to them, the crowd of Shamans underneath were even more excited. All of them looked towards them, and the sounds of their discussions continuously rose into the air.

Su Ming turned his attention towards the people in the sky. The buzzing sounds rang incessantly by his ears. He saw Nan Gong Hen taking a deep breath, then lifting his right hand to seize the Crimson Stone in the air. The Crimson Stone immediately floated towards him slowly, and when it got closer to the light ring, the Enchanted Vessel immediately let out a buzzing noise and grew larger in an instant. Once it enveloped the Crimson Stone within, it started spinning about rapidly.

As it spun, a large amount of chips fell from midair. Su Ming's eyes sparkled as he stared at those Enchanted Vessels. This Enchanted Vessel was spinning incredibly quickly, which was how it could make that Crimson Stone become smaller slowly.

'These Enchanted Vessels are used specifically to cut Crimson Stones...'

As Su Ming watched, he saw Nan Gong Hen lifting his right hand rapidly and pointing towards the Enchanted Vessel. At that instant, sizzling sounds spread out, and the Enchanted Vessel that was spinning at high speed slowly stopped. Most of the Crimson Stone was already chipped away by then. Nan Gong Hen walked over in his anxiety and looked at it for a long moment before pointing at the Enchanted Vessel again.

Immediately, as the Enchanted Vessel shone, a sharp needle

appeared. That needle charged towards the Crimson Stone, and as it hummed in the air, it shot straight through the stone!

This repeated many times, and eventually, Nan Gong Hen sighed. As the people saw this, sounds of discussions rose into the air once again.

"He bought it for 500,000, but it looks like there's nothing in there..."

"That's right. There wasn't any unusual light shining just now when he was chipping it away, so it's clear that this Crimson Stone isn't pure..."

"Even if there's any unusual light, it's still useless. There has been plenty of stones that shone with those lights before, but all of them only contained fossilized objects. The ones that are truly useful are rare and in-between."

"Oh well, just break it! It's just a worthless stone!"

Nan Gong Hen was rather unwilling to give up. He glared at the stone, then with gritted teeth, he lifted his right hand and pointed at the Enchanted Vessel once again. Immediately, that Enchanted Vessel shot through the Crimson Stone in multiple places in succession. Suddenly, when the needle shot through the Crimson Stone one final time, a powerful red light shone through a small hole violently. When that light appeared, cries of surprise immediately erupted from the people underneath.

Su Ming, too, immediately focused his attention on that light. Cries of surprise and shock rose all around him and rang in his ears.

"It's the unusual light! That light has appeared!"

"This is the light that will only appear when there is indeed something contained within a Crimson Stone!"

Nan Gong Hen's face was filled with excitement. Just as he was about to continue, a voice suddenly came from one of the eight

halls around him.

"Nan Gong Hen, sell that stone to me! I'll buy it for 800,000 Shaman Crystals!"

Nan Gong Hen hesitated for a moment. His eyes were a little bloodshot as he stared at the unusual light coming from the Crimson Stone. Without another word, he lifted his right hand once again and pointed forward. Immediately, the light ring started spinning rapidly. The Crimson Stone grew smaller, and eventually, when the light ring stopped, what appeared before Nan Gong Hen was a transparent stone that was the size of a fist!

There was nothing in the stone... However, one of its corners was cracked, and there was a sign that it had been pierced through.

Nan Gong Hen was momentarily stunned, then his expression started changing, eventually settling on a bitter smile.

"There was indeed an item contained within the stone, but as time passed by, and because you did not cut through the stone correctly, the item has dissolved into wind. It's a pity, a true pity!" the old man sitting cross-legged on the hall remarked slowly.

Chapter 446: Shadow

After Nan Gong Hen, the other people started cutting away at their Crimson Stones with the Enchanted light rings. Occasionally, that unusual light would appear, and each time it happened, it would attract the crowd's attention.

However, every single time they cut the stones open, every single person would bring out a storage bag and place it on the Enchanted light ring. Only then would they be able to let this Enchanted Vessel operate properly.

Once Su Ming observed several people opening the stones, he averted his gaze to Nan Gong Hen, who came back dejected.

"Brother Mo, my luck is a little too rotten this time in the World of Nine Yin, isn't it..? When I went to rent my Spirit of Nine Yin, I was conned by that old man, and the Crimson Stone I fancied did indeed have something in it, but I broke it..."

Nan Gong Hen laughed bitterly as he watched the Shamans cutting through the Crimson Stones in the sky and listened to the commotion and discussions from the people around them, then sighed.

Su Ming originally wanted to comfort him, but when he was about to open his mouth, he found himself not knowing how to console him. In fact, he even had a feeling that Nan Gong Hen... did indeed have rotten luck.

"Uncle Nan Gong, it's alright. It's just a broken stone. You can buy more afterwards, you'll definitely be able to get a treasure." Lan Lan blinked, then started consoling him.

"It's 500,000! 500,000!" Nan Gong Hen lifted his head and looked at the floating Crimson Stones in the sky. A refusal to admit defeat rose in his eyes.

"Ahem, I think if we aren't too confident, then it's better not to

continue with this sort of gamble. Just now, I truly experienced what the people said by being overcome by extreme ecstasy for an instant and falling into despair in an instant."

Su Ming cast Nan Gong Hen a glance, and when he saw that refusal in his eyes, he knew that all forms of persuasion and words of comfort were useless. He sighed and no longer spoke.

He still could not understand just why these people could be so passionate about this treasure gambling, especially when they were clearly relying on their luck.

As he was immersed in his thoughts, an intense uproar suddenly broke out among the people around them.

"A dual-colored light! It's... It's a dual-colored light!"

"There's no wrong about that. A dual-colored light actually appeared? Damn it, I remember that Crimson Stone no. 87. I... I knew that stone was promising since the start!"

"He sure got himself a good deal. That person spent less than 200,000, and now that the unusual light appeared, the stone's price will instantly increase by several fold. Now that the rare dual-colored light appeared, the value of the stone will reach 1,000,000!"

As cries of surprise rose in the large area, Su Ming lifted his head and looked over. With just one glance, he saw one Crimson Stone among the many Enchanted light rings shining red and blue. These two rays of light criss-crossed and illuminated an entire area of one hundred something feet.

There was an old man standing beside the Enchanted light ring. That old man was now filled with excitement and ecstasy and started laughing heartily on the spot. His eyes shone brilliantly, and with his right hand, he pointed at the Enchanted Vessel through the air. Immediately, the spinning Enchanted light ring started slowing down, and when it finally stopped, the dual-

colored light shone incredibly distinctly before the crowd.

"Continue cutting! By the looks of it, you just need to pierce a hole in there and perhaps a shadow will appear. The moment the shadow appears, the price of the stone will become even higher!"

"I don't think so. The dual-colored light is already rare enough. The chances of a shadow appearing are not high..."

As the old man stopped cutting the stone, the people around started discussing among themselves once again, and some of them even tried cajoling him at the top of their voices. Jealousy, envy, and all sorts of complicated emotions were shown clearly in their words.

"Owner of Crimson Stone No.87, you don't need to continue cutting. We of Deity Ensnaring Tribe will buy that stone for 1,000,000 Shaman Crystals!" a calm voice said from one of the eight halls in the sky.

"You want to buy a dual-colored light stone with just 1,000,000? That stone has two colors, which means that there is definitely something in there. Owner of Crimson Stone No.87, I am Tie Mu from Eastern Goosefoot Tribe, I'll give you 1,300,000 Shaman Crystals, sell it to me!" A voice Su Ming was familiar with spoke from another hall. That voice naturally belonged to the Latter Shaman, Tie Mu.

A hesitant look appeared on the face of the Crimson Stone's owner. He looked at the Crimson Stone, then looked at the two halls the voices had come from. Clearly, the lesson Nan Gong Hen had just received was now clearly making him unable to make up his mind.

"Cut it! Continue cutting into it! Damn it, why are you tempted with just these words? I tossed in 500,000 for mine, and I still finished cutting through the entire stone!" Nan Gong Hen gritted his teeth and glared at the sky while standing beside Su Ming. More blood capillaries showed up in his eyes.

"Brother Nan Gong, what is the deal with this dual light?" Su Ming might have considerable knowledge about the treasure gambling event, but compared to the people who came to this event every single time, there were still certain things he did not know of. When he saw those red and blue lights, he asked Nan Gong Hen.

Nan Gong Hen sighed and started explaining to Su Ming.

"Brother Mo, you might not know about this, but before we cut into these Crimson Stones, there is no way for us of knowing what is inside no matter what sort of method we use, but when we cut them open, there are patterns for it.

"That unusual light is one of the patterns. If there is a ray of light, then it means that the stone is not empty. Perhaps there is a treasure inside, but it could also be a fossilized item, which makes it useless.

"However, if two rays of light appear, then it means that even if it is a fossilized item, it can still be used somewhat... We based this on past experiences. In the history of the treasure gambling event, the highest amount of lights that shone in one go was seven in total, and a rare treasure was found!

"As for the shadow they mentioned, it is also one of the patterns we found. However, the chances of a shadow appearing are less than of those unusual lights. The principle is that the item contained within the Crimson Stone was originally sealed off from the world, and the instant it comes in contact with the world outside, a strange shadow appears for an instant!

"If those unusual lights appear, then it means that there are items contained in the stone, if a shadow appears, then it proves that the item inside is definitely not an ordinary object! However, not all cases are like this, or else I wouldn't have needed to hesitate when I found an unusual light when I was cracking open my stone.

"In the past, there have been stones that looked promising during

the treasure gambling event. They shone with those unusual lights, and some of them even had shadows, but when they were eventually cracked open, they were all empty...

"That is why these so called patterns in the treasure gambling event are all what has been figured out by the goers after groping about for some sort of pattern while observing these stones. They can be said to be true, but they can also be considered false as well..."

As the both of them spoke to each other, the old man who bought Crimson Stone No.87 seemed to have made his decision. Just as he lifted his right hand with the intention to do something, suddenly, a woman's voice came from one of the eight halls.

"If you cut it down, then perhaps a shadow will appear, but that is if you cut open the entire stone, or else you will still only find a dual-colored light. The stone's price will not increase. In fact, there is a possibility that its price will drop. There is even the possibility of you spoiling whatever is inside.

"If I were you, I would sell it now. No matter what, you would still earn a profit. We of Autumn Sea Tribe are willing to buy that stone for 1,500,000."

The instant that voice spoke, a barely noticeable glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, though his expression remained unchanged. He could tell that the voice belonged to the Sacred Lady of Autumn Sea Tribe - Wan Qiu.

An expression of struggle appeared on the owner of Crimson Stone No.87 as he stood in the sky. After a long while, he sighed and wrapped his fist in his palm to bow towards the hall from had come the voice of Autumn Sea Tribe's Sacred Lady.

"If the Great Tribe of Autumn Sea likes this stone, then I am willing to sell it."

Once the old man said those words, a long arc immediately flew

out from the great hall. There was an old man in the long arc. His hair was grey and he wore a blue robe. When he walked out, the ripples showing his power appeared faintly. He was a powerful Latter Shaman.

He walked towards the old man slowly and threw a storage bag by his feet. Without sparing the old man even a glance, he stared at the Crimson Stone in the light ring, and after a long while, he frowned.

"Why aren't you leaving?"

The old man quickly retreated, and as he moved back reluctantly, he kept on turning his head to look at the Crimson Stone.

However, before he even returned to the ground, the Enchanted light ring was immediately activated. Buzzing sounds reverberated in the air, and the Crimson Stone instantly shrank. The Latter Shaman from Autumn Sea Tribe controlled that light ring several times to continue cutting away. He then took a step forward, and with a growl, lifted his right hand and slammed his hand on the stone.

With that one slap, the Crimson Stone that had shrank down immensely and had large amounts of small holes instantly cracked, and the crack connected all the small holes that had pierced through the stone together. With a bang, the stone fell into pieces, and a transparent mountain rock about the size of a head floated into the old man's palm.

The mountain rock was crystal clear, and within it was an iron piece. That iron piece was covered in rust and looked incredibly normal, but there was a faint murderous aura that was spreading out from inside it.

"It's an Enchanted treasure! It's definitely an Enchanted treasure!"

"It's an Enchanted treasure from the World of Nine Yin, one that

has came from ages ago!"

"Autumn Sea Tribe really got themselves a good haul this time. They managed to buy an Enchanted treasure with 1,500,000 Shaman Crystals and without a single risk taken. Heh heh, it's hard to determine the value of that item."

Su Ming stared at the transparent mountain rock in the old Latter Shaman's hand and a glint appeared in his eyes. By his side, Nan Gong Hen looked incredibly dejected, and it was clear that he was plagued by what had happened to him.

The old man who sold the stone for 1,500,000 Shaman Crystals was momentarily stunned, then a variety of emotions flitted through his face. The complicated feeling in his heart would not lose to Nan Gong Hen's. He had sold that stone away because he could not bear the thought of 1,500,000 Shaman Crystals disappearing from his hands within an instant.

The old Latter Shaman from Autumn Sea Tribe smiled as he stood in the sky, then with a flip of his right hand, the mountain rock immediately disappeared. He turned around and walked towards Autumn Sea Tribe's hall. The Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple who was sitting and meditating at the roof of another temple remained expressionless, but if anyone took a closer look, they would find that his pupils had shrank the moment he saw the mountain rock being excavated.

"We will now continue with the auction of Crimson Stones No.101 to No.200!"

When the first one hundred Crimson Stones were all cracked open, the atmosphere in the area had reached its peak, and the crowd became even more enthusiastic in buying the second batch of stones.

"200,000!"

"300,000!"

"350,000!"

"500,000!"

"600,000!"

As the Crimson Stones were auctioned off, the bids continued without stop. Before long, all the stones were bought by the people in a manner as if they were fighting against each other for them.

Nan Gong Hen had wanted to place a bid several times but forced down his urge. As for Su Ming, he simply continued watching and did not join in the bid. He was waiting, waiting for Crimson Stones No.697, 901, and 949.

Su Ming was absolutely certain about these three stones, and as for the others, he would not gamble for them.

Time trickled away, and the second batch of Crimson Stones was cut down. Two of them had shone with that unusual light, but in the end, when they were both cut open, one of them was empty inside, and several hundreds of thousands of Shaman Crystals were gone down the drain just like that.

While there was an item in the other stone, when it was cracked open, the item contained within was already completely fossilized. It crumbled into dust from the slightest touch, disappearing into the air.

Chapter 447: 697!

Su Ming waited patiently and continued watching as the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth batches of Crimson Stones were sold off, then subsequently cracked open by their buyers right before all the Shamans.

The whole time, besides waiting, Su Ming also observed how the people control those light rings, as well as the strangeness of that Enchanted light ring, especially the act of placing a storage bag on it before it could be activated. These observations allowed Su Ming to figure out that the amount of Shaman Crystals those people had bought the stones for should be contained within those storage bags.

Su Ming was also observing the almost crazed Shamans who had their emotions completely ignited around him.

Su Ming had made some brief calculations. Among the opened five hundred Crimson Stones, there were twelve that had shone with that unusual light, but only five of them had contained anything inside, and the rest of them were empty.

Yet even so, only two of the five stones that contained physical items made the crowd burst into commotion. One of them was the piece bought by Autumn Sea Tribe and the other was the rock containing a lock of black hair inside!

The lock of hair inside that palm-sized transparent mountain rock looked alive, as if it still contained ample amounts of life force. It seemed that if anyone crushed that mountain rock, they would be able to extract it in its complete form.

Even the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple was visibly taken by this item, and he bought it at an exorbitant price!

Time continued passing by. It was not midnight. However, under the illumination of the numerous lights from the Crimson Stones

in the sky, the entire land looked no different than it was during the day.

During the time, Nan Gong Hen gritted and bought another Crimson Stone, but...

"Brother Mo, I'm not going to continue anymore, I'll just watch... Ah... I'm just not fated with these one thousand Crimson Stones... Brother Mo, aren't you going to buy some?" Nan Gong Hen looked as if he had submitted to his fate and sighed beside Su Ming.

The three youths beside them were already stunned by what they'd seen. Their faces were filled with shock. The intense atmosphere could easily affect the emotions of all the people in the area, and their self-control would be whittled down to the extreme.

Su Ming nodded. At the moment, the voice of the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple spread through the land languidly.

"The treasure gambling event will not stop until we have sold off all the one thousand Crimson Stones. If there are any of you who are unwilling to continue, you may leave at any time you please. Now, we will begin the auction for Crimson Stones No.601 to 700!" The old man swept his gaze across the land with a calm expression as he spoke.

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. He had been waiting for an entire day for this moment!

"230,000!"

"370,000!"

"420,000!"

It might already be midnight, but the liveliness in the place did not diminish. Instead, it only became even more intense. The bids these people placed had only become higher!

Su Ming kept his silence. He was still waiting, and when Crimson

Stone no. 696 was bought by someone else for 420,000, the auction for Crimson Stone no. 697 started!

The Crimson Stone that was slightly taller than a person looked no different from the other stones and it did not have a flashy appearance. However, only Su Ming knew that there was a three-petaled flower contained inside. Although two of these petals had already withered away, the last remaining petal was alive!

"150,000!"

The instant the auction for this Crimson Stone started, someone immediately shouted his bid. This was not because the person who placed the bid had discovered the uniqueness of this stone, but because this was simply what happened once all the Crimson Stones were placed on bid.

"180,000!"

"200,000!"

"230,000!"

The people continued placing their bids nonstop. Su Ming's expression remained calm, and once someone called out a bid of 230,000, a glint appeared in his eyes, and he placed his first bid ever since he came to the treasure gambling event!

"300,000!"

When Nan Gong Hen heard Su Ming's loud voice, he immediately looked towards him.

The three youths also became incredibly excited.

"350,000!" another person from the crowd placed a bid.

There were too many people in the area, and it was impossible for Su Ming to know who had placed that bid if he did not spread his divine sense. However, since the God of Shamans Temple hosted this event, it was rare for anyone to place a fake bid. If they did such a thing, then they would need to understand the

consequences of their actions.

"400,000!" Su Ming called out without any hesitation.

400,000 was the average price for the Crimson Stones brought out during the latter half of the auction. If they offered a higher price, then if they failed, they would have to suffer the huge pain of such a great loss. Unless they were really confident, the people would usually stop placing bids at this moment. After all, there were still many Crimson Stones after this, and there was no need for them to concentrate on that one piece.

"420,000!" At the moment most people would stop placing bids, someone placed another bid.

"450,000!" Su Ming stated calmly with a calm expression on his face.

Several breaths passed by, and when no one else continued placing bids, the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple started the auction for Crimson Stone No.698.

After a moment, once the Crimson Stones for this batch were all sold off, the people who bought the Crimson Stones flew up with excitement, calmness, or eagerness, straight up towards the one hundred Enchanted light rings.

"Brother Mo, good luck!" Nan Gong Hen wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming, who gave him a nod, sucked in a deep breath, and with one single move, charged towards the sky.

This was the first time he appeared before the eyes of the Shamans to buy his own Crimson Stone in the treasure gambling event. This was also the first time he would cut open his Crimson Stone before the crowd!

This, too, would be the start of Su Ming's parade!

The one hundred long arcs rushed to their respective Enchanted light rings. Su Ming had bought Crimson Stone No.697, and his designated Enchanted light ring was the 97th ring. While he stood

there, he looked at the flashing Enchanted Vessel calmly. He watched as the light ring slowly turned about in its place while a sizzling sounded when the lights criss-crossed with each other.

After a moment, the Crimson Stones numbered 601 to 700 charged towards their buyers. When they appeared before the crowd, Su Ming looked at the Crimson Stone. It was indeed the one he had seen previously. In fact, he could even smell that faint and indistinct medicinal fragrance once again.

Most of the people around him brought out bags containing their Shaman Crystals with different expressions on their faces, but the expectant look was on all them. They placed their bags on their respective Enchanted light rings, and strong light shone from the Enchanted Vessels, as if they had just been ignited.

The crowd also started breathing quicker, standing underneath. Their gazes were fixed on the people in the sky. They wanted to know whether there would be any light coming from the Crimson Stones and whether any treasure would be found!

When ninety-nine of the Enchanted light rings in the sky had been lit up and these people could start cutting their stones, only Su Ming's Enchanted Vessel was not lit, and that created an incredibly obvious spectacle in the sky.

This sort of thing had never appeared today. The people's gazes underneath were instantly gathered on Su Ming, and at the same time they became attracted to the mask on his face, they also recognized him!

"It's him!"

"He reached a tie against Tie Mu, Eastern Goosefoot Tribe's Latter Shaman! His name is Mo Su!"

"Unless he hid his true level of cultivation, then this person is definitely the strongest among all Medial Shamans!"

"I saw him fighting against senior Tie Mu that day. The might of

that battle is something no Medial Shaman could fight against!"

At the same time, the instant Su Ming became the center of attention, the expressions of the people in four of the eight halls in the sky changed as they became affected by different emotions.

Tie Mu sat inside his hall, and there were other members of his tribe sitting around him. The woman was among them, and as she stared at Su Ming, hatred shone briefly in her eyes.

‘It’s him...’

Tie Mu stared Su Ming. While he had come into some conflict with Su Ming, but due to the other’s politeness, he had become slightly fond of him. When he saw Su Ming, he remained expressionless, and the killing intent he had harbored some time ago was no longer there.

Autumn Sea Tribe’s Sacred Lady Wan Qiu stood on the stairs in the other hall as she looked at Su Ming standing in the dark sky and under the illumination of the flashing crimson light in the dark. She frowned.

‘Their bodies are similar, but... the presence this person gives off seems to be... slightly different from his.’ As Wan Qiu became immersed in her thoughts, the red mark of the dragon on her right arm shone faintly.

While Sky Mist’s ancestor remained seated calmly in the third hall, Tian Lan Meng and Tian Lan You, who were sitting before him, looked at the world outside. Tian Lan Meng’s gaze was focused on Su Ming’s body, and there was uncertainty in her eyes.

In the fourth hall was a long-haired woman in white. She stared at Su Ming blankly, and there was confusion along with a mix of complicated emotions in her eyes. If she was not the Celestial Maiden and could still sense the presence coming from that body, which albeit faint, still existed, she would not have been able to recognize that the person she was looking at right now... was him.

"Why did you appear here..? Do you know just what sort of danger you just brought on yourself by appearing here..?" The long-haired woman mumbled in a voice only she could hear, and the confusion in her eyes disappeared to be replaced by a hint of anxiety.

At the same time, there was a person in black robes standing among the crowd on the ground. He lifted his head slightly and a cold sneer appeared on his lips as he stared at Su Ming with a freezing glint in his eyes.

"Owner of Crimson Stone No.697, bring out the sufficient amount of Shaman Crystals and light up your Enchanted Vessel!" When the people's gazes were focused on Su Ming, the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple looked at him and spoke in a low voice.

"I don't have enough Shaman Crystals." Su Ming's expression remained as calm as usual when he looked towards the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple.

The Grand Elder was already halfway through to becoming an End Shaman, and he no longer showed his emotions on his face. At that moment, he looked at Su Ming with his usual calm look on his face and stated unhurriedly, "I will give you the span of three breaths. After three breaths, if you still can't bring out something of equal value to the required Shaman Crystals, then I will kill you on the spot."

Naturally, Su Ming was prepared for this since a long time ago. Without another word, he brought out a storage bag he had prepared and threw it towards the Grand Elder.

The storage bag came to a stop before the old man. He cast Su Ming a cold glance, then lifted his hand to take it. After sweeping a look through the contents, while remaining expressionless, he lifted his right hand and pointed at the Enchanted light ring before Su Ming. The Enchanted Vessel was immediately lit up, and it was

ready to be used at any time!

While the old man might looked as calm as ever, his heart was in shock, because he saw five Scattering Dusts in the storage bag! He had seen Scattering Dusts before and had even consumed one of them. When he saw them, the unique feeling of the Scattering Dusts allowed him to be able to recognize the authenticity of these items with just one glance.

The quality of the Scattering Dusts in the storage bag was also much higher than the quality of the one he had taken!

Chapter 448: Ghost Spirit Flower!

Only Su Ming and the old man knew about what Su Ming gave to him. Although the people had seen the transaction, it was impossible for them to know the details. That was also why the old man from the God of Shamans Temple had remained silent but lit up Su Ming's Enchanted Vessel after he saw the five Scattering Dusts.

Since no one knew what Su Ming had given him, he just needed to bring out an item to replace the contents after this, and these five Scattering Dusts that were clearly of much higher quality would become his own personal belongings.

This sort of trade that seemed obvious to all but was actually very secretive was something the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple had no reason to decline. In fact, he was very happy with the results, and there was a slight difference in the manner he looked at Su Ming. Besides, he believed that even if he wanted to learn about the origins of these Scattering Dusts, he could do so with ease.

'This person has a lot of experience under his belt and is also a wise one...' Once the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple put away the storage bag and cast Su Ming a glance, he no longer bothered himself with him.

Due to this matter, the number of gazes fixed on Su Ming was much greater compared to the other people. However, as the sizzling sounds spread out and the others began to nervously cut into their Crimson Stones, the gazes gathered on his person gradually spread out.

Su Ming did not look at the others. He simply stared at the Enchanted light ring before him and lifted his right hand to place it on the ring. When he closed his eyes, he immediately had a feeling as if he had become one with the Enchanted Vessel, and he felt that

he could control the ring to do all sorts of things when cutting the stone.

He had only watched other people doing so previously. Now that it was his turn to control it, he experienced the feeling for a moment before he lifted his left hand and pointed at the Crimson Stone. Instantly, the stone charged towards the light ring. Once it was swiftly enveloped by the light ring, the Enchanted Vessel started spinning slowly, and each time it spun, a large amount of chips would fall off.

As the light ring spun, Su Ming kept his eyes closed and spread his divine sense in his storage bag to gather on the small black humanoid. After a moment, when Su Ming detected that faint medicinal fragrance once again, he saw the small black humanoid shuddering. The center of its brows flashed, and the strange black flower with the three petals floated above its head once again.

Compared to Su Ming's slow speed, there were already quite a few people who had cut open their Crimson Stones in disappointment, causing the Shaman Crystals they spent to instantly go down the drain.

As time passed by, more of these people who were cutting into their Crimson Stones left with long sighs and disappointed looks on their faces, returning to the crowd with nothing to gain when their Crimson Stones were shattered completely by those light rings.

At that moment, there were only a dozen something people left in the sky who were still cutting into their Crimson Stones. After some time, rumbling sounds echoed, and seven more people's Crimson Stones shattered completely to reveal absolutely nothing within. These people left with bitter smiles on their faces.

Right then, there were only four people left in the air who were still cutting into their Crimson Stones, including Su Ming.

Su Ming still had his eyes closed and did not bother about these

people. He continued spinning that light ring slowly, causing the Crimson Stone to gradually shrink. He occasionally adjusted the Enchanted Vessel's angle while keeping his divine sense focused on the small black humanoid to observe the picture flashing at the center of its brows.

Several breaths went by once again, and once another Crimson Stone shattered, only three people were left in the sky cutting into their stones. However, right at that moment, the Crimson Stone belonging to the Shaman who looked like a young teenage boy among the three people left suddenly shone with a strong red light!

The instant that red light spread out, an ecstatic look appeared on the boy's face.

"It's a light! Haha! I just got myself a light"

The people underneath also looked over, and the instant they saw the ray of unusual light, their spirits were lifted.

However, as the boy's laughter echoed in the sky and he was filled with excitement, another Crimson Stone shone with that same piercing red light as well!

It shone with that unusual light as well! The owner of that Crimson Stone was a middle-aged man. He was built tall and large, which was a clear indicator that he was a Battle Shaman. He licked his lips and laughed. He was right next to Su Ming. Su Ming was number 97, and he was number 96.

Two of the three remaining Crimson Stones shone with that unusual light. This immediately caught an immense amount of attention from the crowd underneath. Uproars and sounds of discussion rose all around the area.

"Two rays of light appeared at the same time, their luck is really..."

"Damn it, I remember that number. So he's the one who offered 50,000 more than me just now? This... This is..."

As discussions rang in the area, Nan Gong Hen cast a glance at Su Ming and shook his head. For some unknown reason, he felt a little better.

As the two people who found those rays of unusual light continued scraping off their Crimson Stones excitedly and even controlled those sharp needles to pierce through the stones, Su Ming continued changing the Crimson Stone's position with his eyes closed and made the light ring spin as he scraped off the external layers of the stone.

Moments later, under the crowd's expectant gazes, the boy who had found that ray of unusual light gritted his teeth in his excitement and had a sharp needle from the light ring pierce through. After repeating the action several times and as the light ring continued with its operations rapidly, the Crimson Stone split into two with a bang.

It was empty...

The boy was momentarily stunned, and just like Nan Gong Hen, he continued cutting at it, refusing to accept the truth. When the Crimson Stone had completely shattered, a transparent mountain rock the size of a fingernail appeared in his hand, but there was still nothing contained within it.

The boy turned pale. The sudden drop to disappointment from his ecstasy came too fast and was too great. It was rather difficult for him to handle it.

When the crowd underneath saw this, they sighed, and as their sighs echoed in the air, someone suddenly let out a cry of surprise.

"Dual color... That's... That's a dual-colored light! The dual-colored light has appeared again!"

"It's really dual-colored! Two dual-colored lights actually appeared among these one thousand stones today!"

As the cries of surprise rang in the air, all the people's gazes were

lured towards the middle-aged man beside Su Ming. At that moment, the middle-aged man was filled with uncontrollable excitement. The Crimson Stone before him was shining in blue and red light!

Amid the buzzing commotion, someone immediately yelled a price to buy that stone. At that moment, Su Ming was immersed in the picture at the center of the small black humanoid's brows in his storage room. He could tell that the picture was not immobile. Instead, as he continued scraping his Crimson Stone, it would change.

In fact, when he adjusted the position of the stone, the flower would also start turning. Su Ming was very careful with his actions. Right then, he opened his eyes swiftly, and with a sparkle in his eyes, he pointed at the Enchanted Vessel with his right hand. Immediately, a sharp needle appeared on the spinning light ring.

Without any hesitation, Su Ming controlled that sharp needle to pierce through one of the sides of the Crimson Stone. Once he repeated the action several times and as the light ring increased its speed as it spun, a bang rang from within the stone, and a small part of Su Ming's Crimson Stone was split off.

As the light ring slowly stopped, Su Ming stood there and sank into his thoughts for a moment. At that time, the man beside him began laughing. He did not bother with the prices being thrown at him. He first cast a smug look at Su Ming, then turned his head around and controlled the light ring to slice down at the stone. At the same time he slashed down, a resolute look appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he pointed at the Enchanted Vessel.

The Enchanted Vessel spun and cut down another small portion of the Crimson Stone before him. He had completed his action almost at the same time as the man, and once the two completed the cuts, the dual colored light coming from the Crimson Stone before the man started shining furiously, and it looked as if it was even stronger than before. That was enough to make all the people

around the area to be visibly taken by it. Even the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple focused his gaze on that stone.

At the same time, as the dual-colored light shone furiously, the sky near Su Ming, behind the man's Crimson Stone suddenly distorted, and as those distorted ripples appeared, a gigantic picture showed up!

Within that picture was a black flower! The flower contained three petals, and each of the petals contained the face of a skeletal ghost. They looked incredibly hideous, causing the black flower to appear terrifying. However, the picture was incredibly blurry, and the onlookers could only see the overall shape of the flower.

The instant the illusionary shadow of the flower appeared, the strongest and most intense cries of surprise as well as uproars rose in this treasure gambling event. There was even an unknown amount of people who had stood up. In fact, some of them had almost flown into the sky instinctively.

"A shadow! That's a shadow!"

"A... A shadow actually appeared? What flower is that?"

"A Ghost Spirit Flower! That's... That's a Ghost Spirit Flower! It's a three-petaled Ghost Spirit Flower!"

"Dual colors and a shadow. Damn it, that Battle Shaman really made a killing this time. We just need to see how far his flower has fossilized. If the fossilization is only of a seven portions of the whole thing and it still contains a three tenths of its medicinal properties, then he will definitely get a price higher than the hair that was sold just now!!"

For the first time, the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple could not hide the brief instance of shock that shook him. He stood up and stared at the illusionary picture of the three-petaled Ghost Spirit Flower with desire shining in his eyes.

He was not the only one. At that moment, almost every single

person within the eight halls in the area were staring fixedly at the picture!

"Ghost Spirit Flower... This flower cannot be made into medicine, but it can give birth to a Ghost Spirit, which is its biggest use. This Ghost Spirit can go anywhere it likes, and it is practically impossible for all seals in the world to try and stop it. Once it hides itself away, it will be incredibly difficult to find that Ghost Spirit... Legend has it that if someone obtained the five-petalled Ghost Spirit Flower, then the Five Ghost Spell might appear...

"The Five Ghost Spell can be fused into the caster's body, and once it is done, the caster will turn into a spirit that cannot be seen even if heaven decided to open its eyes! That Battle Shaman really has insane luck. He... He actually managed to find the Ghost Spirit Flower! Wait, something's not right..." Nan Gong Hen was stunned in his place, and as he mumbled to himself, he suddenly widened his eyes.

The Battle Shaman was laughing maniacally in the sky at the moment. He looked so worked up that it seemed like his blood vessels were about to burst. He shivered, and the only thing lacking in his whole bout of excitement was him lifting his head and roaring at the sky. However, gradually, his expression changed to one of disbelief, and he whipped his head around to look at Su Ming.

At the same time, more people had also begun to tell that something was off...

"What a scam!! The man didn't get that shadow, it's the person beside him who got it!"

"The man still has that dual-colored light, but that Mo Su beside him was the one who got that shadow of the Ghost Spirit Flower just now..."

The noise from the uproars became more intense, and the numerous pairs of eyes straight up ignored the middle-aged man to

focus on Su Ming. Their discussions shook the sky and earth.

Su Ming's expression remained calm, but he was also beginning to feel a little nervous. He did not expect that a shadow would appear for him.

"My boy Mo Su, sell that Crimson Stone to me. Heh heh, we can negotiate the price!" Tie Mu's voice immediately traveled forth from within the eight halls. At the same time, Tie Mu even walked out of his hall and wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming as he chuckled.

Chapter 449: I Wonder, How Much Will You Offer Now?

"Sir, if you sell that stone to the Great Tribe of Sky World, then we are willing to pay 3,000,000 Shaman Crystals for it!" Another person walked out rapidly from another hall and wrapped his fist in his palm with a smile towards Su Ming. It was a middle-aged scholar who was dressed very elegantly. However, there was also a unique temperament within him.

"We... of Autumn Sea Tribe are willing to buy that stone for 4,000,000 Shaman Crystals." Once Tie Mu and the person from the Great Tribe of Sky World walked out, Wan Qiu's gentle voice came from the third hall.

When she spoke up, she walked out in all her tall and slim glory, with her hair spilling down her shoulders and dancing in the wind, causing her to be filled with so much beauty that she could cause hearts to race. She looked at Su Ming, and there was a scrutinizing look in her gaze, as if she wanted to see through the mask at his true appearance.

"You're thinking of buying that Ghost Spirit Flower with just 4,000,000 Shaman Crystals? Even though you can't turn that flower into medicine, but once you are able to hide yourself successfully with it, it will be practically impossible to find you in the world. We're buying that flower with 5,000,000!"

Once Wan Qiu spoke, a cold harrumph traveled through the air.

That cold harrumph belonged to a woman that walked out from another hall. Her white robes, profound gaze, and the graceful presence made it clear that she was the Celestial Maiden from the Immortal's Hidden Dragon Sect!

She had no idea why herself, but when she saw the Sacred Lady from Autumn Sea Tribe, she despised her, especially when she saw

the scrutiny in her eyes when she looked at Su Ming. She detested that look.

Wan Qiu frowned and looked towards the Celestial Maiden dressed in white. The gazes of these two outstanding and beautiful women clashed in midair.

"I'll offer 6,000,000!" When the two women's gazes clashed with each other, a gentle voice traveled forth slowly from the hall to the side. That voice was very gentle and even sounded slightly fragile, and with the voice came a woman with long hair. While she was not breathtakingly beautiful, she was a woman that gave others a feeling that she was a very gentle person.

That woman... was Tian Lan Meng.

When she walked out, there was a smile on her face. She ignored Wan Qiu and the Celestial Maiden in white turning to look at her, choosing instead to look at Su Ming as she spoke softly.

Su Ming was momentarily stunned. He looked at Wan Qiu, then at the Celestial Maiden in white, then finally at Tian Lan Meng, who was walking. He suddenly felt a slight headache pounding against his head.

"Elder sister, you look quite unfamiliar. Where did you come from?" The Celestial Maiden in white immediately looked towards Tian Lan Meng. That gentle temperament of hers also displeased her.

"Elder sister, you must be joking. Compared to you, I wouldn't dare call myself your elder sister. As to where I come from, I believe I am not obliged to tell you. However, compared to us, the Sacred Lady from Autumn Sea Tribe must have the clearest background." Tian Lan Meng let out a gentle chuckle. Her voice was feathery soft, but her words were incredibly sharp.

Wan Qiu frowned, and once she swept her gaze past the Celestial Maiden in white and Tian Lan Meng, she looked towards Su Ming.

Once she did so, the Celestial Maiden in white immediately did the same thing and looked towards Su Ming. Even Tian Lan Meng did the same thing and looked towards him with a gentle gaze and with natural ease.

Su Ming was not the only stunned by the sudden appearance of the three women, even Tie Mu was momentarily taken aback. He cast an odd look towards Su Ming, then at the three women, and suddenly started laughing.

"The God of Shamans Temple will be taking this item!"

At that moment, the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple spoke unhurriedly. His voice was not loud, but the moment it traveled forth, it stirred up a ripple in the area. As that ripple spread out, all the people felt as if a clap of thunder had just struck beside their ears, and it actually managed to cause the loud discussions in the area to fall silent in an instant.

The domineering presence in that voice made Su Ming feel that if he chose to disobey, then his only outcome would be death. It was a straight up disregard for his existence!

Su Ming frowned under the mask.

"I wonder, how much is the God of Shamans Temple offering?" Su Ming looked towards the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple.

"A shadow might have appeared, but we can't be certain whether there is truly something within the stone. 1,000,000 Shaman Crystals!" The Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple stated calmly.

If the man beside Su Ming who had found that dual-colored light had done so at any other time, he would definitely be the center of attention. However, he could only become a decoration, standing there with incredible disgruntlement.

While the rays of unusual light were rare, but there would be

some that would shine with that unusual light among the hundred of the Crimson Stones. It had already appeared twice, but this was the first time a shadow had formed!

Su Ming's lips curled up in a cold smile. He wanted to buy his Crimson Stone with just 1,000,000? That could not even be considered a price. Without another word, he lifted his right hand and pointed towards the Enchanted light ring. It immediately started spinning swiftly before slicing down on the Crimson Stone once again. The resolution he showed as he cut down on the stone shocked and scared all those who saw it.

After all, if he did not cut down on that stone carefully, then he would destroy the treasure inside!

However, with that one slash, not only did Su Ming not destroy that stone, he even made the crowd underneath erupt forth with intense cries of surprise in the midst of their silence.

"It's the light! The light has appeared!"

A red light shone from the cut in Su Ming's Crimson Stone. Adding together with the shadow that showed up just now, the appearance of the light exponentially increased the possibility that there was a medicinal herb in the stone!

Nan Gong Hen was incredibly excited and agitated. When he saw Su Ming's actions in midair, he also felt his heart stop in fear and shock. However, just as he, along with many others, thought that Su Ming would stop, he cast the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple a glance.

"Now, how much will you offer?"

Once he finished asking, Su Ming pointed at the Enchanted Vessel. As that Enchanted light ring buzzed, it sliced down on the stone once again, and with a bang, another corner of the Crimson Stone was cut off, and the second ray of light appeared!

The two glowing rays caused the uproars in the crowd

underneath to become so intense it looked as if those sounds could not be forced down!

"Dual-colored lights and a shadow, the Ghost Spirit Flower is definitely in that stone!!"

"That Mo Su sure is resolute. He didn't even look at the stone and cut down twice. That's... That's way too risky!"

Su Ming looked at the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple and asked languidly, "Now, how much will you offer?"

"3,000,000!" The Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple glared at Su Ming, and his expression gradually turned freezing cold.

Su Ming smiled, then as he lifted his right hand, he decided to stop using the Enchanted light ring to continue cutting into the stone and seized at the air. Immediately, the Crimson Stone that was now only half the height of a normal person floated towards him.

With a flash of green in his hand, the small sword shot out and pierced through the Crimson Stone. Once it made several holes, Su Ming slammed his hand onto the stone. Fine cracks appeared, and a small part of it crumbled with a bang.

When that small part of the stone shattered, distorted ripples appeared in the air above the Crimson Stone once again, and gradually, a second shadow appeared!

The picture was still that of the Ghost Spirit Flower, but it was no longer as blurred out as before. Instead, it was now much clearer.

"Dual colors and dual shadows!"

"I'm completely certain that there is a Ghost Spirit Flower in this stone, and the rate of its fossilization will not be more than seven tenths of the entire flower!"

"Over the numerous treasure gambling events organized, the

dual colors and dual shadows have only appeared fifteen times. I didn't expect that I would be able to see this sight with my own eyes today!"

As the crowd underneath were engaged in intense discussions, Su Ming looked at the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple once again.

"I wonder, how much will you offer now?"

Chapter 450: The Arrival of God Seal! (A 3 in 1 Chapter)

"Still 3,000,000."

The Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple glared at Su Ming coldly. To him, while this person had been a little smart just now, but clearly, he was not tactful. Even if he could fight against a Latter Shaman, under the Grand Elder's immense power, this person would only be able to crumble like a leaf torn apart by furious wind, and he would not be able to resist.

To him, this price was already enough. In the past, the highest price that had been offered by the God of Shamans Temple ever had been 5,000,000. With that price in comparison, if this person did not agree to 3,000,000, then there was no longer any need for the Grand Elder to seek his approval for the price.

Su Ming cast the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple a glance. If he had not made precise preparations beforehand, then as of now, his only way would be to sell the stone.

However, since Su Ming had the courage to stand there and had even dared to say such words to the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple, then naturally, he already knew what was going to happen next.

At that moment, he chose not to speak any longer. Instead, he lifted his right hand, and with a flash of green, he cut down on the Crimson Stone. As rumbling sounds reverberated in the air, Su Ming continued cutting the stone while referring to the picture on the center of the small, black humanoid's brows.

After some time, right under numerous pairs of eyes, the Crimson Stone shattered with a bang, and as a large amount of stone chips fell off and scattered away, a transparent mountain rock about the size of a head appeared in Su Ming's palm!

The mountain rock was translucent and glittered with crystalline sparkles, making it seem as if it contained light. There was a black flower sealed within. Two of its petals had fossilized, but there was one petal that was still overflowing with life. The face of the malicious ghost on the black petal looked as if it was smiling savagely.

The instant the Ghost Spirit Flower was excavated and revealed before the people's gazes, a shocking uproar broke out along with it. Some of the pairs of eyes that were focused on the flower were filled with jealousy, some with envy, some with madness, some with complicated feelings, along with all sorts of other emotions. All of human expressions could be found in the crowd on the ground.

"It's truly the Ghost Spirit Flower, and... one of the petals is still very much alive!"

"That petal is already fully grown and has lived for many years. As long as the method is correct, this person can produce his very first Ghost!"

"Damn it, I placed a bid for this stone in the start, but... but why didn't I continue fighting for it?!"

As the people's voices around the area turned into buzzing, Nan Gong Hen widened his eyes and his breathing quickened. He stared at Su Ming, and a brilliant shine gradually appeared in his eyes.

'Brother Mo's luck is seriously insane. He just offhandedly bought a Crimson Stone and managed to get a Ghost Spirit Flower. The fossilization of the whole flower is over a six tenths, but if we look at just that one petal... then this is a complete flower that is not at all affected by the fossilization!

'The value of that flower is at least 7,000,000!'

Su Ming looked at the mountain rock floating above his palm, and with a flip of his hand, it immediately disappeared. Then,

without even looking at the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple, he turned around and walked towards the crowd underneath.

The people who had walked out of the eight halls just now simply cast their gazes at Su Ming but did not stop him. After all, the price given by the God of Shamans Temple was simply too low, and if any of them were in Su Ming's place, they would not accept it either.

The Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple was also looking at Su Ming's back as he walked to the ground. His expression was still as sullen as ever, but he did not speak. In his mind, while the Ghost Spirit Flower was a good item, it was still not valuable enough for him to snatch it right before the people. As long as Su Ming was in the World of Nine Yin, then everything was possible. He did not need to rush into things for now.

As for the man who was beside Su Ming and had managed to obtain the dual-colored light, when he saw the strange atmosphere around him, he hesitated for a moment before he decided to simply grit his teeth and continue cutting into his stone. As he continued and as the dual-colored light shone, the people's gazes gradually gathered on him.

Su Ming returned to the ground and back to his seat. The three youths immediately gathered around him excitedly, and the Shamans around the area too wrapped their fists in their palms to greet him. They originally wanted to approach him, but Nan Gong Hen glared at all of them and pushed them all away with a cold harrumph, completely not bothering with the boisterous and friendly personality he displayed before the people previously.

Towards Su Ming, Nan Gong Hen was filled with non-malicious envy that could not be concealed. He looked at Su Ming, then thought about himself, and as he laughed wryly, he wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming.

"Brother Mo... I'm impressed, I'm absolutely impressed!"

In Nan Gong Hen's eyes, Su Ming was a man filled with astonishing wonders. He could bring Nan Gong Hen through a foreign world filled with threats and arrive at Shaman City safely while avoiding all dangers. He could fight against Tie Mu with just his power as a Medial Shaman. More importantly, after that fight, his relationship with Tie Mu had turned into one as if they had never tried to kill each other. From Tie Mu's words, he seemed to have somewhat acknowledged Su Ming.

When they were in the land of the Spirits of Nine Yin, Su Ming had also shocked Nan Gong Hen because he had absolutely not expected that Su Ming would rent that shameless guardian Spirit of Nine Yin, and just when he had thought Su Ming had to be a pitiful man, he found out that he himself was the pitiful one.

It was as if there was a mysterious layer of fog surrounding Su Ming. The more you wanted to see through him and the more you wanted to get into his mind, the more you would be lost trying to figure him out.

Now, when Nan Gong Hen witnessed Su Ming buying that Crimson Stone offhandedly and causing such a huge stir when he extracted that Ghost Spirit Flower, he came to a sudden realization.

'There must be some mysterious power in Mo Su. That power is invisible and doesn't have form. It cannot be seen, cannot be touched, but its existence will cause others to be unable to figure him out... Yup, if I stay beside a person with this sort of power, then perhaps I will also get some of that power...'

Nan Gong Hen's eyes shone brilliantly. He giggled as he looked at Su Ming, but soon changed his expression and whispered softly.

"Brother Mo, we have to be careful of the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple. That person's power is incredibly great and he's brutal... My father is also in a constant state of isolation as

well, so he's not as intimidating as before, I might not be able to use his name to keep this person down..." With a face as if Su Ming was an accomplice of his, Nan Gong Hen talked to him with a frown.

At that moment, the Crimson Stones numbered 701 to 800 were in auction. Perhaps it was because Su Ming had managed to find the Ghost Spirit Flower, as of then, the subsequent Crimson Stones that were being auctioned had reached a rather heated state.

"Brother Mo, you also have to pay attention. If we take a fancy to any other Crimson Stone and enter the bidding, the people around us will also begin bidding for it in a mad craze..." As Nan Gong Hen spoke, the intention to work with Su Ming truly rose within him, and he begun addressing Su Ming and himself as 'we'.

"Er... brother Nan Gong, you don't have to worry about that. While I do have some Crimson Stones I like, I'm lacking in Shaman Crystals. I won't place any more bids." Su Ming shook his head.

"I have! Brother Mo, don't worry. You just have to place your bids. We're definitely going to make a huge profit this time. I prepared a lot of Shaman Crystals for the treasure gambling event this time! By that time, we brothers can... Heh heh, we can talk about how we'll split up our profits later." Nan Gong Hen's whole entire face was lit up with a smile, and there was an eager look in his eyes.

He had come to a great revelation - He must follow Su Ming closely and fight together with him. If he did that, then no matter how bad it would be, he would still not be... as pitiful as he was when he was conned to use several millions of Shaman Crystals to rent a Spirit of Nine Yin, or when all 500,000 of his Shaman Crystals went flying out of his hands in an instant, or when all his other misfortunes happened to him.

"Is that so..?" Su Ming cast Nan Gong Hen a glance.

"Brother Mo, you don't have to hesitate anymore. It's fine. We

managed to hit it off right from the start, these materialistic things are nothing compared to our friendship. If you need them, then take it. I will not even frown!" Nan Gong Hen patted his chest.

"All right." Su Ming had no reason to decline. Once he finished speaking, he immediately shouted his bid towards the Crimson Stone in auction at the moment - Crimson Stone No.836.

"500,000!"

Nan Gong Hen was momentarily stunned. He had originally thought that Su Ming would still remain reserved, and then he would persuade him a little more, and eventually, both of them would reach a consensus while beating around the bush due to their own needs. However, Su Ming had stopped being courteous and immediately jumped right into the auction.

In all honesty, Nan Gong Hen was still a little worried in his heart. After all, his Shaman Crystals did not fall from the sky into his hands. He had in fact obtained them through much effort. When Su Ming offhandedly placed a bid of 500,000, his heart immediately clenched in pain, but he had to look completely not bothered. In fact, he had to even smile and nod towards Su Ming to show that he was being generous.

"Brother Mo, how is the quality of that Crimson Stone?" Nan Gong Hen stared at the Crimson Stone in the sky. No matter what, it did not seem any different from the other stones.

The previous highest bid for this stone was 430,000, but when Su Ming placed his bid of 500,000, it was as if a stone had been thrown at the surface of the water that was the crowd around them, and it immediately caught an immense amount of attention from all the people.

It was just as Nan Gong Hen had expected. In truth, many people were paying attention to Su Ming's side and were already prepared to follow his footsteps the moment he placed a bid to buy another Crimson Stone.

When they heard Su Ming calling out his bid of 500,000, many people instantly felt fired up and started shouting their bids.

"550,000!"

"600,000!"

"640,000!"

"660,000!"

When Su Ming saw that the price for the Crimson Stone was getting higher, he turned his head around to cast Nan Gong Hen a glance, who was carefully hiding his anxiety underneath his calm attitude.

"Brother Nan Gong, how many Shaman Crystals do you have?"

"Er... I still have 2,000,000 something, I think..." Nan Gong Hen's heart lurched into his throat.

"750,000!" Once Su Ming heard his answer, he yelled out his bid once again. When his voice fell into Nan Gong Hen's ears, it made his heart constrict, and he felt conflicted, but he still had to force out a smile, all while looking approving of Su Ming's actions.

"Brother Mo, how is the quality of the stone?" Nan Gong Hen's heart was already racing in his chest as he instinctively asked.

"I don't know." Su Ming's words almost made Nan Gong Hen's vision turn completely black.

"800,000!" Once Su Ming shouted his bid, someone else immediately placed another bid. Clearly, he was fully intent on snatching away the Crimson Stone Su Ming had taken an interest to.

There was already red in Nan Gong Hen's eyes. He glared at the spot where the voice that placed that bid came from and whispered to Su Ming, "Should we add?"

"Forget it, we'll place our bids for our next stone." Su Ming shook his head. That Crimson Stone was eventually bought by someone

with the high price of 800,000 Shaman Crystals.

Chapter 452

Nan Gong Hen's heart was convulsing wildly in his heart when he heard Su Ming's words. If Nan Gong Hen himself was using his own Shaman Crystals to buy that Crimson Stone, he would not feel this way, but when he was looking at someone else using his Shaman Crystals to place bids, the feeling was completely different.

He had been completely willing to do so and had even made this proposal to Su Ming, but even so, when he truly came face to face with this reality he still could not help but feel his heart clench in pain.

When Crimson Stone No.837 was to be auctioned off, Su Ming placed a bid once again, and with each subsequent stone, he would do the same thing. With each bid he placed, Nan Gong Hen's heart would surge intensely, and he was already a mess of nerves from hearing Su Ming continuously placing those bids.

In fact, there were some times when Su Ming would place his bid in such a resolute manner that he gave the others a feeling that he absolutely wanted to get it. Based on this, the crowd started competing for that particular stone even more intensely.

However, there were still many people who had seen that there was something off with Su Ming's actions, but since this was a gamble in the first place, they could not say anything about it.

Gradually, Nan Gong Hen also saw the meaning behind Su Ming's actions as he placed those bids, but just as he was feeling delighted about it, Su Ming started bidding at a pace that made Nan Gong Hen's heart lurch in fear.

"800,000!"

"900,000!"

"1,000,000!!"

"Brother... Brother Mo, this..." Nan Gong Hen was just about to speak when Su Ming stood up.

"1,500,000!"

He placed that bid without any hesitation and swept his gaze across the crowd, putting on a look that he was definitely going to get that stone. When Nan Gong Hen saw Su Ming's look, he became slightly excited in the midst of his anxiety. With bloodshot eyes, he also glared at the people around them, making it seem like if there was anyone else who placed another bid, then he would become his mortal enemy!

"1,600,000!" A low voice suddenly shot out from among the crowd, and the person who placed that bid was the man who had obtained the dual-colored light beside Su Ming. The man gritted his teeth, and his eyes were similarly bloodshot.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment, and when he gritted his teeth and shouted, "1,800,000!" Nan Gong Hen's anxiety had reached its peak, and his breathing had even begun to quicken.

"1,900,000!"

The man lifted his head and stared at Crimson Stone No. 897, and the more he looked at it, the more he felt that it was similar to Crimson Stone No.697. Besides, he had been continuously observing Su Ming, and Su Ming had been the most persistent when he placed his bids for this stone, that was why he had gritted his teeth to place such a gamble.

"2,000,000!" Yet after the man placed his bid, another voice immediately roared, but this time, it was not Su Ming who had shouted, it was Nan Gong Hen, who screamed at the top of his voice.

Su Ming was momentarily stunned.

"2,100,000!!" The man was already close to the brink of asphyxiation as he shouted madly.

Nan Gong Hen widened his eyes, and just as he was about to continue, Su Ming let out a fake cough and pulled Nan Gong Hen's arm.

"We're giving up."

"Okay... Huh?"

Nan Gong Hen instinctively nodded, then was immediately stunned, though realization dawned on him soon after. He looked at Su Ming with a wry smile as he mumbled in his heart that he was not a dumb idiot, he was just influenced by the atmosphere in the area. Once he understood the meaning behind Su Ming's actions, he could do nothing but laugh wryly.

'Damn it, it's only because these aren't his Shaman Crystals. If I was in his place, I would also have the guts to do the same thing...' Nan Gong Hen grumbled in his heart, but still had to force a smile on his face while looking generous.

"These Shaman Crystals are nothing. If you like this Crimson Stone, then we'll fight for it!" Nan Gong Hen said in a rather bold tone.

As he looked at Nan Gong Hen, Su Ming blinked. In truth, when the man shouted that bid of 1,800,000, he had already given up. After all, he was placing his bids at random so that no one would be able to tell what he wanted to truly buy, that was why Nan Gong Hen's shout had made even Su Ming nervous.

Each time he placed a bid for Crimson Stones numbered 830 to 900, he would leave some space for himself to retreat by doing so cautiously. Besides, this batch of Crimson Stones had to be cracked open at the same time, and there were always other lucky people around. By doing so, he had dug a hole for many people to fall into.

When these one hundred Crimson Stones were cracked open, the atmosphere grew so intense that it had become even more heated up than before. After all, most of these buyers had spent a much

larger amount of money, and had even snatched them away from Su Ming's hands, especially that Crimson Stone sold for 2,100,000. That was the stone that was sold for the highest price in this auction.

However, as the Crimson Stones were cracked open and as they rumbled in the air before they shattered, the shouts from the crowd became even stronger, but all those voices were filled with disappointment.

Nan Gong Hen looked at the one hundred people in the sky returning with pale and dejected faces, and a smug look appeared on his face.

It was especially so for person with the Crimson Stone that was bought for 2,100,000. When it completely shattered under the crowd's nervous gazes, the man stood stunned in the air for a moment before coughing out a mouthful of blood and staggering back. The cutting of this batch was then over.

It was strange as well. Among the one hundred Crimson Stone, only one of them shone with a faint ray of unusual light, but it was no different from others; it was empty.

Once the cracking was over and the last batch of Crimson Stones to be auctioned off from the one thousand stones arrived, the crowd had obviously become wary of Su Ming. The thought of following in his footsteps had become much weaker.

Which was why Su Ming only needed to spend 400,000 to buy Crimson Stone No.901...

Once that short auction was over, Su Ming had bought four Crimson Stones. Besides numbers 901 and 949, there were another two which had fallen into Su Ming's hands because there was no one else who was willing to continue placing bids.

Nan Gong Hen had spent nearly 2,000,000 Shaman Crystals when the final sum came out. It made his heart clench in pain, but

he was most anxious that he might be just wasting all his money. He had looked over at Su Ming multiple times, but since the other's expression could not be seen due to his mask, it made Nan Gong Hen even more anxious.

When the time came for these stones to be cut open, Su Ming flew into the midair. His appearance immediately attracted numerous pairs of gazes, especially Nan Gong Hen's, who was incessantly longing for a miracle to happen.

'It'll definitely work! It'll absolutely work!' Nan Gong Hen gulped. As of then, Su Ming was the only thing that existed in his world.

When Su Ming stood beside the Enchanted light rings, not only was the crowd on the ground looking at him, the people from the eight halls around also looked over, including that Grand Elder from the God of Shamans Temple.

With a calm expression, Su Ming lifted his right hand and pointed at the Enchanted Vessel. Immediately, that Enchanted Vessel expanded and enveloped Crimson Stone No.901 within. Sizzling reverberated in the air, and even the other people who were supposed to be cracking open their stones decided to first look at Su Ming.

Su Ming closed his eyes and focused his divine sense on the small black humanoid in his storage bag. Gradually, as the small humanoid shuddered, a picture slowly appeared at the center of his brows. Within that picture was a four-leaved Dragon Leaf Grass!

Su Ming had known about the existence of that Dragon Leaf Grass beforehand. Two of its leaves had already fossilized and withered away. While there were still two that were alive, they did not have enough life force within them and looked rather wilted. It could not compare to the seven-leaved Dragon Leaf Grass Su Ming had. In fact, it was rather similar to the one the white-robed man from Nine Shaman Pavilion had brought out.

With skillful movements, Su Ming opened his eyes right under the people's gazes, and the light ring he controlled started spinning rapidly. With a boom, it split that Crimson Stone in half, and once it was split apart, a dual-colored light immediately appeared.

But that was not all, as Su Ming turned the Crimson Stone around and cut down once again, a golden light was added to that dual-colored light!

Red, blue, and gold intertwined with each other and immediately began shining in the crowd's sight. This time, even the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple could not keep his cool. His expression visibly changed, and he was filled with shock.

If even he was reacting this way, then it was much more so for the other people. After a short period of silence, the crowd immediately burst into an uproar that caused such a powerful wave of sound that it surged into the sky.

Nan Gong Hen was the most worked up and excited among them. He stood there and laughed heartily towards the sky. That excited look was akin to the sort of uncontrollable excitement that would only be experienced by gamblers who saw the light of victory during the instant that determined their win or loss after placing most of their money as a gambling chip.

"Three-colored light..."

"Just where did this Mo Su come from? How... How could he have such insane luck? He was the one who found that Ghost Spirit Flower previously, and now, he got himself a three-colored light for his second stone!"

"My boy Mo, why don't you sell that Crimson Stone to me? I'll give you 1,500,000 for it!" Tie Mu immediately rushed to speak.

Su Ming turned around and wrapped his fist in his palm towards Tie Mu, then lifted his right hand and pointed at the Enchanted Vessel again. With one slash, a large part of the Crimson Stone was

cut off once again. At the same time, the light ring spun rapidly, and as dust scattered into the air, the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple stared ahead with a grim face. He was not looking at that Crimson Stone, but at Su Ming!

He refused to believe that there would be such a lucky person in the world!

"Sir, why don't you sell that stone to our tribe? We're willing to pay 1,800,000 for it!" As the light ring spun, another person quickly shouted his price.

Su Ming did not bother himself with the person. He continued controlling the light ring to cut into the stone, and after some time, a glint appeared in his eyes and he lifted his right hand swiftly to tap the wrecked stone. With that one tap, the stone crumbled with a bang, and what appeared in Su Ming's palm was a small transparent mountain rock. The Dragon Leaf Grass could be seen clearly.

"Dragon Leaf Grass! That's a four-leaved Dragon Leaf Grass!!"

"Two of them are still alive. That herb might not be as valuable as Ghost Spirit Flower, but it's still a rare item. I heard that it can cure all the poison in the world, and this is an effect that is unique to this herb!"

"We of Wave Gatherer Tribe are willing to pay 2,700,000 Shaman Crystals for Dragon Leaf Grass!"

"You want to buy that Dragon Leaf Grass with just 2,700,000? We of Nine Shaman Pavilion are willing to pay 3,200,000 for it!"

Nan Gong Hen's heart thundered against his chest. He had never felt this sort of excitement ever since he entered the World of Nine Yin. As he listened to the voices making those offerings, his breathing became increasingly quicker.

Su Ming's expression remained as calm as ever. The herb he had was obviously of a much higher quality than the one in his hand.

He dipped his head down and cast a glance at Nan Gong Hen, then threw the transparent mountain rock in his hand to him.

"Brother Nan Gong, you should decide on how you will deal with this stone."

Nan Gong Hen laughed heartily towards the sky, then charged into midair with one leap. Once he caught that transparent mountain rock, he grinned at the people around him. The Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple frowned.

Chapter 453

The Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple did not bother himself with how Nan Gong Hen would deal with that Dragon Leaf Grass. Su Ming lifted his right hand and seized the air, then the second stone flew towards him. Once he placed that mountain rock into the Enchanted Vessel, Su Ming immediately pointed at the ring, and buzzing sounds reverberated in the air. He had bought this Crimson Stone at random and had absolutely no idea what was in there.

At that moment, as the Enchanted Vessel started spinning around rapidly, the Crimson Stone became smaller, and eventually, it crumbled, and there was nothing inside.

When the onlookers saw Su Ming's failure, they felt a little bit better about themselves. If Su Ming had found another item, then it would be difficult for them to believe that this was still luck...

Su Ming's expression remained as calm as ever; he did not feel too much pain at his loss. He seized the third Crimson Stone through the air, and once he placed it in the Enchanted Vessel, he cut down into it without any hesitation.

Su Ming had originally not thought about managing to find anything, but right after he cut into that stone, suddenly, a ray of unusual light shone from the cut.

The appearance of that light immediately caught the attention of

numerous pairs of gazes.

Su Ming was momentarily stunned, and while there was not much change on his face, his heart begun racing. This was different from when he cut open those Crimson Stones when he was confident that there was something inside. This sort of feeling towards the unknown, this sort of feeling where his heart shook with excitement, this sort of feeling where he did not know what was contained inside the Crimson Stone made Su Ming understand for the first time why these people were so enthusiastic about the treasure gambling event.

Su Ming's heartbeat quickened slightly. With his eyes fixed on the Crimson Stone, he controlled the light ring and started scraping its surface rapidly. As he did so, the Crimson Stone became smaller. After a moment, a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. A sharp needle immediately appeared from the light ring and pierced through the Crimson Stone. After repeating the same action several times, he had the light ring cut the stone once again, and immediately, only a small part of the Crimson Stone was left.

However, there was only one ray of unusual light on that small half of the Crimson Stone, but even though there was only one ray, that light was incredibly eye-catching!

Su Ming's heart raced even quicker. This was something he had never felt before. Just as he was hesitating on how he should cut into the stone once again, the people who had finished trading with Nan Gong Hen looked towards him.

"Ahem, my boy Mo, since the Dragon Leaf Grass has been sold to Nine Shaman Pavilion, why don't you sell that stone to me? I'll pay you 1,500,000 for it."

"I'll pay 1,700,000 for it!" Wan Qiu said calmly at that moment. Right up to that moment, she had her eyes fixed on Su Ming to continue observing him.

Once she spoke, the Celestial Maiden in white also named her

price, and Tian Lan Meng followed suit.

When he saw Tian Lan Meng, Su Ming's heart surged, but this was not the moment for them to get acquainted with each other. Besides, Su Ming, who had left the land of the Berserkers, also felt a little complicated towards Tian Lan Meng.

When he saw the three women speaking altogether again, he fell into pensive silence for a moment. He was a little reluctant to sell the stone just like this, which was why he decided that he might as well cut into it once again.

As he cut into the stone and as those rumbling sounds echoed in the air, when the Crimson Stone was fully cracked open, the ray of unusual light disappeared. When Su Ming saw that the stone was empty, a bitter smile appeared on his lips.

He had finally come to understand this heart pounding feeling, and had also come to understand how exactly Nan Gong Hen felt when he smiled this way.

'I could have sold it for 1,000,000 something Shaman Crystals, but now...' Su Ming sighed deeply. This sort of feeling that came from treasure gambling could indeed stir up a person's desires.

The two consecutive failures made the gazes gathered on Su Ming become much more normal. In most people's eyes, Su Ming perhaps really possessed a certain amount of luck.

Even the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Tribe had shifted his gaze away from Su Ming.

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. Once he had experienced the excitement that came from gambling, he still felt that being completely certain that he would gain something was what he preferred the most. He lifted his right hand and seized the air. Immediately, Crimson Stone No.949 floated slowly towards him.

As he stared at this Crimson Stone, Su Ming hesitated.

He was pretty certain that the item contained within this

Crimson Stone would perhaps cause an even greater stir than when he extracted that Ghost Spirit Flower. Even though the herb in there had withered, but at its roots, which also did not have a lot of life force left, there was a venomous wasp sleeping inside!

That wasp was clearly an ancient being that came from ages ago. It was difficult to predict whether it was strong or weak, but based on what Su Ming had heard from Wu Duo and Nan Gong Hen about these Crimson Stones people had been extracting medicinal herbs, Enchanted treasures, and all sorts of other things... just not living beings!

It was just like the small black humanoid. While it could be considered as a living being, compared to the venomous wasp in the Crimson Stone before him, the wasp was truly alive!

‘Living beings are even rarer than every other type of objects... Once I crack this stone open, then I will definitely cause a stir in this place...’ Su Ming swept his gaze past the crowd underneath, then the people in the eight halls, and even the sullen Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple before he averted his gaze and looked at his Crimson Stone.

‘Well, I’d like to see just how you would dare to steal my things!’

A glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. He, who had come to an agreement with the old Spirit of Nine Yin that could fight against an End Shaman, now had the right to say these words.

He calmed his breathing and started getting prepared for the madness that might come from the item he was going to extract. Once he spent a moment to get ready, he slowly lifted his hand and pressed it on the Enchanted light ring. Immediately, the lights from the light ring criss-crossed each other and started scraping at the stone.

Su Ming’s stern look gradually made the people who were watching him from underneath to become serious as well. At that moment, Su Ming had his eyes closed. The small, black humanoid

did not tremble too harshly under his divine sense, and it proved Su Ming's assumptions regarding him true. It would only react strongly towards medicinal herbs.

Right now, most of the medicinal herb in the Crimson Stone had withered, and only the roots had any form of life remaining. That was why its stimulation towards the small humanoid was much weaker.

Just as Su Ming was about to start cutting into the stone according to the picture at the center of the small humanoid's brows which he saw through his divine sense, he was suddenly stunned, because he saw the small black humanoid in his storage bag shrinking slightly.

This shrinking meant that it was flinching back. It was not trembling. Su Ming was certain that it was not a figment of his imagination. Uncertainty appeared in his heart. However, his expression remained as usual as he controlled the light ring to continue scraping at the stone. As the speed with which the ring scraped away at the stone increased and as more of the stone dissipated into dust, Su Ming discovered to his shock that the small black humanoid in his storage bag flinched away once again!

It was flinching away, in a manner that was filled with fear. There was even an expression of pain and fear on his face at the moment. Su Ming looked at the change, and bewilderment rose in his heart.

Before the Crimson Stone was scraped away, the small, black humanoid still looked normal, but as it shrank and the thing inside was gradually revealed, the small, black humanoid started showing obvious changes in his expression.

Su Ming opened his eyes and frowned, but did not stop controlling that light ring. He only became even more cautious. Slowly but certainly, once most of the Crimson Stone was gone, that small black humanoid of his was already utterly horrified.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's gaze, and he decided to simply control the light ring and slice down at that Crimson Stone. That one cut immediately caused the mountain rock to lose another huge chunk of itself.

Right at that moment, distorted ripples appeared in the sky above the Crimson Stone. Soon after, an indistinct picture formed between the sky and earth!

That picture was that of an incredibly ordinary looking green plant. It had quite a lot of leaves and was entirely green. If someone absolutely had to mention something different about it, then they would mention that there was a golden line within each of its leaves!

Although the picture was indistinct, the golden lines were very clear.

The instant the shadow appeared, the crowd underneath burst into an uproar once again. However, the commotion this time only lasted for a moment before it fell into dead silence the next instant.

The reason for that dead silence was the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple, who had flown into the sky from the hall for the first time. His hair moved without wind, and there was an expression on his face, it was so stern, like nothing seen on his face before. In fact, the onlookers could even see his excitement faintly, one so great that he could not control!

To an old monster who had walked down the path of cultivation for many years and was already half way into becoming an End Shaman, there were very few things in the world that would cause him to be so excited. However, right at that moment, the old man could no longer control his own emotions!

All of this was due to the shadow that appeared in the sky!

"God String... That's the God String Leaf!!" Nan Gong Hen mumbled, then his expression changed and he cried out his last

few words in surprise. As his voice reached others, Tie Mu also recognized the medicinal herb which he had once seen in an illustrated book!

"This is... Could this truly be the God String Leaf? One of the legendary nine mysterious treasures in the World of Nine Yin, the auxiliary leaf of the God Sealing Flower?!"

Wan Qiu was filled with disbelief. She stared at the indistinct medicinal herb in that illusionary picture, and her breathing quickened.

The Celestial Maiden in white shuddered. She looked at the illusionary picture, then at Su Ming, and her face turned pale.

Tian Lan Meng frowned, but before she had time to think, a hoarse voice spoke behind her. As it did, Sky Mist's ancestor walked out of the hall for the first time!

"The nine mysterious treasures of the World of Nine Yin were pictures carved into the back of the stone monument erected in this place in the past. One of them has the name of the God Sealing Flower. There is a unique characteristic to this flower, and when it blooms, its auxiliary leaf, the Golden String Leaf, would appear around it. They are also known as the God String Leaf.

"This God String Leaf has no use... but its appearance means that the nine mysterious treasures are not legends. They... are real!" The voice of Sky Mist's ancestor echoed in Tian Lan Meng's ears. She could hear just how worked up her ancestor was from his voice.

"God Sealing Flower... God Sealing Flower... Legend has it that the flower's nectar contains the power of the World Plane. Just drinking a sip of it... would cause your appearance to never change, for your power to instantly increase exponentially, and so quickly that it could turn a mortal into an Immortal!

"It can make us Cultivators surpass our current Realms and

improve by leaps and bounds. It can also let us sense the power of the World Plane!

"This Crimson Stone, or perhaps even the Crimson Stones after this... will have that God Sealing Flower, or else the Golden String Leaf wouldn't have appeared out of nowhere!"

"My fellow tribesmen, Nan Gong Hen of the God of Shamans Temple was the one who bought this stone. If anyone dares to snatch the stone away from me, then don't blame me for turning against you and killing you. Guards of the God of Shamans, where are you?!"

Once the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple saw that illusionary picture, he took a huge step forward and a monstrous presence surged out from his entire body as he walked towards Su Ming, though he absolutely paid no heed about Su Ming. He cared only about the other people from the big tribes. As for Su Ming, he was only an existence akin to an ant before him!

At the moment his words reached the crowd, several hundreds of presences instantly burst forth from within Shaman City. They turned into long arcs and charged forth towards this place from all over Shaman City.

Chapter 451: Appearance of the Spirit of Nine Yin!

All the people within those hundreds of long arcs were like arrows that had been fired off their bows. As they charged forth, they brought with them powerful presences as if they were coming together from all directions to become one, as if they wanted to tear through air.

These people were one of the backbones of the God of Shamans Temple, which they had developed over numerous years. They were stationed in the World of Nine Yin at all times and would not easily leave. They came from all sorts of tribes, but at that moment, they were no longer thinking about glory or their sense of belonging towards their own families, but only about the God of Shamans Temple!

Each of them had gone through bloody hardships, experienced the biting, cold brutality of life and death trails. In fact, none of them had names anymore. They only had the battle titles left behind by their predecessors.

Most of them had yet to become Latter Shamans, but even the weakest among them was a Medial Shaman!

As they charged forth, a monstrous, murderous aura spread out from their bodies, causing a large vortex formed by murderous aura to appear and start spinning in the air slowly.

The Guards of the God of Shamans would not easily leave, but now that they had appeared, it could be seen that their arrival signalled that the God of Shamans Temple would stop at nothing to get Su Ming's Crimson Stone!

Tie Mu's expression changed. Once he swept his gaze past the vortex that was formed from the murderous aura coming from the charging long arcs, he looked at Su Ming's Crimson Stone. Then

with a dark face, he took a few steps backwards, but he did not return to his hall with his tribe members as a signal of giving up on the stone.

He was waiting, waiting to see what the other tribes would choose.

The middle-aged man from one of the big tribes in the land of the Shamans, the Great Tribe of Sky World, had once offered a price to Su Ming when the Ghost Spirit Flower appeared but stopped when the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple spoke. At that moment, his expression had also turned dark, but in the World of Nine Yin, it was difficult for any big tribes to go against the God of Shamans Temple.

Because the number of people from the God of Shamans Temple who had taken up permanent residence in this place far surpassed the number of all those from big tribes!

Wan Qiu was looking at Su Ming with a slightly complicated look on her face, as if she was hesitating about something.

The Celestial Maiden in white bit her lip. She knew about some of the secrets in the World of Nine Yin, and she also knew that once her sect members learned about this Crimson Stone, they would definitely not give up on it, since it might perhaps truly contain the God Sealing Flower, and she would not be able to stop them... All she could do was to take one step forward.

"You can take that Crimson Stone, but I ask that the God of Shamans Temple does not injure this person!"

As the Celestial Maiden's words were spoken, the Grand Elder who was walking towards Su Ming came to a brief pause. He turned his head around and cast the woman a flat look. A faint glint flashed through his eyes and he nodded.

He was not bothered by the woman, but he was indeed mindful of her status and background... the Immortal Tribe's Hidden

Dragon Sect. After all, the relationship between the God of Shamans Temple and Hidden Dragon Sect was rather delicate at the moment.

If the woman had demanded that the God of Shamans Temple did not take that stone, then the old man could just ignore her. After all, not only did that stone belong to the God of Shamans Temple, it would also be highly valued by Hidden Dragon Sect, but she only asked that they did not hurt that little junior, who was really just an ant to him. It was only natural that he did not reject such a small thing.

Tian Lan Meng lowered her head. Even up to that point, she did not speak, and no one would be able to know what she was thinking about.

The crowd underneath had already fallen completely silent. Their gazes were focused on the people in the sky, especially on Su Ming. Most of the people were focused on him.

Some of those gazes were filled with sentiment, some with satisfaction, some with pleasure over Su Ming's misfortune, and some with pity.

The development of everything that had transpired had decided Su Ming's fate. He looked as if he had no power to fight against these people and could only be controlled by other people. After all, power was deciding factor for everything in this place!

How could a puny Medial Shaman hope to fight against the God of Shamans Temple? Even if he could fight against a Latter Shaman, he was still just an ant to the old man who was already halfway through to becoming an End Shaman.

Nan Gong Hen's face turned pale. He did not expect that the cutting of stones would develop this way. If the old man from the God of Shamans Temple had been alone, he would not have been afraid. In fact, he would even help Su Ming fight against him.

After all, his father was still around. Nan Gong Hen knew that the old man could not do much towards him, at most, he would teach him a lesson.

However, the sudden setback right before his eyes caught him completely by surprise. This was no longer a matter of just the Grand Elder. The Guards of the God of Shamans had made their move. The appearance of the God String Leaf had caused the intensity of this issue to reach incredible heights. This Crimson Stone was no longer what the Grand Elder wanted, but what the God of Shamans Temple wanted!

How should he choose..?

Nan Gong Hen's face turned even paler. On one hand, this was the God of Shamans Temple which he had grown up in since he was young, and to which he was intimately connected, and on the other hand was a friend he had just gotten to know not too long ago.

However, this friend had saved his life... This friend gave him a feeling that they had managed to hit it off incredibly well, even though they had just recently gotten to know each other. This friend had only agreed to buy that Crimson Stone under his request...

Su Ming's expression remained as calm as ever. Almost the instant the old man said those words, he stopped cutting and slapped his right hand against the Crimson Stone containing that God String Leaf. Immediately, he put away that stone into his storage bag and looked at the development of the situation calmly.

He watched the old man from the God of Shamans Temple saying those overbearing words and performing those domineering actions simply because he had a high level of cultivation. He saw the aloof Guards of the God of Shamans in those long arcs around him. He caught Tie Mu shrinking back. He perceived Wan Qiu's hesitation.

Similarly, he also saw Tian Lan Meng, who had lowered her head, and along with her, Sky Mist's ancestor, whose familiar presence made Su Ming's pupils shrink when he walked out.

He also saw that Celestial Maiden in white being the one and only person who spoke for him in this place. Su Ming could sense her concern from her words, but it was difficult to tell whether the source of that concern was because he was that Destiny in her mind, or whether it was because of something else.

But no matter what, Su Ming remembered what the woman in white did.

'Everything in the world is a cause, if there are no intense changes and if there is nothing that would turn the tides of the world, then it would be difficult for us to see the real nature of people, who are affected by the things in the world... I understand what the elder meant now.' Su Ming's face remained calm, and a faint smile even appeared at the corners of his lips.

He looked at the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple walking towards him, looked at the different sorts of gazes from the crowd underneath who were looking at him, looked at Nan Gong Hen who was struggling in his mind, and Su Ming smiled even more brilliantly.

At that moment, he was the center of attention, but this sort of attention was not what he wanted in his heart. An epiphany emerged in his heart, and at the same time, Su Ming felt a hint of loneliness.

He was alone, standing before several tens of thousands of people...

"This is the law of the jungle, a path that would never change no matter how much time passes..." Su Ming sighed softly. With one single move, an illusionary shadow immediately flashed beside him, and his Nascent Soul clone appeared.

The instant his clone appeared, Su Ming's presence instantly increased by several fold, making him feel as if he was a Medial Shaman who had reached the peak!

As his clone appeared, a faint commotion broke out among the crowd underneath. However, among all the people who were watching Su Ming in the sky, the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple who was walking towards him with an expressionless face was still completely not bothered by it. To the Grand Elder, Su Ming was still an ant.

"Nascent Soul!" The Celestial Maiden was stunned and her eyes went wide.

Sky Mist's ancestor, who had been watching the entire thing unfold while immersed in his thoughts, narrowed his eyes.

Almost the instant the clone appeared, Su Ming lifted his left hand and swung it behind him. In a moment, a black layer of fog suddenly spread out and filled the area, as it tumbled about beside Su Ming, the Poison Corpse appeared!

As the Poison Corpse walked out, its poison-shrouded appearance and dull eyes caused Su Ming to give others a feeling that he had surpassed being a Medial Shaman who had reached the peak. The clone, the Poison Corpse, and his own self seemed to have gathered together to turn into one full, complete body!

A faint glint appeared in the Grand Elder's eyes, but he was still calm. At that moment, he was less than one thousand feet away from Su Ming. His footsteps were slow, and with each step that fell on empty air, low rumbling sounds would spread out. In fact, the air was also trembling, as if the old man's feet were not stepping on air but on a physical entity!

"Warrior Spirit of Nine Yin!"

With a solemn look on his face, Su Ming swung his right arm before him, and immediately, as the mark of the Spirit of Nine Yin

shone furiously, a bloodthirsty laughter rang through the air, and the mark disappeared from the back of Su Ming's hand. In the boundless sky, a red bolt of lightning appeared out of nowhere and descended with a boom.

That bolt of lightning came from the ends of the world, and the instant it descended, a thunderous boom reverberated in the air, and it was followed suit by another eight thunderous claps. Then, right before Su Ming, a tall figure swiftly revealed himself from within the bolt of lightning.

That person was three hundred feet tall and looked like a giant. He had an incredibly strong build, and as he stood there, he looked like a tall mountain standing erect on the ground!

His dark silver armor, crimson hair, healed over scars, and the monstrous murderous aura and battle will caused the Spirit of Nine Yin Su Ming summoned to look as if he was the God of War himself!

"It's been many years since I've killed a person outside. Today, perhaps I'll be able to kill till I'm satisfied!" The Spirit of Nine Yin, covered entirely in armor, spoke with a booming voice that spread to all eight corners of the earth.

The instant he appeared, the old man's face finally changed. He came to a halt, and he was not the only one who did so. All the other people around him did the same thing.

The eyes of Sky Mist's ancestor sparkled, and a smile suddenly appeared at the corners of his lips.

As for the crowd underneath, the instant that Spirit of Nine Yin appeared, a buzzing noise immediately stirred from among them.

"I was wondering why he was so fearless, so it's because he rented a Spirit of Nine Yin!"

"I remember that Spirit of Nine Yin. He... He's a spirit from the fourth layer, but the price for his protection is too great. I can't

believe that someone managed to bring him out!"

"By the looks of it, he has the power of a Latter Shaman. I wonder who would win if he fought against the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple..."

Almost the instant the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple froze, a freezing glare appeared in Su Ming's eyes. His clone lifted his right hand swiftly, and the Virescent Light Sword charged forth with a flash, while a large amount of the black beetles on his body spread out to cover the sky.

The Poison Corpse opened his mouth and let out a muffled roar. Black veins popped up all over his body, and a vast amount of poison mist gushed out from his pores. Even his fingernails on both of his hands instantly grew longer and started shining with a sharp glint.

At the same time, Su Ming took a deep breath and lifted his left hand to point at the sky. This was the first of the three styles of Wind Separation, the starting move of Sun Genesis!

"If you want what belongs to me, then you must bear the consequences. Even if you are the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple, it is still the same!

"Protector Spirit of Nine Yin, come, fight with me against this person!"

The moment Su Ming's voice spread, the Spirit of Nine Yin before him let out a roar towards the skies. He lifted his right hand, and a gigantic battle axe that was about the same height as he was appeared!

Chapter 452: Fight!

"Are we all allowed to impose our will on others because our power is greater than theirs?" Su Ming's voice was bone chilling. In his memories, this had always happened. It was like this when he was in Dark Mountain. Bi Tu's strength had made him think that he could disregard everything.

When he was in Han Mountain, the guest that had chased down He Feng was the same. The depth of his level of cultivation was a form of oppression towards the weak. It was an oppression that felt as if there was no way anyone would be able to go against him for all their lives!

When he went up against Di Tian, Su Ming once again felt that sense of powerlessness. Everything about him had been controlled. His fate was not in his own hands, and that was all because Di Tian's strength had forced all those who were not on par with him to follow his will!

'Is this the law of the jungle..? If this is the law of the world, then I absolutely refuse to be a weakling. I want to become powerful, because only then will I have the right to crush this detestable law!'

The colossal Spirit of Nine Yin before Su Ming lifted his battle axe with a roar and swung it against the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple. As the battle axe fell down, the sky and earth roared, and the air was torn, revealing a gigantic crack. The old man's face changed, and as he retreated, he lifted his right index finger and pointed swiftly at the incoming battle axe.

With that one point, the Grand Elder's right index finger instantly turned black. Black mist gushed out from his finger and turned into a vengeful soul right before him. There were eight different heads on that soul, and they had the faces of men and women, the old and the young. Each of these faces were filled with

heinous murderous aura. They screamed shrilly, and like a shooting star with a very long tail, that soul charged towards the battle axe.

"Malevolent Soul! As expected of a Spirit Medium who is already halfway through to becoming an End Shaman! He actually managed to create a Malevolent Soul!"

Someone from the crowd on the ground immediately recognized what it was when they saw it.

Once the eight-headed Malevolent Soul flew out, its body grew once it came into contact with the wind. In an instant, it grew to be around one hundred feet, and it crashed into the battle axe swinging downwards. The impact turned into a wave of shocking booms, and as they reverberated in the air, Su Ming's voice traveled forth indifferently.

"Are we all allowed to take away what belongs to others because our power is greater than theirs?"

The instant the battle axe belonging to the Spirit of Nine Yin crashed into the Malevolent Soul, Su Ming's clone rushed out swiftly. Before he even closed in on the old man, the black beetles swept out. Buzzing sounds reverberated in the air, and they turned into a huge black hand in midair to seize the Grand Elder.

At the same time, Su Ming's Nascent Soul clone let out a low roar.

"Nine Transformations, Ten Transfigurations, One Voice!"

As he spoke, Su Ming's clone pointed at the old man with his right hand. With that one point, a ray of black light flashed on his index finger, and it instantly turned black. At the same time, wisps of black mist flew out from his finger to turn into the exact same eight-headed Malevolent Soul the old man had summoned from his Spell just now!

The instant that Malevolent Soul appeared, all the faces of the

people who were watching instantly changed. The old man from the God of Shamans Temple, too, experienced a change in expression.

"Nine Transformations, change again!"

Dark light shone in the clone's eyes. Immediately, a single black horn appeared on all eight of the heads on the soul before him. As they roared, the soul charged out and rushed towards the Grand Elder with the huge hand formed by the black beetles.

At the same time, as Su Ming's main battle force, the Spirit of Nine Yin laughed savagely even though his battle axe was bounced off by the impact just now. As it was sent reeling back, he rushed forward. With his body as his strength and his arms as the bridge, he endured the power of the rebound, and at the same time, an even greater power burst out from his body. It allowed him to endure the power of the rebound through raw power, and he swung the battle axe in his right hand down once again.

Immediately after, a string of ancient chants fell off the lips of the Spirit of Nine Yin. As those words tumbled off his mouth, rings that looked like those on a tree appeared on his body. Those rings covered the man's body densely, causing a humongous illusionary shadow to appear in the sky as he roared and swung his axe.

That illusion was a big tree that covered the entire sky. At that moment, the tree was sinking swiftly, like a seal aiming to suppress something, as it charged towards the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple.

The Grand Elder's expression changed, and he was forced to retreat once again. To him, this was humiliation. As the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple and a powerful Shaman who was already halfway through to becoming an End Shaman, he was forced to retreat twice, and even though the Spirit of Nine Yin before him was indeed powerful, this to him was a humiliation. Especially when he was forced to do so before several tens of

thousands of people.

"If you have the Spirit of Nine Yin fighting for you, then it is fine for me to kill you!"

Killing intent flashed in the Grand Elder's eyes and he spread his palms wide open before flicking them forward. Immediately, all ten of his fingers turned black, and as if they were melting, they turned into a large amount of black mist.

The black mist gathered together to form a black ripple before the old man that swiftly spread forward to crash into all the divine abilities that were charging towards him.

"Touch the emptiness, Spirit Medium!" the old man growled, and with an indescribable speed, the black ripple shot out, and its very first touch landed on the huge hand formed by the black beetles. The instant that hand touched the black ripple, it immediately collapsed with a bang, and the black beetles inside were immediately sent tumbling back.

At the same time, the eight-headed Malevolent Soul formed through the clone's Nine Transformations Art crashed into the ripple with a piercing roar. Instantly, seven of its head crumbled into dust, but there was one head remaining. Perhaps it was because this was a Malevolent Soul formed through Su Ming's Nine Transformations Art, which made it similar to the old man's Malevolent Soul, hence it was able to pass through that ripple and charge towards the old man ferociously.

As for the Spirit of Nine Yin, when his battle axe came into contact with the ripple, a violent bang shook the sky furiously, and the spirit roared. His body was pushed backwards, and madness appeared in his eyes. A singular incantation tumbled out of his mouth, and the instant that sound appeared, he rammed his head on the battle axe before him, causing the battle axe to tremble and shatter!

As the battle axe shattered, an immense wave of power erupted

it, and it crashed into that black ripple violently. The booming sounds reverberated in the air, and the man once again took a few steps back coughing out a mouthful of blood.

However, his eyes under his helmet burned with an even stronger battle spirit.

With the price of the spirit shattering his battle axe, the black ripple became distorted. It flashed a few times, then abruptly collapsed, turning into a large amount of black mist that rolled backwards.

Yet the fight was not over. The huge illusionary tree in the sky had closed in with the intention to crash into the old man. The Grand Elder swung his arm forward and rammed into the tree in the air. Booming sounds rang out once again, and as they reverberated in the air, the huge illusionary tree shattered, inch by inch, and completely crumbled before the old man.

However, the old man was clearly not in good shape as well, because his face turned a little pale. Once he dispersed that giant illusionary tree, he bit his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of blood. As that blood gushed out of his mouth, it closed in on the one-headed Malevolent Soul that was already less than ten feet away from him!

"Are we all allowed to treat others like ants as if it is something natural because our power is greater than theirs?"

Su Ming's voice traveled through the air. By his side, gray light shone in the Poison Corpse's eyes, and the corpse took a swift step forward, towards where the Grand Elder was.

As the Poison Corpse walked forward, the presence of his power in the Berserker Soul Realm spread out without any reservation. Poisonous fog surrounded him, and with a roar akin to that of a wild beast, he charged forth.

Su Ming's clone also started forming seals with both his hands.

The small virescent sword grew several times in size, and once it turned into a huge sword, Su Ming's clone breathed out a breath of his Nascent Soul's Qi, and at the same time, an endless amount of cyclones stirred up around the big virescent sword. With a light that shone in an area of ten thousand feet, the sword slashed down on the Grand Elder.

Right behind the Poison Corpse and clone, the Spirit of Nine Yin took off his helmet and revealed his face. His skin was brown and filled with cracks, which made him look like a tree. At that moment, as he let out a low growl, the spirit threw away his helmet, then he roared towards the sky.

The growth rings on his body increased, and his body grew several times in size instantly. In the blink of an eye, he had already grown up to be one thousand feet tall, and from the distance, he looked as if he had turned into a big tree!

His hair swiftly grew longer and it looked like the branches of a drooping willow. Once his body grew larger, the spirit took a huge step forward and rammed a fist against the Grand Elder!

That one punch made his fist look like the branch of a tree. It exuded an ancient presence, and there was even an abundance of life force contained within his arm.

Su Ming stood in the distance and watched the scene coldly. The old man's face had now turned sullen. As the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple, if he still needed someone to help him when he was attacking another person, then this would be the greatest form of humiliation among all other humiliations he had to suffer this day!

This was the reason why he did not even consider having the Guards of the God of Shamans attack. Instead, the instant Su Ming's clone, his Poison Corpse, and the Spirit of Nine Yin closed in on him, killing intent flashed in his eyes. He seized at the air with his right hand, and immediately, a black leaf appeared in his

hand.

Right at the instant he placed it in his mouth and crushed it, his body immediately started distorting, causing the sword in the clone's hands to miss its strike, and the old man instantaneously walked out right behind Su Ming, who was standing in the distance.

Almost the moment he walked out, Su Ming took a step forward, and with a speed incredibly quick, he was already several hundreds of feet away in the blink of an eye. At the same time, he waved his right arm towards the sky.

With that one wave, a gust of wind was stirred up.

"Wind comes when I wave my arms..." Su Ming muttered softly. The Provenance of Wind in his body circulated rapidly, and because of it, suddenly, a moaning sound came from the sky, and that sound was the voice of wind!

With Su Ming as its center, a large amount of wind suddenly rushed from a circular area of several hundreds of li. That wind charged forth from all directions, and as it spun around, it turned into a whirlwind that blew against the sky and world, and this... was the rise of a tempest!

"Once the tempest arrives, the sea of clouds will appear, and wind will descend!" Speaking in a low voice, Su Ming clenched his right fist in the direction of the sky!

At that moment, the sky in an area of several hundreds of li turned into a large sea of clouds in that whirlwind. The sea of clouds spun along with the wind, and when the crowd looked over, it was as if the sky had turned into a gigantic vortex made of a sea of clouds.

The instant Su Ming clenched his fist, that vortex charged towards him with a shocking speed!

‘There’s not enough wind...’

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

Chapter 453: Peerless!

There was indeed not enough wind!

Su Ming might have mastered one of the three styles of Wind Separation - Sun Genesis, but that did not mean that he could bring out a power equivalent to the Divine General Wind Berserker's shocking power. After all, his level of cultivation was still too low.

This level of rising and descending of wind could not bring about any form of shock when used to fight against an ordinary Latter Shaman. However, when used to fight against divine abilities, it would still be able to perform normally.

Right then, as he fought against the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple who was already halfway through to becoming an End Shaman, who even the Spirit of Nine Yin could not injure, Su Ming knew that this amount of wind... was not enough!

The main principle behind Sun Genesis lay within how much wind was sent out, and the amount of wind delivered would be returned several fold. The more wind was delivered, the more wind would be returned, and its might would also be stronger!

That was why as a glint shone in Su Ming's eyes. He activated that extreme speed of his, but not to fall back or to move forward. He flew up instead like a shooting star, charging forth to the sky.

Since he could not generate enough wind by waving his arm, then Su Ming would use his own body to execute his fastest speed and stir up the strongest wind he could muster!

As Su Ming charged into the sky at a speed that could barely be detected with the naked eye, gusts of violent wind blew around him. As he became faster, and the instant he charged into the sky, that violent gust of wind that he had stirred up blew into the sky with a crash.

With this, Su Ming finished the Wind Propelling stage for Sun Genesis!

The instant the wind swept from all directions and rushed to the sky, the sea of clouds roared and spread violently through the area. In the blink of an eye, it had already expanded to an area of one thousand li compared to its previous several hundreds of li!

The sea of clouds turned into a huge vortex that was spinning with booming noises. All of this happened within an instant. When Su Ming arrived in the sky, he clenched his fist once again.

A sight that was difficult to forget for all who saw it formed in such an astonishing manner it would shock the sky!

The gigantic sea of clouds charged towards Su Ming's fist from all directions as if time was turning back. Right at the instant Su Ming completed the act of clenching his fist, it gathered in his fist, making it seem as if he was holding onto the vortex of clouds and wind in the sky just now!

The blue sky within one thousand li no longer had a shred of wind or clouds. This was the vital part in the second level of Sun Genesis - Wind Borrowing!

Freezing light shone in Su Ming's eyes. He clenched his right fist and hurled it forward, at the old man from the God of Shamans Temple beneath him!

That one punch did not seem to contain much strength, but the movement stirred an indescribable gust of wind, and it erupted forth from Su Ming's punch!

That wind let out a piercing cry and moan that sounded like the wails of ghosts and howls of wolves, making all those who heard it to be unable to help themselves but be afraid! It was as if a shocking clap of thunder had boomed in the quiet dawn, as if a storm had erupted forth on a tranquil sea, as if a gigantic bang had resounded on a flat land!

As Su Ming hurled his fist towards the old man, a wind dragon manifested. That wind dragon was several thousands of feet long. It looked incredibly ferocious and its body was semi-transparent. The moaning sound of the wind was its howl, and the piercing whistle as the wind traveled forth was its roar!

"Sun Genesis," Su Ming mumbled.

The wind dragon instantly closed in on the old man, whose face had turned incredibly serious. His white hair danced madly in the air, and at that moment, a bump appeared on his throat. It swelled rapidly like a tumor, and eventually, the instant that wind dragon closed in on him, that tumor cracked open to reveal a head inside.

At that moment, the old man looked incredibly terrifying. He had two heads, and the newborn head was that of a teenager. However, he looked savage. The moment the head appeared, the old man seized at the air with his right hand, and immediately, two gigantic conch shell horns appeared in his hand.

He held a shell in each hand and placed them in his mouth. Moaning sounds rose into the air in a shocking manner. As those sounds echoed in the air, his body distorted, and shrill howls rose into the air. During that time, the distortions shattered, and an endless amount of vengeful souls rushed out from the torn air. From the distance, they looked like a long black arc filled with vengeful souls, and that arc was rushing towards the wind dragon.

Rumbling sounds reverberated in all directions. The wind dragon shattered, but a large half of the grudge filled long arc from the old man also dissipated. Only a small amount of it was left, and it charged towards Su Ming.

Though it was as it looked, in truth, when the wind dragon crumbled, the old man's face also turned a little paler in an instant. However, he soon recovered, and it would be difficult for anyone to be able to see anything off about him.

At that moment, his heart was in incredible shock. After all, the

difference between his level of cultivation and Su Ming's was incredibly great, but even with that disparity between them, the wind dragon had managed to make his Qi freeze for a moment and it had even showed signs of flowing backwards and scattering away. From that alone, it was enough to tell that this Spell was so strong that it was definitely not some common Spell.

Su Ming coughed out a mouthful of blood and fell a few steps backwards. Han Mountain Bell manifested with a boom, and as those bell chimes echoed in the air, he began forming seals with both his hands before pointing at the bell with a finger. Instantly, that bell began shining, and the illusionary shadow of the Nine-Headed Dragon swiftly formed in the sky. A glint appeared in the eyes of the sixth head among the nine, and it sucked in a deep breath in the direction of the long river made of vengeful souls.

With that one inhale, the long arc of vengeful souls that was charging towards Su Ming instantly changed direction, and a large number of them were devoured by the sixth head of the Han Mountain Bell.

"I originally wanted to spare you out of respect for someone else, but since you're such an ungrateful wretch, I will send you to hell!" The old man's expression was already incredibly dark.

At that moment, almost no one, not the two people fighting, and almost none of the people in the area noticed that the mark of the dragon on Wan Qiu's arm was flashing as she stood outside the hall in the distance.

When the old man from the God of Shamans Temple said those words, five tumors appeared on his throat, and once those they emerged, they burst at the same moment, and five different heads crawled out from within!

By doing so, the old man from the God of Shamans Temple now looked like a monster, but as the five heads appeared, a presence that could shake the sky manifested swiftly on his body.

There were seven heads on his body at that moment, and they came in all forms, man and woman, old and young. All of their faces were filled with forlornness, and they all cried out at Su Ming ferociously, causing the old man to look just like the Malevolent Soul he had summoned in the beginning.

"Spirit Medium Ultimate Move: Mark of Heaven Seal!"

Numerous bumps rose on the old man's body, and they were all twisting about, causing him to look incredibly horrifying. At the same time, he lifted his right hand and pointed at the Spirit of Nine Yin.

Not a single ripple that came from the execution of divine abilities could be seen from that one point. The onlookers could only hear the six heads on the old man's body roaring together, and those roars seemed to contain some sort of chant within!

"The Spirit Medium Tribe's Eternal Seal!"

The expression of the Spirit of Nine Yin changed drastically. He lifted his hands swiftly and rapidly tapped a few spots on his body. With each tap, a large amount of growth rings would appear on his body, and numerous growth rings also appeared in the form of illusions around him, as if he was fighting against something. At the same time, he took a huge step forward to charge towards the old man.

"Seal!"

The old man's lips curled up in a cold sneer. With a low growl, three of his heads instantly shrank and withered away. At the instant they disappeared without a trace, a screen of light immediately appeared around the Spirit of Nine Yin's body. That screen of light glowed and turned into a gigantic seal.

Pain immediately appeared on the spirit's face when he was sealed within.

At the same time, the old man pointed at Su Ming's clone. He

disappeared swiftly into the air, but the instant he disappeared, he was forced out from the space. Pain also appeared on his face. The light screen had appeared near his body and had turned into a seal!

Su Ming's Poison Corpse could not escape from this fate as well. The instant the old man pointed towards him, the seal flashed next to his body and he was sealed in midair.

This was an incredibly overbearing divine ability that allowed absolutely no form of resistance or struggle. Once the old man finished doing all this, the six heads on his body disappeared without a trace. He stared at Su Ming, and with a gaze filled with killing intent, as well as a look that stated he was looking at an ant, he moved towards him.

"You no longer have the Protector Spirit of Nine Yin and the two puppets. You are alone. Now... I will make you suffer a slow death..."

Su Ming remained calm as he watched the old man from the God of Shamans Temple walking towards him. He had completely lost this battle. Even the Spirit of Nine Yin had been sealed by that mysterious divine ability of the old man who was already halfway to becoming an End Shaman.

Su Ming let out a soft sigh.

"If you are powerful, then you can prey on the weak..."

"If you are powerful, then you can replace everything with your will..."

"If you are powerful, then you can snatch away other people's things on a whim..."

"If you are powerful, then you can decide whether a person lives or dies..."

"If that is the case, then if the power I reveal is stronger than yours, then I can turn you into my prey, I can have my will replace your soul, I can also decide whether you live or die..." Su Ming

looked at the old man walking towards him.

"That's right. If you have the power of an End Shaman, then forget taking away the Crimson Stone, you can do things that are even worse than this, and you can perform these acts as you please."

The old man from the God of Shamans Temple walked towards him, and as he spoke in a dark voice, he was already less than several hundreds of feet away from Su Ming. With a cold harrumph, he swung his arm forward, and an illusionary hand rushed through the air to seize Su Ming!

"This farce has ended!"

"It has indeed ended... Ze Long Shen..." Su Ming's gaze fell on the mark on his left hand. That mark did not seem like the mark of a Spirit of Nine Yin. It was incredibly indistinct, but Su Ming could sense its presence.

The instant the words 'Ze Long Shen' tumbled out of his mouth, the old man's gigantic illusionary hand that was rushing to catch Su Ming was already less than thirty feet away from him. However, right at that moment, suddenly, the space before Su Ming distorted, and a finger extended out from that space. The finger's appearance was incredibly sudden, and it tapped at the old man's palm.

With that one tap, the old man from the God of Shamans Temple let out a shrill scream of pain. His entire right arm was abruptly torn to bloody pieces, and as he fell back, his face was filled with shock and disbelief.

At the same time, a furious dragon roar spread forth abruptly from Wan Qiu's body, who was standing in the distance. The appearance of that dragon roar left even Wan Qiu stunned, and soon after, the mark of the dragon on her arm shot forth with a red light that surged to the skies before it swiftly turned into a gigantic crimson dragon. It roared once it came into sight, and right after it

manifested, with one single move, it appeared... right under Su Ming's feet!

At that moment, Su Ming stood in the air as if he was standing on the crimson dragon's body. His long hair danced in the wind, his black robes covered his entire body, and he looked peerless!

Chapter 454: Reckless?

The whiskers on the crimson dragon's gigantic head danced in the wind along with Su Ming's long hair. As it roared, its crimson red body and ferocious eyes caused Su Ming, with his existence alone, to render all the people in all directions dead silent.

A powerful wave of pressure erupted from the crimson dragon's body. The dragon was roaring at the moment, and the pressure from its gigantic body caused all the people's breathing to freeze.

Wan Qiu was stunned. She knew clearly in her heart that she had absolutely not summoned that powerful crimson dragon. That dragon had flown out on its own!

As she looked at the crimson dragon roaring, looked at it submissively floating under Mo Su's feet, looked at the serenity in his eyes through the mask covering his face, the uncertainties and doubts in Wan Qiu's heart instantly became clear in an instant!

Tian Lan Meng stared at Su Ming with a dazed look. As she watched him stand on the crimson dragon that had brought fear to her heart, her mind turned blank. Behind her, Sky Mist's ancestor widened his eyes, and disbelief could be seen within them.

Tie Mu was in the same state. He sucked in a sharp breath and looked at Su Ming, then at the crimson dragon under his body. He also saw the sight of the Grand Elder tumbling backwards with a shrill screech while his right arm was crushed. In fact, with his current level of cultivation, he could not even see how that incident happened clearly.

The shock in his heart was akin to a raging storm. He suddenly felt that he could no longer see through this Mo Su, especially when he remembered they had fought against each other a month ago, and he felt somewhat happy and lucky that he had not insisted on killing him at that time...

Or else...

A hint of wariness and respect rose in Tie Mu's eyes as he looked at Su Ming.

Nan Gong Hen looked at a loss as he stood among the crowd on the ground. Things had changed far too quickly, and he could not find himself able to react to it. At that moment, as he stared at the crimson dragon and Su Ming standing on top, Nan Gong Hen found himself somewhat unable to differentiate what was reality and what was fantasy.

If it was real, he found it hard to believe what he saw, if it was a fantasy, then why was the sight of the torn and bloodied right arm of the Grand Elder, his pale face, and his shocked expression so real..?

Then, the instant that crimson dragon appeared and roared as it came charging under Su Ming's feet, Nan Gong Hen looked at Su Ming, and the sight right before his eyes overlapped with certain rumors in the past. Su Ming's back began to resemble the back he had once seen.

His breathing quickened. His eyes misted in confusion, but in the midst of that perplexity, excitement rose.

At the edge of the crowd, located far into the distance, was a gaze among all the other pairs of eyes looking at the sky. That gaze was burning with raging hate, and the owner of that gaze was a woman, a woman who was as cold as ice!

'It's really you... but you are now much weaker than before...'

Nan Gong Shan clenched her fist and gritted her teeth. However, she still understood that even if that person was weaker than he was in the past, he was still not someone she could fight against, especially when he had used an unknown divine ability just now to crush that Grand Elder's right arm, the man who was already halfway through to becoming an End Shaman. Only those with the

power of an End Shaman would be able to do this.

Su Ming lowered his head in the sky. An ancient voice was echoing in his ears. That voice could not be heard by anyone else, only him alone.

"You still have two more chances before you have to give me a Spirit Plunder... If you want me to kill someone, then you have to give me a Spirit Plunder for each person I kill..."

With a calm expression, Su Ming cast a look at the crimson dragon under his feet. He was familiar with this creature. In Hong Luo's memories, he had used Earthen Aura to create this dragon and gave it life. Later on, because Hong Luo wanted to leave this world and he could not bring it with him, he gave it as a gift to Wan Qiu...

Su Ming was not entirely surprised by its appearance. In truth, when he was fighting against the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple, he had already sensed the crimson dragon's faint but angry roars from Autumn Sea Tribe.

It was created by Hong Luo, and Hong Luo was sealed in Su Ming's body. He might be dead, but due to the Path to Life, he had technically given his entire legacy to Su Ming, that was why the crimson dragon had felt that while Su Ming was not its master, Hong Luo... he was practically the same as master.

The moment it sensed that Su Ming was in danger, it broke through its seal and revealed its true form.

Su Ming averted his gaze from the crimson dragon and looked at the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple, who was then standing one thousand feet away from him with a deathly pale face that still had remnants of shock and fear lingering on it.

Su Ming had summoned the old man from the fifth layer who had the power equivalent to an End Shaman during the shocking blow they exchanged moments ago. This powerful warrior who

could fight on equal grounds against End Shamans had just used one finger and forced the Grand Elder back. He had even caused his right arm to be crushed and torn into bloody pieces!

The appearance of that one finger caused distortions to stir up in the area. That was why beside Su Ming and the Grand Elder, no one else saw what had happened clearly. They had only seen Su Ming mumbling one sentence, and then the Grand Elder, who was trying to seize him, screamed shrilly in pain before his right arm exploded and he fell back in terror.

Due to Su Ming being an unknown, due to his mysteriousness, due to the crimson dragon that appeared with a roar, he now gave the people a feeling that he was an abyss that could not be seen through. That was why in almost everyone's eyes, Su Ming was now filled with intimidating might.

"Now, I am stronger." Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the pale Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple, speaking in a calm voice.

The old man's expression changed. His heart was still trembling. During the instant just now, he felt a strong threat of death looming over his head. It had been his fortune that the finger had only landed on his palm. If it had landed at the center of his brows, then he believed wholeheartedly that he would have definitely died, and even his soul would have been unable to escape death.

Because that one tap was simply... too terrifying!

"Do you still want to take my Crimson Stone?" Su Ming asked unhurriedly.

The Grand Elder's was green from fear and red from anger. He looked at Su Ming and sucked in a deep breath to quell the terror and shock in his heart. Ignoring his torn and bloodied arm, he demanded in a low voice, "Just who are you?!"

"Mo Su." There was not a hint of change on Su Ming's face. At

that moment, the silence from the people around him and the gazes trained on his person made him see how people changed in all sorts of ways as this incident unfolded.

"I was reckless today. Regarding this matter..." The Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple spoke with much difficulty. These sort of words sounded incredibly awkward in his mouth, because he could not quite remember just when was the last time he had said such words himself.

"Reckless?" A chilling glare shone in Su Ming's eyes. He stepped lightly on the crimson dragon beneath his feet and sent a thought to it. This was the first time he controlled this crimson dragon, and his actions were rather rusty. All he knew was that in his memories, Hong Luo had sent his thoughts into the dragon this way for it to carry out his commands.

"By just saying that you're reckless, you can come and snatch my stone so brazenly?" The instant Su Ming sent his thoughts beneath him, the gigantic crimson dragon let out an even stronger roar. It curled its tail swiftly and charged towards the ground, sweeping past the Spirit of Nine Yin, Su Ming's clone, and the Poison Corpse.

Its control over its power was ingenious. Once it swept past these three people, it made the seals around their bodies vibrate violently, and then they shattered. The three were absolutely not touched by the blows or injured by them.

"By just saying that you're reckless, you can decide whether I live or die with your power?" Booming sounds echoed in the air as Su Ming asked those two questions. Then, as if the voice and the booming sounds had fused together, Su Ming's voice seemed to have turned into thunder. As it boomed in the air, the Spirit of Nine Yin regained his mobility and walked to Su Ming's side. Once he did so, there was shock in his gaze as he looked at him.

He was not shocked because that old man from his tribe had attacked, but because of the crimson dragon under Su Ming's body.

That crimson dragon gave him a feeling that it was incredibly powerful, and that level of strength even surpassed his power in his current Realm.

With a single warp, the clone came to stand behind Su Ming. The Poison Corpse also appeared beside him with a flash.

"Since this is recklessness, then I will be reckless as well today." Su Ming lifted his right hand and pointed towards the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple. With that one point, the crimson dragon roared and charged forth with Su Ming towards the old man at an incredible speed.

The old man's expression instantly changed drastically. He wanted to explain himself, but he did not have time to even open his mouth. He quickly retreated, but no matter how fast he was, he could not outrun the crimson dragon. In an instant, a huge power rammed into the Grand Elder and made all his clothes flutter.

Yet at that very moment, an indistinct sigh that did not even seem to exist suddenly echoed between the sky and earth. At the same time, a piercing light abruptly shone before the crimson dragon and the Grand Elder, right in the middle of the remaining space of one hundred feet between the human and dragon. Then, from within that light, came a person.

That person's face and age could not be seen. Once he appeared, he lifted his right hand, and immediately, that piercing light surrounding his body gathered into his right hand as if it was flowing backwards to that spot, causing him to seem as if he was holding a sun in his right hand and making it look as if day had arrived, even though it was still dawn in the world.

That person's right hand moved in a manner that seemed slow, but in reality, had swept forth incredibly fast to press on the crimson dragon.

The crimson dragon roared and its entire body shone with a red light. In an instant, it crashed into the person's right hand. Loud,

booming noises reverberated in all directions, and when the noise shook the sky and earth, Su Ming's body lurched forward. The crimson dragon under his feet had been forced to come to a halt.

However, the person from the light had clearly used all his power during that strike just now. He might have caused the crimson dragon to stop, but he staggered a few steps backwards, and the light around his body was dispelled to reveal a middle-aged man with fair skin. His most distinct characteristic would most definitely be a pair of long and narrow eyes that were like those of a phoenix.

The middle-aged man smiled wryly and said in a soft voice, "Brother Mo, would you mind not attacking for the moment and allowing me to say one word?"

Once he appeared, the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple let out a huge sigh of relief in his heart, then with an incredibly respectful face, he bowed towards this person.

"Greetings, Temple Lord of Earthen Temple."

"I might have only gotten to know of your name today, but your existence truly impresses me... You challenged our powerful Shamans, sealed Zong Ze of Autumn Sea, and made it so that no one in the Shaman Tribe did not know about you... It's a pity that you did not appear again after that time... It is a great fortune for me to be able to see you today, brother Mo." The middle-aged man looked at Su Ming and wrapped his fist in his palm with a faint smile on his face.

Chapter 455: Departure!

The instant the middle-aged man appeared, a few from the crowd underneath immediately recognized him. They did not dare discuss among themselves loudly, but low buzzing sounds could still be heard traveling through the air faintly.

"The End Shaman who is in charge of defending the World of Nine Yin this time is [Sir Mo Bai](#), the Lord of the Earthen Temple of the God of Shamans Temple?!"

"No wonder the other big tribes were so plainly hesitating just now! So this is the reason!"

"Sir Mo Bai is addressing Mo Su as brother Mo... and that crimson dragon... Could it be that he... that he's the person in the legends?!"

Su Ming's expression was calm as he looked at the man standing before the Grand Elder. Through the Grand Elder's respect and his words, along with the ripples that came from this person's level of cultivation, it was not difficult for him to guess that this person was the End Shaman who was defending Shaman City!

This was the second End Shaman he had ever met!

This person gave him a different feeling than Zong Ze, who had clearly exuded an incredible feeling of power when Su Ming looked at him. This person looked incredibly gentle, and most of his aura was also kept within himself. People would only feel that this person seemed to be different from others at first glance, but they would not be able to sense the pressure of an End Shaman coming from him.

If he could do this, then it was clear that he had come to understand his Realm better than Zong Ze.

When his words fell into Su Ming's ears, doubt immediately appeared in Su Ming's heart. Ever since he used the power of the

God of Berserkers and dispelled Di Tian's projection before leaving through that Gate to the Void, he had been plagued by a thought, since everything from the moment he fought against Di Tian to the moment Hong Luo disappeared had happened inside and near that sacred mountain of the Shaman Tribe.

Rumors said that the location of the God of Shamans Temple was in that sacred mountain. Then, the God of Shamans Temple must have witnessed that battle, but now, the words and expressions of this Earthen Temple Lord of the God of Shamans Temple and that Grand Elder made it seem as if they did not know about the battle at their sacred mountain.

However, this was not the moment for Su Ming to be immersed in his own thoughts. He stood on his crimson dragon and narrowed his eyes, not speaking a word.

"We are at fault for what happened today... Brother Mo, don't worry, I will definitely give you a satisfactory answer to this... so I hope that you would not continue pursuing this matter... After all, you have been missing for many years and your level of cultivation has fallen.

"I doubt that you are here to fight against the God of Shamans Temple now that you appeared here in the World of Nine Yin. There must be something more important for you to do..." the middle-aged man said with a smile. His voice was slow, but when he mentioned Su Ming's power decreasing, a sharp glint flashed in his eyes.

Clearly, even he had been unable to see that finger just now, and even if the Grand Elder had seen it, he was unable to differentiate clearly whether that finger was a product of Su Ming's divine ability or it was because of someone else.

"Besides, you have a Protector Spirit of Nine Yin with you, so you must have also gone to the ninth layer..." the middle-aged man said with a smile.

"How are you going to explain this?" Su Ming asked calmly. Since the other thought that he was Hong Luo and believed that his current level of cultivation was not high because he had been injured in an accident, then Su Ming would naturally not explain anything. He, of course, had also heard the faint hints of a threat within the man's words when he spoke about his Protector Spirit of Nine Yin.

The underlying meaning of his words was a warning to Su Ming that the God of Shamans Temple also had Protector Spirits of Nine Yin in the World of Nine Yin! If he continued fighting against them, then neither one would have a good outcome.

The middle-aged man gathered his thoughts for a moment and then spoke slowly. "Brother Mo, since you joined the treasure gambling event, then I can make a decision about this. You may choose five hundred stones that you like from the Crimson Stones we were going to auction next. You don't need to pay any Shaman Crystals for them, and you can bring them away. You don't need to open them here.

"I will also give you a top secret map of the World of Nine Yin belonging to the God of Shamans Temple. Only Latter Shamans are allowed to have this map, and it is very detailed.

"Also, while there are many limitations to outsiders who want to enter the places we of the God of Shamans Temple have developed in the World of Nine Yin, you may come and go to these places as you please, including Shaman City!"

Once he finished speaking, he seized at the air with his right hand, and immediately, two pieces of black wood appeared in his hand. He pushed them forward, and they floated towards Su Ming.

Su Ming cast the middle-aged man a glance. He did not touch the two wooden pieces but had his Poison Corpse take a few steps forward, swing his arm to sweep the black wooden pieces into his sleeve before he returned to his place.

"Thank you for the Crimson Stones," Su Ming said flatly.

When the Temple Lord saw Su Ming's puppet putting away the wooden slips, he too breathed out a sigh of relief. Even if Su Ming gave him a feeling that he was so weak that he would die with just a single blow, the Grand Elder's torn and bloodied right arm terrified him from the bottom of his heart. Clearly, even if this Mo Su's power had largely fallen, he still had incredible killing moves!

More importantly, the rumors about him made the Temple Lord unwilling to attack rashly. In his mind, he believed that this Mo Su came here to search for herbs to cure his wounds.

If that was the case, then there was really no need for him to offend such a powerful existence. Even if he could indeed summon the Spirits of Nine Yin, this Mo Su lived up to his fame. If he went all out and fought back, then the price the God of Shamans Temple would have to pay would be too great!

He also remembered how the Great Patriarch had personally issued the order when this person disappeared from the land of the Shamans to have none of them offend him if any of the members of the God of Shamans Temple ever ran into him again.

'With just a lift of his arm, he sealed Zong Ze, with a flip of his hand, he sealed the entire Autumn Sea Tribe... Even if his level of cultivation has fallen to such a state, I still shouldn't become enemies with such a person...' Mo Bai's resolve became firm. As he smiled, he cast the Grand Elder standing behind him a glance.

The old man's face was rather bloodless at that moment. Ever since he learned of Su Ming's identity, he no longer felt the humiliation from moments before. He had heard of far too many rumors regarding this person, and even some of his close friends had seen him before.

Once the old man bowed towards Su Ming with respect, he waved his right arm in the sky, and with that, dazzling light immediately filled the sky.

Within that dazzling light were nine thousand Crimson Stones of various sizes packed densely. They all appeared in the sky in a grand fashion. These Crimson Stones shone with a red glare, and that light instantly illuminated the entire world, causing this endless area to be dyed completely in crimson.

"Brother Mo, please, go on ahead!" Mo Bai said and smiled.

Su Ming did not bother with acting modest. The crimson dragon under his feet moved and brought him charging into the sky above. They appeared beside the nine thousand Crimson Stones, and right before the crowd's eyes underneath, he started walking past them.

Every single time Su Ming chose a Crimson Stone, he would immediately put it away. When dawn was over, when the nine moons hid themselves away, and when the morning sun lifted its head, Su Ming finished walking past all nine thousand Crimson Stones. In all that time, the small, black humanoid in his storage bag had only sensed nine.

To confuse the people, Su Ming put away the other four hundred and ninety-one Crimson Stones in the same manner. By doing so, it would be difficult for anyone to be able to figure out any clues from his actions.

The price for five hundred Crimson Stones was incredibly high. From that, it could be seen that the God of Shamans Temple truly wanted to resolve this matter in peace.

Once Su Ming put away all the stones, he stood on the crimson dragon and cast the Temple Lord a glance. The crimson dragon let out a roar and charged towards the ground, and in the blink of an eye, he appeared right before Nan Gong Hen.

Nan Gong Hen's face was pale at the moment, and he was staring at Su Ming with a dazed expression.

"Brother Nan Gong, the Shaman Crystals you obtained by selling

that Dragon Leaf Grass has canceled the deal we made with each other. You don't have to give me any of the Shaman Crystals." Su Ming nodded at Nan Gong Hen, then looked towards Lan Lan and Ahu.

Lan Lan blinked, then immediately dragged the slightly stupefied Ahu, who was standing by the side, to climb on the crimson dragon. Once they were on, she grabbed the crimson dragon's whiskers, and her gaze as she looked at Su Ming was filled with idolization. Ahu only at that moment snapped out of his stupor and also looked at Su Ming with a zealous gaze.

To these two children, the incident today had surpassed Su Ming's battle with Eastern Goosefoot Tribe. In their eyes, Su Ming was their sky!

Once Lan Lan and Ahu climbed onto the crimson dragon, Su Ming sent his thoughts to the dragon, and it immediately rose into the sky with a roar. Just as he was about to leave, a thought suddenly bloomed in his heart, and his lips curled up into a smile under the mask.

"Brother Bai, I have a request. I hope you will help me fulfill it." A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes as he spoke slowly.

"Oh? Brother Mo, please, go on," said Mo Bai.

"It's still the most convenient to use this type of Enchanted Vessels to cut into Crimson Stones..." Su Ming's gaze fell on the one hundred Enchanted Vessels floating in midair.

"We didn't make a lot of these Enchanted Vessels and seldom give them to other people, but if you need one, then it'll be another matter." Mo Bai smiled, then with a wave of his arm, one of the Enchanted light rings immediately flew towards Su Ming and stopped before him.

Su Ming's clone immediately took one step forward from behind him and put away the Enchanted Vessel into his storage bag. Once

he did so, Su Ming swept his gaze across the land. All the people on the ground entered his vision, along with the people standing outside the eight halls - Wan Qiu, Tie Mu, Tian Lan Meng, and Sky Mist's ancestor, whose presence had made Su Ming's pupils shrink.

Finally, Su Ming's gaze fell on the Celestial Maiden in white. The woman was also looking at him at the moment, and the delighted surprise on her face was genuine.

Su Ming turned his head away and averted his gaze. The crimson dragon under his body let out a roar to the skies. Then, no longer bothering itself with Wan Qiu, it brought Su Ming to charge into the sky.

Its roar was filled with happiness. Clearly, meeting Su Ming was much dearer to it compared to it following beside Wan Qiu.

"Senior... where are we going?" Lan Lan held onto the crimson dragon's whiskers and shouted at Su Ming loudly while the wind blew against her face.

"I'll bring you both to activate your path as Soul Catchers... But before that, we'll be searching for a cave abode outside Shaman City. I want to open these Crimson Stones!"

Su Ming's heart pounded against his chest as he traveled among the clouds in the sky. He touched the storage bag hanging over his chest with his right hand. Over there was the Crimson Stone that had caused all the ruckus just now, and it filled Su Ming with anticipation.

He had heard most of the crowd's words clearly just now with his powerful divine sense.

'This Crimson Stone doesn't have the God Sealing Flower... but there is a venomous wasp in there, and perhaps... some of the nectar of the God Sealing Flower is contained within the venomous wasp's body!

‘If it’s truly there, then if I drink it down, my level of cultivation will...’

Su Ming’s eyes sparkled with a brilliant flash.

However, even if he had spread out his divine sense, he did not notice a person in black robes following closely behind him after he left Shaman City. The other’s body was so indistinct that he seemed almost invisible.

That person had a frown on his face, and he did not dare to get too close, even as he was following Su Ming. It was as if he was hesitating about something.

‘Damn it, is Hong Luo dead or not..? Is he Hong Luo or Destiny?!’

Mo Bai is written as 摩拜 (mo2 bai4), different from Bai Chang Zai, Bai Su, Bai Ling, whose Bai is written as 白, which means white. Mo Bai’s 摩 means grinding, though in this case 摩 would be a surname, and 拜 means worship. Not the same thing, please keep that in mind. Also, the Bai for Bai Ling, Bai Su and Bai Chang Zai is pronounced as bai2, which sounds something like ‘bye?’, and Mo Bai’s 拜 is pronounced as bai4, which sounds something like ‘bye!’

Chapter 456: Burial Ground of Bones

‘Right now, my best choice is to search for a quiet place and meditate with my mind cleared. After that, I’ll extract the poisonous wasp’s nectar and raise my power, or perhaps I’ll crack open the Crimson Stones instead!’

‘But I don’t know whether there is any nectar in the poisonous wasp’s body... I might think that there is, but there’s also the possibility that there isn’t any nectar. If there is, then once I consume it, I’ll have to isolate myself for some time.’

‘It would have been fine if I was alone, but now, I’m bringing Lan Lan and Ahu along...’ Su Ming stood on the crimson dragon, and as the dragon charged forward at a rapid speed, he turned his head around to look at the nervous but excited teenagers.

‘Oh well, I know now that the process of activating the path of a Soul Catcher isn’t that dangerous. It’s just that it’ll take some time...’

Su Ming had already made a decision. He flipped his right hand in the air, and immediately, two wooden slips with maps carved on them appeared on his hand. One of these maps came from Nan Gong Hen, and the other came from Mo Bai.

If he compared the both of them, he would find that the latter map was more complete, and a simple outline of the area beyond those one million lis was also provided.

On the map, near the edge of the one million lis to the northeast of Shaman City was a region that was about several tens of millions of lis. There was a gigantic beast bone drawn on that spot. That bone looked like that of a snake’s, and even though only a simple outline of the skeleton was provided, it was still a rather terrifying sight to behold.

‘That’s the burial ground of the Candle Dragon...’ A glint

appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He put away both maps, then sat down cross-legged on the crimson dragon's head and closed his eyes, exercising his breathing.

The journey to activate the path of a Soul Catcher was actually very simple. A person with the constitution of a Soul Catcher just needed to get close to the dragon's burial ground and sense the Candle Dragon's will, which had yet to disappear.

If the person could sense the dragon's will stronger, then it would be of a much greater help to his or her training in the future. This was just like the Berserker Tribe's Berserker's Initiation. However, the Berserker Tribe had been passing down their legacy for their cultivation methods for a very long time, which had allowed them to be able to pass down their legacies independently. That was also the reason why the Elders of Berserker tribes could help the others activate their cultivation.

However, since the legacy of the Soul Catchers, Spirit Mediums, and Thought Soothsayers of the Shaman Tribe came from the World of Nine Yin, that was why no one could take the place of those particular spots in helping these people activate their cultivation. They could only come to those places personally and experience it themselves to be able to get it.

The crimson dragon shot through the sky, and it did not stop as it charged forward. Since it was a life created from Earthen Aura, it could be said that the dragon was a creature existing between the state of an illusion and a physical entity. Its perception was incredibly sensitive, and it could detect all sorts of dangers, which was why it had been able to change its direction three times as they went forth without Su Ming even needing to warn it. It would either circle around the area or avoid it.

There was a gentle screen of light around Lan Lan and Ahu's bodies. That screen of light allowed them to not feel the powerful high wind, and they would occasionally look down as they sat on the dragon's back. As time passed by, the excitement on their faces

gradually diminished. On the other hand, their anxiety grew stronger.

They knew that what they would be facing next would be the main reason for why they came to this place - to obtain the acknowledgement of the Candle Dragon's will and to activate the path of the Soul Catcher!

Before they came here, their Patriarch had already told them that in the history of the Shamans, not all those with the constitution of Soul Catchers could get the acknowledgement of the Candle Dragon's will.

For some unknown reason, there were quite a few who could not obtain the dragon's acknowledgement and could not activate the path of a Soul Catcher. These people ended up either practicing other cultivation methods or living mediocre lives.

There might only be a few of such people, but they existed, which was why Lan Lan and Ahu's anxiety became even stronger as they got closer to the Candle Dragon's burial ground.

Several days later, when most of the Shamans were still in Shaman City, participating in the treasure gambling, a ray of crimson red light flashed in the clouds near the edge of the one million li region northeast of Shaman City. That flash turned into a ten thousand feet long crimson dragon that lingered about in the sky.

Su Ming, who was sitting cross-legged, opened his eyes at that moment. His gaze was as bright as lightning as he looked at the ground underneath.

The entire land was shrouded in fog. There was a mountain range that formed a ring around the area that surrounded the entire region. The fog in the mountain range did not remain stagnant but was tumbling about slowly, continuously rising into the sky or sinking into the ground as if it could never remain still... From the sky, it could be seen clearly that this particular region

was darker than the area beyond. The thick clouds there gave off a heavy feeling to the people watching.

Soon after Su Ming began observing this region, a gust of freezing wind blew towards him, sweeping up the fog on the ground and causing them to tumble about violently. The instant that wind blew into Su Ming's face, his pupils shrank. He saw droplets of rain falling from the clouds in the sky above this region as that freezing wind started blowing.

The rain was not heavy, but as it fell down, it turned into ice cold water, causing the freezing air in the area to become even more bone chilling.

This was a mysterious region that covered several tens of thousands of li. Besides the sound of rain and fog, there was no other sound. The area was in a state that was almost akin to dead silence.

However, in the midst of this silence, suddenly, a faint voice floated from within the fog where Su Ming was looking.

"Heat... is the father..."

That voice was ancient and sounded as if it came from a long time ago. The voice seemed like it was mumbling, as if it was talking in whispers. As it echoed in the air, it caused the fog to spread slightly outwards.

The instant Su Ming heard that voice, he sensed the strange snake in his body shivering in Han Mountain Bell. Su Ming's expression changed, then he swiftly looked towards the thick fog from where the voice had come.

Not a single person could be seen there. As rain fell, each droplet dispelled some of the fog. However, as the fog scattered away, more of it would seep out from other places, causing the fog in the area to remain a constant existence.

After a long while, Su Ming averted his gaze and looked towards

Lan Lan and Ahu. The both of them seemed to be ignoring that voice, which made it clear that they did not hear it. In fact, even the crimson dragon only continued pacing about in the air. It had its eyes fixed on the fog in the region, but besides this particular action, it did not have any other reaction. It was as if Su Ming was the only one who heard that voice.

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. After staring at the fog for some time, he spread his divine sense into the region, but like a stone sinking into the ocean, his divine sense disappeared without a trace. Su Ming fell into a moment of pensive silence before he moved off of the crimson dragon. The moment he left it, the crimson dragon turned into a red mark and branded itself on Su Ming's arm.

As for Lan Lan and Ahu, they were brought by Su Ming to the ground in the form of a long arc when he waved his arm towards them. Su Ming did not choose to fly in midair. In the birthplace of the Shaman Tribe's famous Soul Catchers, he decided to be extremely careful with his actions.

When the three of them descended on the ground, Lan Lan and Ahu's faces turned a little pale. They looked a little scared as they followed closely behind Su Ming. The three of them moved forward in this silent region quietly with Su Ming walking in front and the two teenagers at the back. Not a single word was exchanged between them.

They stepped on the mountain region's rocks while having the freezing wind blowing against their bodies. The wind brought with them a few droplets of icy rain, and when those droplets fell on their bodies, it left them drenched, and the freezing wind felt as if it could seep into their bones.

Strangely though, there was a wave of heat from the ground. When they stepped on the soil, the heat from the earth would seep through the bottom of their shoes and surge into their bodies through their soles.

Because of that, waves of heat and cold clashed in everyone's bodies. Lan Lan and Ahu's faces turned stark white and they followed Su Ming, shivering. Before long, they arrived at the top of a mountain range. When they stood there, the freezing wind blew even stronger.

Right beneath them was the fog covered region. It was also the burial ground of the Candle Dragon, which covered an area of several tens of thousands of li!

"Are you ready?" Su Ming stood on the mountain, at the edge of where the fog started rolling about on the ground. He did not turn his head back, simply looked at the rolling fog as he uttered his very first sentence ever since he came to this place.

"I'm... ready, senior!" Ahu gritted his teeth. His body might be shivering, but his face was filled with determination.

"I'm ready as well..." Lan Lan bit her lip and nodded.

Su Ming no longer spoke. He simply took a step forward and walked straight into the fog. Lan Lan and Ahu quickly followed behind him. At the start, their backs could still be seen in the fog, but gradually, as they continued moving forward, the fog surged towards them and submerged the three of them within like a giant mouth.

The instant Su Ming stepped into the fog, he froze for a moment.

That ancient voice reached his ears once again. That voice sounded as if it was mumbling and whispering, just like before. It echoed in the air all around him, causing the fog to move like the waves on the surface of a sea, rising and falling as they tumbled about in the air.

"Cold... is the mother..."

The instant Su Ming heard those words, the strange snake suddenly lifted its head, shivering in Han Mountain Bell, and let out a whine. That whine was filled with dreariness and sounded

like a mournful whimper. It was as if the snake had sensed something.

That whine was akin to that of an infant abandoned by his mother who was crying out helplessly and in distress when night arrived and he could not find that familiar person by his side...

However, that whine only echoed inside Han Mountain Bell and did not spread outwards.

Su Ming's heart shook. He had begun making guesses about that strange snake's origins since a long time ago, especially when the End Soul Catcher Zong Ze had cried out about sensing the Candle Dragon when he sensed its presence during the time Su Ming ran into Autumn Sea Tribe. Yet he still remained uncertain about its origins.

However, when Su Ming saw the strange snake's trembling body and heard the desolate cry, all his uncertainties vanished. At that moment, he was absolutely certain that even if this strange snake was not a Candle Dragon, it was definitely directly connected to it!

Lan Lan and Ahu still could not hear anything. They could only see Su Ming's back in the fog. Everything else was shrouded in fog, and they could not see anything else.

It was precisely because of this that the fear and anxiety in their hearts became stronger as they moved deeper into the fog.

"This is Yin and Yang... The sky is the father, and the earth is the mother... This is Yin and Yang..." As the three of them continued onward, the voice that only Su Ming could hear suddenly echoed in the air once again.

This time, the whines from Han Mountain Bell became even more sorrowful and miserable.

About an hour after Su Ming and the other two teenagers vanished into the fog, the space outside the fog on the mountain range distorted and out came a person in black robes. Hesitation

shone in his eyes, but soon, as a glint appeared in his eyes, that person stepped into the fog and disappeared.

Chapter 457: Carcass of the Candle Dragon!

Su Ming's eyes sparkled and his face was filled with caution. Once he took a few steps forward, he suddenly saw a white shadow flashing past in the fog in the distance.

That white shadow traveled incredibly quickly and disappeared without a trace in an instant. It only left behind the fog rolling about in the area, and not a single sound traveled forth.

Su Ming came to a stop. He was not the only one who saw that white shadow, Lan Lan and Ahu had also seen it. The two of them immediately became even more anxious. They did not dare be too far apart from each other and followed behind Su Ming closely.

"Senior... what... what is that?" Lan Lan asked in a whisper.

"I think that's a woman..." Ahu clenched his fist and kept his gaze fixed at the spot where the white shadow had appeared.

A glint flashed through Su Ming's eyes. He lifted his right hand swiftly and swung his arm before him. Immediately, there was a muffled low growl. Then, the three hundred something feet Spirit of Nine Yin appeared before Su Ming.

Once the spirit came into being, he seized at the air with his right hand, and red light flashed instantly out of nowhere to gather into a red battle axe.

That battle axe looked exactly the same as the battle axe that had shattered when he fought against the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple.

With that battle axe in hand, he turned around and cast Su Ming a glance.

"Your duty is to protect these two children," Su Ming said slowly.

The man nodded. Once he swept his gaze past Lan Lan and Ahu, he surveyed his surroundings.

The group continued moving forward towards the center of the fog. There, at the center, would be the carcass of the Candle Dragon.

Once they were there, Lan Lan and Ahu could approach that skeleton and sense its remaining will. If they were acknowledged, then they would have completed their test.

Su Ming had come to understand from Nan Gong Hen that the test was not actually very difficult. In fact, they were not the first batch of people to be there. Every single time the World of Nine Yin was opened, a large number of people with the constitutions of Soul Catchers would come here.

There were no dangers lurking in the fog. In truth, the biggest threat in this test lay in the journey and their companions. However, Su Ming had arrived to this place early, at a time when other people were still participating in the treasure gambling event in Shaman City. There should not be too many dangers in this place.

However, the strangeness in the forest a month ago and the many dangers he ran into after that had shown that the World of Nine Yin now was different compared to the past.

Life threatening crises had appeared in originally safe places. If that was the case, then there was no guarantee that this place would not suffer the same fate.

About two hours since Su Ming and the group had moved into the fog, the white shadow that had appeared before suddenly flashed before them once again, and just like before, it disappeared into the distance in an instant.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He did not give chase.

However, Lan Lan and Ahu became even more scared. The two of them held hands, and they could feel the cold sweat on the other's palm.

At that moment, green light suddenly shone at the center of Su Ming's brows. The small virescent sword manifested instantly and charged behind Lan Lan and Ahu, slashing downwards.

When it cut down, the fog behind the boy and girl suddenly tumbled about, and a beast claw made of fog stretched out to crash into the small virescent sword. As a muffled boom echoed in the air and the beast claw was cut apart by the sword, it turned back into fog.

The Spirit of Nine Yin laughed savagely and threw his battle axe away. That battle axe turned into a long red arc and instantly charged into the fog, and a shrill cry of pain traveled forth, but it soon disappeared in the distance.

That scene happened too quickly, so quickly that Lan Lan and Ahu did not even have time to react to it.

Su Ming's expression was dark as he walked in the fog. He first looked into the distance, and then cast his gaze at the ground. With a swing of his arm, a small area of fog was instantly swept away to reveal a mass of flesh about the size of a palm on the black ground. A rotten stench spread out, and it was enough to make everyone nauseous.

Su Ming stared at that mass of flesh and frowned.

Suddenly, he heard that ancient voice from the fog once again. This time, that voice was much clearer, and it sounded as if it was coming from a spot much closer than before.

"The left eye of the descendants of the Candle Dragon are the day, and their right eye is the sun. When they close their eyes, the sky will turn dark, and when they open their eyes, the sky will turn bright..."

As that voice spoke, the whines from the strange snake in Han Mountain Bell grew even stronger, but Su Ming stayed silent.

"Let's go." He turned around and ignored the mass of flesh on the

ground, bringing Lan Lan and Ahu further in the fog with the Spirit of Nine Yin behind them.

Time gradually passed by. As they continued onward, they ran into attacks just like the one before several times. Fortunately for them, the Spirit of Nine Yin was around. With his strength, he prevented the creatures hiding in the fog from killing them.

Su Ming could not tell whether it was still day or night outside, but judging by the fact that they had been traveling for several hours, it should be night time outside.

Su Ming was walking forward with Lan Lan and Ahu, and slowly, a gigantic dark shadow appeared in the fog before him. That shadow looked like it was ten thousand feet tall, and it remained hidden in the fog, still and unmoving. At first glance, it looked like a building, and an indescribable feeling spread through the entire area.

That feeling could make a person feel depressed. Su Ming looked at the shadow, and right at the instant he focused his gaze at the thing, Lan Lan suddenly let out a cry of surprise.

When she cried out, Su Ming immediately turned around and looked over. He could not spread his divine sense too far, only a few dozens of feet away, which was why he could detect the attacks from the beasts in the fog, but if he wanted to look further ahead, he would have to rely on his eyes.

At that moment, he cast his gaze in the direction where Lan Lan was looking in fear, and straight away, he saw a faint figure in white about one hundred something feet behind them, hidden in the fog where they had just passed through. That figure seemed to be sitting on a rock with the back turned towards them as it cried silently.

Sobbing sounds echoed in the quiet fog.

At the moment those sobs traveled forth, Lan Lan's eyes grew

glazed. Ahu was in the same situation, looking as if he had lost his soul.

Su Ming's expression turned even darker. Just as he was about to take action, the sobbing sounds suddenly increased in number, and the additional crying voice came from Su Ming's right side.

When he looked over, he immediately saw another white figure crying several hundreds of feet away to his right. That thing had its back turned towards him, and he could only see its long hair.

Those sobbing sounds only served to make Su Ming annoyed. He let out a cold harrumph and took a step forward, charging straight at the white figure to his right. As for the Spirit of Nine Yin, he immediately stomped on the ground after Su Ming sent a single thought to him, and a screen of light swiftly appeared around Lan Lan and Ahu to protect them. Then, he took a step forward and rapidly closed in on the white figure that had appeared behind them with his battle axe in hand.

With a flash, Su Ming's clone appeared to his left and his Poison Corpse manifested on his right. In the blink of an eye, they closed in on the white figure, and the sobbing sounds became even clearer.

However, right at the instant they got closer, the white figure suddenly turned around to reveal a breathtakingly beautiful face that would make hearts pound. Yet a sharp screech suddenly came from the woman's mouth, and with a hum, that screech turned into a wave, and just like how a wave of sound would, it rushed towards Su Ming.

At the same time, the white-robed woman's body abruptly swelled up and was torn apart from within, turning into a mass of black flesh and blood that charged towards Su Ming while a rotten stench spread through the air.

The instant that flesh and blood appeared, Su Ming lifted his right hand and seized at the air with his fingers. Immediately, a

whirlwind gathered in his palm, drawing in the fog from all around him before he rammed his palm on that mass of flesh and blood.

Immediately after, green light shone on his clone, and the small sword grew into a big sword that sliced horizontally through that mass of flesh. The clone also started forming multiple seals, and once he formed the final seal, he jabbed at that mass of flesh.

The Poison Corpse's actions were the most straightforward. He did not do anything except open his mouth and breathe out a puff of poisonous fog that seemed no different from the fog around them. As if it contained life, that fog turned into nine small snakes once it left the Poison Corpse's mouth and charged out ferociously.

All of these divine abilities were executed within an instant, and they all charged towards that mass of flesh. However, right at the instant they were about to crash into each other, the mass of flesh gathered together in midair and turned into a woman's face. That face was filled with murderous intent, and before Su Ming's divine abilities could touch it, it started burning on its own.

It was reduced to smoke in an instant and disappeared without a trace.

Su Ming's pupils shrank, and when he whipped his head back, he found that there was only fog behind and all around him. There was no Spirit of Nine Yin, no Lan Lan, no Ahu...

The area was not silent. Sobbing sounds echoed around him as if they had surrounded him. Those crying voices increased in number, and in the span of a few breaths, it sounded as if there were several of these women hiding in the fog.

"Petty tricks!" Su Ming let out a cold harrumph and forced down the annoyance in his heart. Once he calmed his mind, he lifted his right hand, and with a flash on his palm, a spiked club immediately appeared in his hand.

Once Su Ming held it, he immediately lifted it up. As buzzing sounds echoed in the air, the spiked club's length swiftly increased, and in the blink of an eye, it became one hundred something feet long and several dozens of feet wide. Su Ming leaped up, and with a low roar, swung the spiked club upwards in the shape of a fan before he slammed it down on the ground.

"Move!"

When Su Ming's spoke, the spiked club grew several times in size once again while falling downwards. The instant the club crashed into the ground, it was already nearly one thousand feet long and several dozens of feet wide. Veins had popped up on Su Ming's arms as he held that spiked club, and the Berserker Bones in his body shone with a golden light.

The gigantic spiked club crashed into the land with a huge bang, causing the ground to tremble and the sea like fog to look as if it had been ripped apart by two hands. With the spiked club as its center, the fog rolled backwards in both sides.

In the blink of an eye, there was no longer any fog within a circular area of several thousands of feet. In the distance, Su Ming saw the Spirit of Nine Yin shuddering due to its struggles to break free. There was an eyeball of several hundreds of feet before him. The eyeball seemed to contain the power of a Soul Catcher, and its center was torn apart like a mouth. It was luring the Spirit of Nine Yin to move towards it slowly.

Behind the Spirit of Nine Yin was a screen of light that was on the verge of shattering, and there were several figures in white crying shrilly behind it as they continuously rammed their bodies against the screen. Inside were Lan Lan and Ahu, whose faces were pale with fear and despair.

As the fog continued rolling back, Su Ming saw clearly further down that area of several thousands of feet a gigantic skeleton of ten thousand feet!

That skeleton looked like the tail of a gigantic python. Most of its carcass had already decayed, and only some scales were left. When Su Ming looked over, the tail of the skeleton was so long that he could not see its end, and if the tail itself was already such a shocking scene, then the whole body might be an unimaginable sight.

"Candle Dragon..." Su Ming's pupils shrank, and within Han Mountain Bell, the strange snake let out its strongest cry!

Chapter 458: Descendants of the Candle Dragon

The situation was perilous. The screen of light protecting Lan Lan and Ahu was shining furiously, looking as if it was about to shatter. It would only be able to persevere for a few more breaths before it disappeared completely.

Once it disappeared, then the fragile boy and girl, who were not even Fledgling Shamans, would shatter with just a touch. Similarly, the Spirit of Nine Yin was also caught in a life threatening crises. He was actually struggling due to that strange giant eyeball even though he had the power of a Latter Shaman. By the looks of it, he was in a considerable amount of pain as he was continuously pulled near the tear in the eyeball, and the eyeball looked as if it wanted to devour him.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and without any hesitation, he charged towards Lan Lan and Ahu like a bolt of lightning. His clone and puppet followed closely behind him. At the same time, the mark of the crimson dragon on Su Ming's arm shone, and as a low roar echoed in the air, the dragon appeared. With a swing of its huge head, it rushed towards the Spirit of Nine Yin who was being dragged towards that eyeball and swept its head across the land.

Su Ming's speed had reached its peak, but right at the instant he was about to close in on Lan Lan and Ahu, the screen of light shattered with a bang under the impact of those white figures and their shrill cries, turning into a large amount of fragments that scattered everywhere. The white figures pounced on the children.

Su Ming's face turned dark. His clone let out a low growl beside him and his body disappeared in an instant, only to reappear right when the screen of light shattered and the white figures pounced on the children. As Lan Lan's face was filled with despair, the area

before her distorted, and Su Ming's clone walked out, and when he did so, he formed a seal with his right hand and patted the air before him.

With that one pat, the fog around the area immediately started churning rapidly, as if there was a great force bursting forth and pushing outwards from the clone's palm, like a vase full of water shattering with an explosive bang. The pouncing white figures let out piercing screeches, and once the impact crashed into their bodies, they froze for a moment in midair before tumbling backwards.

Without a hint of hesitation, Su Ming's clone waved his arm, using the force from the motion to immediately bring Lan Lan and Ahu away from the spot and back to his side. The remaining white figures let out piercing shrieks, and just as they were about to rush over, due to the clone's impeccable aid, Su Ming managed to arrive at the most crucial moment. Almost at the instant the clone brought Lan Lan and Ahu away, Su Ming himself came charging and arrived swiftly like a violent gust of wind.

The Poison Corpse came with him.

With murderous intent burning on his face, the moment Su Ming closed in, he clenched his left hand into a fist and hurled it straight at one of the white figures. His fist traveled so quickly that the white figure did not even have time to dodge before the fist rammed into its body.

That figure was immediately ripped into pieces, but when those pieces turned into a layer of fog that spread backwards, it gathered together once again. The same thing happened over at the Poison Corpse's side.

"A vengeful spirit?"

Su Ming let out a cold harrumph, then flipped his left hand over. Immediately, dark light started flickering around him, and Han Mountain Bell swiftly manifested. Once that bell appeared, Su

Ming formed a seal with his hands and pointed towards it. The Nine-Headed Dragon's illusion instantly formed outside the bell, and the dragon roared right when it appeared.

As it roared, the white figures froze up and did not dare come forward. Instead, they moved swiftly away, as if they wanted to escape into the fog, but with murderous intent raging on his face, Su Ming formed several seals with his hands, and the sixth head of the Nine-Headed Dragon opened its eyes, widened its mouth, and sucked in a deep breath in the direction of those white figures.

Those white figures immediately shivered and turned into wisps of fog, and as if they could not control themselves, they were all sucked into the sixth head's mouth and were devoured. That sixth head even chewed a few times, looking as if it had just had a tasty meal.

During that time, the Spirit of Nine Yin was on the verge of being devoured by the giant eyeball with a dazed look mixed with a hint of struggle on his face. However, the crimson dragon's head rammed straight into the spirit's body with a huge force, and from the distance, he looked as if he was swept away by the crimson dragon's head, causing his entire person to be forced out from the eyeball's strange Soul Catching abilities.

At the same time as the Spirit of Nine Yin was knocked away, the crimson dragon let out a low roar. It lifted its claw and swiped it at the eyeball, but right at the instant its claw was about to touch it, gray fog filled the inside of the eyeball and it disappeared without a trace, causing the crimson dragon's claw to swipe at air before falling on the ground, which made it tremble.

All of this seemed to have happened over a long period of time, but in truth, only several dozens of breaths had passed since the moment Su Ming and the group were ambushed. When the white figures were devoured by the Nine-Headed Dragon and the giant eyeball disappeared, everything returned to silence around them.

The fog that was blasted away by Su Ming's club also came rolling back from all directions, as if it wanted to submerge the entire area once again.

The Spirit of Nine Yin crawled up from the ground and pulled off his helmet from his head. His expression was dark, and his eyes were burning in anger, but at the same time, there was also wariness within them.

The Spirit of Nine Yin cast Su Ming a glance before he spoke slowly, enunciating each word clearly. "You Shamans didn't keep to your promise. You must have gone past the edge of the seal, that is why the seals are being continuously broken, and now abnormalities have appeared on the Sacred Nine Yin's skeleton here... That eyeball just now doesn't possess incredibly powerful divine abilities, but its Soul Catching abilities aren't something an ordinary person would possess. That is the Sacred Nine Yin's second eye!"

"I was the one who rented you with Scattering Dusts, and I was also the one who saved your life just now," Su Ming pointed out calmly.

The Spirit of Nine Yin fell silent, and after some time, he began to laugh wryly.

"Did you just mention the Sacred Nine Yin?" Su Ming put away the spiked club and turned his head around to look towards the pale Lan Lan and Ahu, then swept his gaze around the area before finally landing on the gigantic carcass a thousand feet away.

"The dead body you see now is the Sacred Nine Yin's carcass, which is also known as Candle Dragon among you Shamans. I was thinking that there was something off about this place just now. By the looks of it, those white figures are the vengeful spirits belonging to the enemies who were killed by the Sacred Nine Yin in the past.

"The beast claw in the fog we met previously is formed through

the Sacred Nine Yin's decayed flesh... When you Shamans broke the seal here all those years ago, you caused the Sacred Nine Yin's will to scatter. You people had even thought about taking the carcass away, but once you found that you could not, you had your descendants come here to sense its will so that your so called Soul Catchers could be born.

"Then you came to our tribe so that you could work together with us to seal up this place along with a few other spots. But while those seals look sturdy, they are actually very fragile. Once ripples of power that are equivalent to those of End Shamans come from the outside world, then the seals will shatter... That one doesn't count among those that would shatter the seal," the Spirit of Nine Yin said, casting a glance at the crimson dragon.

Su Ming looked at the gigantic carcass. Most of its carcass had already rotted away, but not a hint of the smell of decay could be detected from its body. After a moment of pensive silence, Su Ming walked towards it.

Lan Lan and Ahu quickly followed behind him. The Spirit of Nine Yin cast an incredibly wary look at his surroundings before he too followed behind them.

The crimson dragon floated at a low altitude. Its eyes sparkled as it surveyed its surroundings cautiously. The air here made it uncomfortable, and that gigantic carcass especially filled the place with an oppressive air.

As the crowd moved closer, the fog from all around them slowly seeped closer, causing the area around them to gradually turn foggy once again. Then, when Su Ming arrived beside the gigantic carcass, he stopped.

He stared at the Candle Dragon's carcass for a moment before he spoke unhurriedly towards Lan Lan and Ahu. "Get closer to the carcass here and sense the Candle Dragon's will. Now, whether or not you will be able to activate the path to become Soul Catchers

will depend entirely on your own serendipity."

The pair of teenagers might be afraid, but they nodded their heads resolutely. Then while holding hands, the both of them sat down cross-legged and closed their eyes, silently circulating the blood in their bodies which held that weak bloodline connecting them to the Soul Catchers according to the method their Patriarch had taught them.

Su Ming did not know how long the boy and girl would take. Once he ordered the Spirit of Nine Yin to protect them and had the crimson dragon keep a close eye on the area along with fighting off all threats as well, he leaped up into the air and charged into the fog in the sky to appear on the gigantic Candle Dragon's carcass.

When he stood there, Su Ming could see the dark shadow of the Candle Dragon's carcass under his feet stretching endlessly into the fog, and he had no idea just where the end was.

In fact, when he looked at the shadow, he had a feeling as if the Candle Dragon's carcass was a path that led to an unknown destination.

Only when he stood up there did he manage to smell a faint and indistinct foul stench spreading out from the carcass.

Su Ming's heart shook slightly. This was the biggest creature he had ever seen, and with just its physical body alone, this beast could already startle a person.

He could not imagine just what sort of power could bring about this beast's death, except that it had finished walking through the course of its life and reached the end.

'Perhaps it had indeed walked through the course of its life and chosen this place to die...' Su Ming looked at the distance that stretched down endlessly and once again felt that there were simply too many forms of power and materials he did not know of.

When he put himself in comparison to these things, a feeling that

he was insignificant blossomed in his chest.

Su Ming sighed. Just as he was about to leave and return to Lan Lan and Ahu's side, his footsteps suddenly froze, because right beside his ears, that ancient voice echoed once again.

"The Candle Dragon's tribe will never die and be destroyed... Even if the world crumbles, we will not. Even if the heavens rot away, we will not... In my long life, I have devoured ninety-seven worlds and more than one hundred billion lives... When I open my eyes, I can see the skies from all worlds, because I am day itself...

"When I close my eyes, I can let the darkness I see cover the heaven of my world... In my life, I have devoured three of the descendants of my tribe... so that my life will lengthen... They... did so willingly...

"This is how the Candle Dragon's tribe grows... My child, you will be..." As that voice echoed in Su Ming's head, the strange snake in Han Mountain Bell let out a piercing cry. The grief in that cry made Su Ming's heart clench in pain.

The grief in that voice gave others the impression of an indescribable sorrow of a wanderer who was devoured alive by his own kin after finding his family after a long period of time spent unable to find home.

The strange snake lay within Han Mountain Bell, shaking as it continued crying incessantly...

A freezing glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. In silence, he leaped down and descended from the Candle Dragon's carcass to land on the fog covered ground.

Chapter 459: Fulfilling the Promise

Time passed by slowly as Su Ming sat cross-legged before Lan Lan and Ahu. The Spirit of Nine Yin might also be sitting beside them, but his gigantic stature made him look like a small hill.

The crimson dragon floated in midair and remained cautious as it surveyed its surroundings.

Su Ming had his eyes closed. His expression might be calm, but his heart remained uncertain, and that uncertainty stemmed from the strange snake's current dejected look and the continuous forlorn cries.

The snake's emotions had transitioned slowly from the excitement it felt in the beginning to its current sorrow. This gradual transformation made the snake look incredibly pitiful.

'Have the Candle Dragon's tribe always devoured their kin to grow since the beginning of time..?' After an unknown amount of time, Su Ming opened his eyes and stared at the Candle Dragon's carcass with a chilling glare in his eyes.

'If that is the case, then this Candle Dragon that died a long time ago and only has a hint of its will left clearly wants to devour my snake so that it could use its life to revive itself...

'But since the members of the Candle Dragon's tribe have always devoured their own kind, then perhaps my snake can also devour this Candle Dragon!'

As Su Ming mulled over his thoughts, he looked towards the Spirit of Nine Yin.

"You mentioned that the giant eyeball we saw just now was the Candle Dragon's second eye. How many eyes does this Candle Dragon have then?"

The Spirit of Nine Yin opened his eyes and replied in a whisper, "It has four..."

"The Candle Dragon has two heads. One of them is a python's head, and the other is a hidden head that is similar to mine. Each of these heads has two eyes, which is why it has four eyes.

"That giant eyeball just now is one of the python head's eyes. We have detailed descriptions of the Sacred Nine Yin in the legends passed down among my people. Once it dies, it must be sealed, or else its blood and flesh will turn into Ominous Fog, its grudge will turn into Spirit Tears, its bones will turn into the Bone Fiend, and its eyes will turn into the Yin Funeral...

"That eye just now clearly woke up because the seal has weakened. Once it fixes its on something, then with my current level of cultivation, it will be difficult for me to escape, and I will need someone to save me." The Spirit of Nine Yin's voice echoed in the fog and fell in Su Ming's ears. Su Ming narrowed his eyes.

"If you are eaten by the crack in the pupil of the Eye of Yin Funeral, then will you turn into a Soul Catcher's puppet?" he suddenly asked.

"Puppet..?" The Spirit of Nine Yin shuddered when he remembered what nearly happened just now, then shook his head.

"You won't turn into a puppet, but all your flesh, blood, and essence will be sucked away, and you will turn into a dried corpse... But that's not all. Your mind will be captured, and you will enter the Undying and Imperishable World created by an adult Candle Dragon.

"You will live a life akin to being sealed up for eternity over there. You will never be able to escape, and you can only fight continuously against the numerous living souls that have been killed by the Candle Dragon when it was alive. You have to fight endlessly, and even if you die, you will be revived shortly...

"And it will only stop when your will crumbles and you submit to the Candle Dragon. It will only stop when you become part of the Undying and Imperishable World...

"Your corpse will stay in the Candle Dragon's body and turn into his flesh and blood. This is a fate more terrifying than death. Compared to that, it is much better to die in battle," the Spirit of Nine Yin said in a low voice, and Su Ming could feel the fear in his voice clearly.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he asked, "What if I don't submit to it? Is it possible to walk out of the Undying and Imperishable World?"

"Walk out..?" The Spirit of Nine Yin cast a deep look at Su Ming.

"When a Candle Dragon is alive, it will need to receive offerings from all sorts of tribes and races. The more offerings it receives from the living, the stronger it will become... This is one of its inborn abilities. Look at your Soul Catchers. You should be able to imagine just how strong that ability is just by seeing how its dead will is able to create Soul Catchers in your tribe.

"The Soul Catchers are equivalent to the worshipers of the Candle Dragon. However, since there aren't many Soul Catchers among you Shamans, that is why my people allowed you here.

"When it is necessary, the Candle Dragon will devour a certain race, but similarly, the races who offer themselves to it will obtain a privilege, and that privilege... is to enter the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World!" The Spirit of Nine Yin's voice became lower.

"A privilege?" A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

"That's right. Training in the Undying and Imperishable World and going through all endless cycles of life and death will allow you to understand the origins of battle and forge you into the strongest warrior... Each of the races who make offerings to the Candle Dragon will choose their best to receive this privilege. He or she might not be able to increase his or her level of cultivation much, but that person's brutality and decisiveness in battle is something no one else will be able to compare to.

"Because they have simply... gone through too many cycles of life and death. However, this will only happen when the Candle Dragon is alive. It can release the people it captured at will, that is why it is considered a privilege.

"But once it dies, then this will no longer be a privilege. This is a cage that is even more terrifying than death... Perhaps there are people who have indeed managed to walk out of the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World, but no one from my race has ever been recorded to have done so."

Su Ming fell silent. The Spirit of Nine Yin stopped speaking as well.

When approximately two hours passed by, suddenly, the crimson dragon let out a low growl in midair.

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He saw the white figures appearing once again in the fog in the distance, and they did not come alone. There were eight of them, and they were drifting about in the fog while letting out wailing sobs.

When those wails fell into Su Ming's ears, they annoyed him again.

But that was not all. Besides those white figures, another roar would occasionally echo from within the fog, and Su Ming could somewhat see bodies covered in scales as the fog tumbled about around them.

Apart from these creatures, Su Ming also saw a gigantic dark shadow in the fog. That dark shadow was one hundred something feet tall, and it was floating in the fog. When Su Ming saw it, he immediately had the feeling as if his gaze was stuck to it.

That dark shadow was clearly the giant eyeball that had disappeared just now - The Candle Dragon's second eye!

"Don't move!" The Spirit of Nine Yin's eyes flashed and he stared fixedly at the creatures in the fog as he whispered.

"By right, they won't come near. After all, they're born from the Candle Dragon, and they only attacked us just now because we didn't have the dead Candle Dragon's will on us...

"Right now, those two people of yours are sensing its will and area about to turn into its worshipers. Since they're doing this, they won't attack.

"Once those two have been acknowledged, then with them around, we will be able to walk out, we shouldn't be attacked anymore." As the Spirit of Nine Yin spoke, he swept his gaze across the area.

Su Ming did not act recklessly. As time passed, he found that the spirits in the fog were just as the Spirit of Nine Yin said. They were only lingering around and did not come too close. When he saw this, Su Ming sent a thought to the crimson dragon to placate it slightly, but he continued remaining on guard.

When another hour passed by, Su Ming's pupils shrank. He saw the number of white figures in the fog increasing, and there were now about several dozens of them around.

Similarly, the ferocious beasts hidden in the fog had also increased. They stood close to each other and numbered to hundreds. Low growls and sobs fused together to turn into waves of sound.

Apart from that, as Su Ming and the Spirit of Nine Yin remained alert, sharp howls came from within the fog. They seemed to have come from a distance when they first sounded, but closed in within an instant. A dozen something rays of white light shot out rapidly from the fog and turned into arcs that impaled the ground hundreds of feet away from Su Ming and the group.

The dozen something rays of white light were gray bones. Once those bones impaled the ground, they immediately melted to turn into small gray humanoids that were filled with murderous aura.

The moment those small humanoids appeared, Su Ming fell into shock, because he realized that the appearance of these humanoids was incredibly similar to the small humanoid sealed within the mountain rock.

However, when he took a closer look, he found that they were slightly different. These small humanoids were all gray and not black. Their appearances were also indistinct and they did not have detailed facial features. There was a crack where their eyes should be, and another crack where their mouths should be.

"The Bone Fiends have also appeared. Looks like the seal hasn't weakened but has been damaged..." The Spirit of Nine Yin's expression immediately changed.

Su Ming's expression turned dark. Without a single word, he stared at the creatures in the fog. When he looked over, another dozen something white figures had come.

Clearly, as time passed by, the amount of spirits in the fog would increase!

At that moment, Ahu, who had his eyes closed, suddenly started trembling violently. Pain twisted his features, but gradually, that pain turned into determination. However, in the midst of determination, Su Ming saw a hint of respect as well.

'Acknowledgement... By what the Spirit of Nine Yin said, to obtain the right to practice the ways of the Soul Catcher, they must first acknowledge the Candle Dragon as their master...' Su Ming remained silent. This was something concerning only White Bull Tribe, he had no reason to interfere.

After a moment, pain also appeared on Lan Lan's face. She looked as if she was struggling, but those struggles did not last too long before they turned into an expression of respect that was similar to Ahu's.

Soon after, the two of them opened their eyes almost

simultaneously. A dark light appeared in their eyes before it disappeared slowly, and in Su Ming's eyes, the two children already looked slightly different from before.

"Thank you for your help, senior!" Ahu stood up and wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming as a form of gratitude. Lan Lan did the same thing by his side. Once they thanked Su Ming, they looked towards the creatures in the fog.

"This is a deal made between your Patriarch and me, you don't need to thank me. Once I send you back to Shaman City, I will have fulfilled my end of the deal." Su Ming stood up and swept his gaze across the creatures in the fog.

"Senior, don't worry. I can sense that they harbor no ill-will towards Lan Lan and me. We can leave without any problems," Ahu said quickly. When he walked forward, the creatures in the fog did indeed move away to reveal a path for them.

However, when Su Ming moved closer, the creatures in the fog immediately let out a shocking roar. The white figures shrieked and the fog beasts growled, the Bone Fiends howled and the giant eyeball in the distance floated out from the fog and stared at Su Ming.

"Take the two of them back to Shaman City," Su Ming stated after a moment of silence.

Chapter 460: Breaking in Alone!

The Spirit of Nine Yin cast Su Ming a glance and looked as if he wanted to say something but was hesitating. In the end, he did not say anything and only nodded his head.

"You saved my life and you are also my employer. Once I send them back safely to Shaman City, I will rush back here. If you still haven't walked out by then, I will wait for you here for ten years." The spirit wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming, then walked towards Lan Lan and Ahu.

The boy and girl turned their heads back to look at Su Ming. They had complicated expressions on their faces but did not say anything. Instead, they turned around and walked quickly towards the fog with the man.

When they saw that Su Ming did not move, the creatures in the fog spread out and opened up a path for them to leave before they sealed off the place once again.

A freezing glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Just when he was about to send out his thoughts, that ancient voice appeared in his ears once again. This time, that voice sounded as if it was right beside him, and it echoed incessantly, seemingly without end.

"You... will be the fourth of my kind that I will devour. Come... let me eat you. This is the fate of our race. You will disappear, and I will... wake up once again... The Candle Dragon's essence, the brilliance of the sky, and the light of the earth will give us the long life that belongs to us Candle Dragons!"

When the ancient voice uttered those words, a strong desire could be heard in them. This was the first time any hint of emotion was revealed in that voice.

The instant that voice spoke, the strange snake let out its loudest cry in Su Ming's Han Mountain Bell. Its body trembled, and blood

capillaries appeared all over its scales, making it seem as if it was about to shatter to pieces. It rose, and the instant it crashed into Han Mountain Bell, its body turned into an illusion, and it left Han Mountain Bell to appear before Su Ming.

Su Ming had never seen this sort of ability from it before, but he did not have time to think about it. The snake that was about the size of his finger let out a strong screech towards the sky in the air.

As it cried out, the wails of the white figures around him also reached a piercing volume. The roars of the fog beasts shook the skies. The Bone Fiends also started howling louder.

Even the fog around the giant eyeball had started tumbling about viciously. It was as if all sounds were pandering to the strange snake's screeches.

Struggle appeared in the snake's eyes. It turned its head back and cast a glance at Su Ming in midair. There was an unwillingness to part in its eyes, along with sadness, and attachment.

When Su Ming saw the small snake's eyes, his heart trembled. As the snake cried out, the beasts in the fog that were blocking Su Ming's way spread out and opened up a path for Su Ming.

If he continued down this path, then he could leave the burial grounds of this Candle Dragon without any danger!

This was clearly the path left behind by the snake for Su Ming!

There were still blood capillaries spreading out from the snake's body. It turned away, and with a grief stricken cry, the struggle on its face growing even stronger, it charged straight towards the Candle Dragon's carcass. Its body was no longer under its control and it crawled in the body, whose exact length was unknown, then rushed straight towards its head.

Su Ming's eyes gradually turned red. He could leave right now, but he would not!

This snake had stayed with him for many years, and when he had

returned to that cave abode after disappearing, he had sensed the snake's joy.

Right now, he absolutely could not just watch the snake disappear into the Candle Dragon's body and wait for its own kind to devour it so that the dragon could turn it into its life and resurrect itself.

Su Ming lifted his left hand swiftly and waved it at the air.

"Ze Long Shen!"

With one wave of his arm, the mark of the Spirit of Nine Yin on his left hand immediately started flashing with a brilliant light. Then, with a sigh, the old Spirit of Nine Yin slowly manifested before Su Ming.

"Please enter the Candle Dragon's body and stop it from devouring my snake!" Su Ming looked towards the old man.

The old spirit looked at the Candle Dragon's carcass and said in a low voice, "I can't help you... We worshiped this Sacred Nine Yin when it was alive. Its will is still remaining as of now, and there is a sort of madness in that will..."

"I can't fight against it..." The old man averted his gaze and looked towards Su Ming apologetically.

Su Ming's heart fluttered with anxiety as he said immediately, "I'll give you more Spirit Plunders!"

"It doesn't matter how many Spirit Plunders you give me. With this will around, it is difficult for anyone to enter its body. But since that snake belonged to you before, then perhaps you can go in, but I can't..."

As the old man spoke, he took a step forward and appeared before a damaged part on the Candle Dragon's carcass. The moment he was about to enter, a huge rebounding force suddenly surged out from the Candle Dragon's body. When that impact crashed into his body, the old spirit was forced several steps back, and he turned to

look at Su Ming with a bitter smile.

Su Ming stared at the Candle Dragon's carcass. A glint appeared in his eyes, and he made his decision. Sometimes, there was no such thing as what you should do and what you shouldn't do when it came to how you should act in certain matters. In those occasions, you only need to feel what you must do it, and that was what you should do!

Su Ming took a step forward, then lifted his right hand to point at the crimson dragon in the sky. The dragon instantly turned into a red light and charged towards him. Once it turned into the mark of a dragon on Su Ming's arm, he rushed straight towards the Candle Dragon's carcass.

Right behind him were his clone and the Poison Corpse.

However, right when Su Ming got closer to the Candle Dragon's carcass and was about to crawl in through that damaged area, a strong rebounding force surged out from the skeleton and swept through Su Ming's body in an instant.

When that power swept through him, Su Ming trembled and a strong repelling force along with a nearly crazed will spread through his entire body. The strength of that will was so great that it caused Su Ming to feel as if he was plunged into a raging sea. It was as if he was a boat trapped in a roaring sea, and he was incapable of resistance.

"Go away!" There was a roar contained within that will. That roar surged straight into Su Ming's mind, causing his body to tremble, and the mark of the dragon was forced out of his body.

Su Ming coughed out a mouthful of blood. His face turned pale, and once he was pushed back hundreds of feet, he coughed out blood once again. He lifted his head and stared at the Candle Dragon's carcass with an incredibly dark face.

The old Spirit of Nine Yin sighed and shook his head beside him.

He was just about to say something when he saw a glint flashing past Su Ming's eyes.

He lifted his right hand and pointed at the crimson dragon. Immediately, the crimson dragon that was forced out of his body turned into a mark on his arm once again. At the same time, Su Ming cast a glance at the old Spirit of Nine Yin and sent his thoughts to him.

The old man sighed. His body gradually dissipated to eventually turn into the faint mark on the back of Su Ming's left hand.

Once he finished doing all these, Su Ming put away the Poison Corpse and his clone, wiped away the blood at the corners of his lips, then took a deep breath and had his divine sense surge into the black stone fragment hanging on his neck. The dark light on the stone fragment instantly shone brilliantly, and the moment it covered Su Ming's entire body, the snake's presence appeared around him.

The presence felt incredibly real, almost as if he was the snake itself!

The instant that presence took form, Su Ming executed his absolute speed, and he shot through so quickly that he closed in on the Candle Dragon's carcass within an instant. At the same time, the rebounding force disappeared right when it touched Su Ming, and he heard a faint gasp of surprise from the will that descended on him.

Su Ming knew that he could only deceive it for a moment. Very soon, the dragon's remaining will would figure it out, and then, no matter what, it would be difficult for him to try and enter the Candle Dragon's carcass again. Without a hint of hesitation, he charged forward, straight into the Candle Dragon's body.

Yet at the very instant he was about to enter the Candle Dragon's carcass, the mark of the crimson dragon on his arm was separated from his body once again, along with the marks on his left and

right hand. The Poison Corpse and the clone in his storage bag were also pushed out from his body as if they had been screened. They were all blocked out of the Candle Dragon's body.

Only Su Ming himself and his Nascent Soul could enter the Candle Dragon's body!

Apart from them, everything else was blocked out!

Su Ming's face was as dark as night. He took off his mask. At that moment, he was on a dried up path of flesh and blood. Everything around him was dark, and a rotten stench filled the air. This was the Candle Dragon's tail.

Stepping on this road felt like stepping on mud; it was a revolting feeling. Su Ming looked around him. His Nascent Soul returned to his body, and with a brilliant shine in his eyes, he spread his divine sense around, but it was immediately absorbed by the flesh walls around him. He could only spread his divine sense to an area of one hundred feet.

Not only did this place block his divine sense, it also cut off his connection with his puppets, the crimson dragon, and the Spirits of Nine Yin. Fortunately though, since he and the snake were in the Candle Dragon's body, his connection with it still remained. He charged forward without a word, rushing onward with the connection as his guide.

Su Ming's Poison Corpse sat near the tail of the gigantic Candle Dragon's carcass with a blank expression on his face, where Su Ming had crawled into and disappeared. He sat there cross-legged, still and unmoving.

Ji Yun Hai's corpse fell to the side. The black beetles that filled his entire body also remained motionless. The crimson dragon was letting out low roars, and it paced around the area as it growled. There was anxiety on its face because it could no longer sense Su Ming's presence. After a long while, it chose to shrink its body and turn into a small dragon, landing right on the spot Su Ming had

disappeared to wait for him.

The old Spirit of Nine Yin was frowning and sighing repeatedly at the moment. It was not that he did not want to help, but he truly could not enter the Candle Dragon's body. He was a little curious as to how Su Ming managed to do it though. Perhaps he truly had some of the Candle Dragon's presence remaining on him, which was why he could enter.

The change of presence in Su Ming's body just now had surprised the old spirit greatly.

'This child has great fortune. That small snake is clearly a descendant of the Candle Dragon. It is incredibly difficult to meet such a ferocious beast now... Oh well, I'll wait here for some time. If he manages to come out, then I can continue fulfilling my end of the deal with him, but if he doesn't... then I'll just have to treat it as a loss.'

The old man sighed and sat down by the side.

Chapter 461: Endless

Su Ming continued dashing forward through that dark path of flesh and blood. The rotten stench in the air was nauseating, and if he breathed in that stench for an extended period of time, he would begin to feel lightheaded.

Su Ming bit the tip of his tongue so that he could remain awake. At the same time, he increased his speed. After all, this Candle Dragon was dead, and it was now a far cry from when it was still alive, which meant that it was far less dangerous than before. However, Su Ming still remained vigilant. If he had not watched his snake being devoured, he would definitely not step foot in a dangerous place like this.

As he charged forward, Su Ming could even see rotten corpses around him that had stayed in the dragon for an unknown amount of years. These corpses were the same as this Candle Dragon, they had not completely decayed, and their horrifying state made all those who saw them to be unable to help themselves but be afraid.

From how these corpses were strewn about in the place, it seemed like they had never moved. When Su Ming remembered just how difficult it was to enter this Candle Dragon, a sharp glint appeared in his eyes.

‘Could it be that once this Candle Dragon died, no one has been able to get into it..?’

It was quiet all around. Besides Su Ming’s footsteps, there were no other sounds, not even wind. No matter how quickly he went, it was still difficult for him to stir up even the faintest wind.

This strange condition made Su Ming even more cautious, and because this place was sweltering, he gradually began to sweat. In truth, there was quite a large amount of cold stored in his body because he had stayed in the glacier for a long period of time.

Because of this cold, it had been quite a while since Su Ming last sweat. However, in this place, that cold in his body was continuously dispersing, and sweat was also trickling out of his skin.

As Su Ming continued onward, besides these rotting corpses, he also saw quite the number of skeletons. Most of these skeletons had already melted away, and what remained in their places were masses of black goo. Judging by their skeletal frames, these skeletons did not belong to people but to ferocious beasts.

In fact, Su Ming had even seen some items that looked like Enchanted Vessels scattered everywhere in the dragon's body. However, since he was in a hurry, he did not have time to inspect them. Nonetheless, he did grab all the Enchanted Vessels he encountered on the way.

‘Just how long has it been since this Candle Dragon died..?’ As Su Ming continued charging forward, he kept his mind open to sense his snake's location while beginning to form guesses in his head.

As he traveled forth, a sudden sense of danger abruptly rose in his heart. He forced his body to immediately move back a few steps, and almost the instant he began moving back, a bone abruptly shot out from the wall of flesh before him.

That bone was entirely gray in color, and once it appeared, it let out a bang that caused the floor made of flesh to surge before that bone turned into a small gray humanoid that was the height of up to Su Ming's knees. The small humanoid was naturally the creature Su Ming had seen outside - the Bone Fiend that was formed from the Candle Dragon's bones!

The Bone Fiend opened its mouth towards Su Ming and let out a low growl. Dark light shone in its eyes and it charged at him. At the same time, faces started protruding from the wall of flesh around Su Ming. Those faces all looked incredibly hideous, and once they appeared, they let out piercing screeches, as if they

wanted to rush towards Su Ming and devour him.

These faces did not belong to humans but to strange looking ferocious beasts. They were all formed by the Candle Dragon's flesh and blood, and they were the beasts in the fog Su Ming had seen outside previously.

Similarly, sharp spikes started shooting out from the wall of flesh before Su Ming, and they all turned into Bone Fiends. From further down ahead, wailing sounds started traveling towards him swiftly, and the white vengeful spirits appeared out of thin air!

Immediately after, a low murmuring sound faintly came from behind Su Ming, and thousands of feet behind him the giant eyeball gained physical form. The edges of that eyeball were white, and right at the center was a vertical, dark-yellow pupil.

There seemed to be a crack in the pupil, and that crack was slowly opening up.

A strange suction force appeared behind Su Ming, and the mumbling voice seemed to be summoning him. Su Ming's heart lurched, and a false desire of wanting to turn his head back rose in his heart.

However, right at that moment, he bit his tongue. His mind immediately snapped awake and he told himself to absolutely not look back. In truth, even if he did not look back, he could still guess that the thing that appeared there was the Candle Dragon's second eye.

As of then, there was no one else in the Candle Dragon's body, so Su Ming did not have to bother about exposing his identity as a Berserker. When those gray humanoids charged towards him, a chilling glare appeared in his eyes.

The four Berserker Bones in his body, along with the fifth Berserker Bone that was transformed due to the Wind Berserker's legacy, let out a mighty power at the same time. That power

instantly filled every single spot of Su Ming's body, and the incredible strength in his physical body was something he had been dreaming of for a long time.

Ever since he came to the land of the Shamans, besides the time when he was at the glacier, he had never executed the full power of the Berserkers. Right then, as it burst forth, banging sounds immediately spread through Su Ming's mind.

At the same time, his Berserker Mark, Dark Mountain, appeared on his face. Under his clothes, Dark Mountain Tribe emerged on his chest. The full execution of the power of the Berserkers caused his Berserker Mark to also fully manifest on his body.

"Get lost!" Su Ming roared and clenched his right hand into a fist, then hurled a punch straight at the gray humanoids pouncing on him.

The five Berserker Bones on Su Ming's spine shone with a piercing golden light. It spread through his entire body, and if anyone looked at Su Ming's back right then, they would be able to see golden light seeping through his spine.

When the power of Berserker Bones was fully brought out, that power surged through Su Ming's fist and traveled outwards.

A loud boom reverberated in the air, and banging sounds rang once again in Su Ming's body. The gray humanoids shuddered and were forced back a few steps before exploding, turning into bones that fell backwards. However, the bones shone with a gray light in midair and turned into the gray humanoids once again to continue lunging forward.

Su Ming had suppressed his power of a Berserker for a very long time. At that moment, as he let all of it explode from his body and transferred it into his punch, he suddenly had the feeling that this was not all. It was as if he still had energy to spare, and he could bring it all out without a problem.

A glint appeared in his eyes. The mumbling sounds behind him were getting closer. He did not have time to think. He took a huge step and rushed forward swiftly.

The numerous gray humanoids charged towards him, howling. The large number of white figures closed in, crying out in piercing screeches, and the endless amount of fog beasts that had crawled out of the wall of flesh rushed towards Su Ming from all directions.

With a low growl, Su Ming's Divine General Armor manifested in the form of an illusion. It had been a long time since he brought this armor out. At that moment, the mist from the armor arranged itself into various Runes, causing the illusionary armor to obtain a certain level of hardness.

At the same time, as Su Ming continued charging forward, his Nascent Soul opened his eyes in his body and flew straight out of the top of his skull to float above his head. Rivers of light flowed out of the Nascent Soul's body. When he appeared, he opened his mouth and let out a thunderous cry. The small virescent sword manifested itself and swept horizontally across the area.

When Su Ming's Nascent Soul began forming seals with his hands, he breathed out a breath of Nascent Soul and pushed it forward swiftly. That breath turned into a fist that rushed outwards.

"When two adversaries meet at a narrow path and cannot back out from a fight, the courageous one will win!"

Su Ming did not take a single step back. He could not move back. In fact, he had a feeling as if he had returned to the battlefield between the Shamans and Berserkers once again.

While moving forward, he lifted his right hand and drew a line swiftly at the incoming beasts transformed from the Candle Dragon's carcass. With that one line, the area seemed to have turned silent, and Berserker Obliteration appeared once again!

That one line swept through the area, and rumbling sounds reverberated in the air. The fog beasts in front of Su Ming immediately let out shrill cries of pain before they turned into a large mass of decaying flesh that spilled over the floor.

The fog beasts were not powerful. Each of them was just about the level of a Medial Shaman, but their numbers were endless, and they were continuously springing out of the wall of flesh around Su Ming.

The Bone Fiends were not very strong either. However, they were Undying, and even if they crumbled under Berserker Obliteration's attack, they would soon gather together and reappear.

The truly strong ones were the white figures, the crying Spirit Tears. Each of the Spirit Tears had the power equivalent to that of a Medial Shaman who had arrived at the peak! However, compared to the Candle Dragon's eye behind Su Ming, they were still nothing.

After all, the Candle Dragon was already dead, and only some of its will remained.

However, as Su Ming started attacking these creatures, he made a shocking discovery: He found that the creatures were slightly stronger when in the Candle Dragon's body than in the fog...

The white figures had more substance and their cries were shriller. The Bone Fiends all had a small tail behind them. In fact, there were several of these Bone Fiends who had longer tails, and they were much stronger than the others.

The fog beast claws were much sharper, and their bodies were larger than those Su Ming had met in the fog.

"The seals are broken..."

"The Candle Dragon's carcass will start giving birth to these ferocious creatures..."

"You Shamans had once broken the seal, then you came to our tribe so that you could work together with us to seal up this place again... but the seals are very fragile..."

The Spirit of Nine Yin's words echoed in Su Ming's head. Suddenly, he understood why the creatures transformed from the Candle Dragon's Carcass were not that powerful.

'These creatures were just born, that's why they aren't incredibly strong, but as time passes, they will become stronger, and it will happen over a short period of time. When that time comes, they will truly be ferocious beasts born from the Candle Dragon's carcass!'

As one of the Bone Fiends collapsed and gathered together once again, its originally short tail grew much longer, and the Bone Fiend now had to drag the tail on the ground. It lifted its head and let out a roar. The presence exuded from its body was equivalent to those of the white figures!

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. The suction force behind him was becoming more distinct. Clearly, that eyeball was rapidly getting closer, and perhaps the eyeball... was also rapidly growing as well!

Without a hint of hesitation, Su Ming immediately brought out a small bottle from his storage bag. The Sea Marrow that allowed him to instantly recover his power was contained within it. Once Su Ming drank one drop, the Sea Marrow turned into a large wave of heat as if it had exploded.

Su Ming's eyes sparkled brilliantly. He swiftly rushed forward, executing that extreme speed that allowed him to travel like light itself, the speed from the Art he created himself after Berserker Obliteration.

There was no wind in this place, but Su Ming had the Provenance of Wind in his body, and it was circulating rapidly at the moment, causing his speed to reach the level as when he was outside.

He charged forward, and Han Mountain Bell also formed around him. With the sturdiness of the bell and the firmness of Divine General Armor, Su Ming forced his way through and charged ahead as quickly as he could!

Chapter 462: Sixth, Seventh!

The Sea Marrow exploded in Su Ming's body, turning into a wave of heat that felt like magma wrecking within him. It abruptly burst apart and turned into a great force that surged straight into the five Berserker Bones. Once it was rapidly sucked away by them, what was left swelled outwards!

The swelling of that heat was like that of an endless body of water in a long river abruptly turning into several thousands of streams. They filled every single corner of Su Ming's body in an instant, causing him to feel as if there was an unending stream of power at his disposal.

The might of the Sea Marrow caused Su Ming's eyes to sparkle. As he took a step forward, he executed his fastest speed, and when he traveled at that speed, there was no need for him to cast any sort of divine abilities. His Divine General Armor, Han Mountain Bell, his body, and the small virescent sword before him were his best weapons!

He was like the tip of an arrow. He only needed to deliver a strong impact with his speed, and then he could... destroy everything in his path!

Rumbling sounds reverberated through the air as he ran, and all the Bone Fiends that tried to block his path were forced back by Su Ming's furious and brute impact. Their bodies shattered, and before they even had time to gather together once again, Su Ming had already passed through them. Even the fog beasts turned into masses of decayed flesh and splattered all over the place as they let out shrill screams of pain.

The crying white figures still lunged on Su Ming with their piercing wails. They vanished into smoke amidst the rumbling sounds, and with his extreme speed, Su Ming had already crossed a distance of several thousands of feet in that tunnel within the span

of a breath.

He had crossed through those thousands of feet with just one breath, and that one breath was all the power contained within the Sea Marrow in his body. Once he had rushed over that distance, his face turned pale and blood trickled down the corners of his mouth. Han Mountain Bell had shrunk considerably around him, and his Divine General Armor had shattered numerous times. Clearly, the impact was quite a large burden on him.

His Nascent Soul's eyes were sparkling as he remained above his head and controlled the small virescent sword to slash through the area.

The tunnel in front of Su Ming in the Candle Dragon's body was still filled with dense ferocious beasts packed so close to each other it was impossible to count them. They were being born continuously, manifesting without stop, looking as if there would be no end to them.

This sort of feeling was enough to crush a person's mind, and they would begin to feel as if they would never be able to break through no matter how hard they tried. After gasping for a few breaths, Su Ming immediately brought out the small bottle containing the Sea Marrow and drank another drop without any hesitation.

Once that drop entered his mouth, that feeling as if his body was about to explode rose once again. Veins popped out on his face, and there was a feeling in him as if his body was swelling endlessly, but he looked normal on the outside. It was as if that feeling of swelling was just a figment of his imagination.

With a low growl, red appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he charged forward swiftly. In the span of a breath, he charged through another few thousands of feet. The ferocious beasts that had tried to block his path were all destroyed.

However, once that drop of Sea Marrow disappeared from Su

Ming's body, he coughed out a mouthful of blood. Han Mountain Bell shrank back into his body, and Divine General Armor was greatly damaged. Su Ming's face was pale, but his gaze remained steadfast.

"The more you use these beasts born out of your carcass to try and stop me, the more telling it is that you are afraid. You, who are already dead and only have a shred of your will left, are afraid of my pursuit!

"If that is the case, then it means that you are currently very weak, so weak that... your will might disappear once someone touches it..." As Su Ming gasped for breath, he spoke with a grin. He knew that the Candle Dragon's remaining will had heard his words.

The ancient voice did not answer him. The only things that appeared were those ferocious beasts, who continuously pounced on Su Ming with increasingly maddening movements.

Killing intent shone in Su Ming's eyes. As he moved forward, he brought out the Sea Marrow once again. This was the third time he drank this liquid in this place. When that feeling as if his body was about to explode rose once more, Su Ming let out a low growl and forced his body to cross another several thousands of feet.

As he continued charging forward, banging sounds rang in his body. Those sounds came from above the five Berserker Bones. When they sounded, suddenly, Su Ming's seventh Berserker Bone started shining with a golden light as well.

However, the golden light from the seventh Berserker Bone was rather faint and could not compare to the other five, still, it was indeed shining. The appearance of that light made Su Ming's level of cultivation seem to break through the wall that was those five Berserker Bones, and his power increased by quite a large margin within an instant.

A sharp glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Before he drank that

Sea Marrow and called forth all his strength, he could already feel that he could bring out more power. At that time, he had to deal with the endless amount of ferocious beasts and did not have time to ponder about it in his head. As he drank the three drops of Sea Marrow, the feeling as if he could bring out more power only increased.

Right then, the continuous accumulation of that feeling that he still had strength remaining in his body caused his seventh Berserker Bone to shine with golden light, and the appearance of that golden light meant that Su Ming's seventh Berserker Bone was on the verge of awakening.

It was like a sudden explosion of vast power that had accumulated over time. After collecting a large amount of power through a long period of time, Su Ming's level of cultivation had received an explosive burst in the battle with the aid of the pressure in this place and the stimulation provided by the drops of Sea Marrow!

While it still could not compare to his other five Berserker Bones, as the golden light from the seventh Berserker Bone gradually turned brighter, it looked as if it only needed another push before its full strength would explode forth.

Su Ming brought out the small bottle and drank another drop of Sea Marrow. His eyes were already covered with red and his hair was dancing without wind. Loud rumbling sounds came from within his body, and golden light shot out from his spine with a piercing glare.

The Sea Marrow seemed to be boiling in Su Ming's body. This time, once all of it surged into his Berserker Bones, it did not spread outwards but was instantly absorbed entirely by the seventh Berserker Bone. As it absorbed the Sea Marrow, a large amount of golden light surged forth, causing the seventh Berserker Bone to look no different from the other five within an instant!

With six Berserker Bones, Su Ming's power of cultivation instantly increased by a large margin. Veins popped up on his body, and when he let out a low growl, he took a large step forward and hurled his right fist straight in front of him.

The six Berserker Bones started operating fully, causing all of Su Ming's power to seem as if it had been focused on his arm. As he hurled his punch forward, a ripple appeared in thin air and spread out rapidly before him. The creatures before him were all thrown back, and many of them exploded.

Su Ming panted for breath, then turned into a long arc to charge forward. However, once he crossed several thousands of feet, a large amount of hideous faces belonging to ferocious beasts protruded out of the wall of flesh before him. Fog beasts swiftly appeared, and at the same time, rows upon rows of bone spikes shot through the floor, turning into a large amount of Bone Fiends. Their numbers were endless...

It seemed as if there would never be an end to these creatures, and Su Ming stared at the deeper parts of the tunnel in the Candle Dragon's body. As he looked there, determination appeared on his face. There was one Berserker Bone protruding off his back under his robes. That Berserker Bone was usually hidden under his robes and other people could not see it. Only Su Ming could sense it.

That bone was located right where his sixth Berserker Bone should be. At that moment, as Su Ming looked over with his inner vision, he could clearly see that the sixth Berserker Bone, which was located after the five golden Berserker Bones, was dark and dull. The seventh bone was flashing with golden light, but since the sixth Berserker Bone was dull, the seventh bone could not connect with the others to become one.

Occasionally, a numbness would come from that spot as if there was lightning crawling about in that bone. That Berserker Bone was naturally the remaining half of the Lightning Crystal of Inheritance that Su Ming had shoved into his bone after cutting

through his flesh in the freezing air in the glacier!

That day, he had only managed to absorb the Wind Crystal of Inheritance. As for the Lightning Crystal of Inheritance, he had never found a suitable time to refine it. After all, just the Wind Berserker's legacy alone had already taken up much of his energy.

As of then, the Wind Crystal of Inheritance had melted and fused with Su Ming's fifth Berserker Bone to become one. Su Ming had originally decided to clear his mind and slowly refine the Lightning Crystal of Inheritance, but the crisis of an endless amount of ferocious beasts in the Candle Dragon's body loomed right above his head right at that moment.

Su Ming gritted his teeth. The instant the ferocious beasts that just appeared lunged at him, he lifted his right hand and slammed it right on the protruding sixth Berserker Bone.

Intense pain shot through his entire body. At the same time, the remaining half of the Lightning Crystal of Inheritance hidden under his flesh and in his sixth Berserker Bone instantly stabbed into his spine.

A strong surge of lightning exploded abruptly in Su Ming's spine. That lightning charged downwards and connected with his feet. Rumbling sounds echoed in the air, and a large amount of lightning sparks appeared out of thin air around Su Ming.

Soon after, his Origin Berserker Vessel which he had created when he Awakened woke up and caused the lightning in the world to instantly go into a frenzy. They charged straight towards Su Ming's sixth Berserker Bone and fused with it in the blink of an eye.

Sharp pain spread through Su Ming's entire body, causing his pain to twist from it. With that extreme method, the Lightning Crystal of Inheritance forcefully fused with his Berserker Bone when he let out a roar.

As lightning sparkled and thunder rumbled, as the sixth Berserker Bone gradually started shining with a golden light, the seventh Berserker Bone connected with the other Berserker Bones on Su Ming's spine, causing him to swiftly lift his head and abruptly charge forward.

Outside the World of Nine Yin, in the outer region of the land of the Shamans, was a vast expanse of black sea. Far into the distance of that sea was a gigantic continent whose end could not be seen, and it was traveling forth at an extreme speed towards the Land of South Morning. The waves that were formed due to the movement of the continent surged wildly, and they moved so quickly that they were letting out continuous loud bangs that spread in all directions.

On that continent was a mountain, and there were always nine bolts of lightning raining down from the sky all year round, causing the mountain to always be surrounded by endless bolts of lightning.

There was an old crimson-haired man sitting cross-legged on that mountain. He had a hawkish nose and his expression was dark. Almost the instant Su Ming forcefully fused with that Lightning Crystal of Inheritance, the old man opened his eyes, and his gaze was sinister. There was a monstrous murderous intent and anger burning in his eyes, along with a hint of wariness.

He was naturally Chi Lei Tian from the Eastern Wastelands, the true scion of the Lightning Berserker! However, there was only half of the Lightning Crystal of Inheritance remaining in his body. The other half was the source of his anger and madness.

Chapter 463: One Sentence!

In the World of Nine Yin, as Su Ming remained in the Candle Dragon's carcass, lightning swam through his entire body. The power from the seven Berserker Bones burst forth fully, causing him to become even faster and his power of cultivation to also increase by a large margin.

When he crossed another several thousands of feet, he drank the fourth drop of Sea Marrow. He originally did not have that many drops, but when he was in Shaman City, he had discovered them on sale while on his shopping spree for medicinal herbs. Although there were not many on sale, he still bought them with some Shaman Crystals.

By doing so, he managed to charge through around seven thousand feet without a single stop. Carnage rained down behind him, and there was only a wreckage remaining where he passed through.

Yet he also had to pay a heavy price. The pouring of blood from his mouth, the shattering of his Divine General Armor, the return of Han Mountain Bell into his body, and the tumbling of his Qi all over his body caused Su Ming's face to turn pale, but he did not stop. Instead, once the power of the drop of Sea Marrow disappeared, his Nascent Soul let out a piercing howl.

Light began flashing on his Nascent Soul's body as he howled. Once that light enveloped Su Ming's entire body, he took a swift charge forward, and they both immediately disappeared.

His Nascent Soul had warped, bringing Su Ming with him to appear at a spot nearly one thousand feet away from where they originally were. When they reappeared, the Nascent Soul let out another piercing howl, and they warped again.

They did this seven times, causing Su Ming to cross another seven thousand something feet in the tunnel. There were no longer

any ferocious beasts being born from the Candle Dragon, but there was an endless supply of those creatures behind him, and they were all charging towards him.

Su Ming was gasping for breath. His Nascent Soul had already become quite dull and had returned to his Dantian region. Su Ming gritted his teeth and charged forward, drawing out a long arc with his movements. His speed as he traveled through the Candle Dragon became increasingly faster, and after a moment, the roars from the ferocious beasts behind him grew faint. Clearly, Su Ming had widened the distance between them quite considerably.

However, he did not let down his guard, because that suction force behind him did not disappear, but had instead become much stronger. Mumbling echoed beside his ears, and the words within it baited Su Ming time and again, making him want to turn his head back to look.

However, the words from the Spirit of Nine Yin remained as a constant reminder to him - he was to not look into the Candle Dragon's eye no matter what!

Su Ming did not turn his head back. He only continued charging forth, even drinking one drop of Sea Marrow on the way, causing his power to instantly recover. His speed had also arrived at a state where it could not be described with words.

As he continuously charged into the deeper parts of the Candle Dragon's carcass and got closer to its head, gradually, the heat around Su Ming reached its most intense state. Even the act of breathing itself sent waves of burning and painful heat in his body.

Even the walls of flesh around him had turned a crimson red. There was also a large amount of liquid dripping down the walls of flesh. When it trailed down and fell on the floor, sizzling sounds could be heard.

The liquid clearly contained powerful corrosive properties. The heat and the suffocating sensation that made Su Ming feel as if he

could not breathe quickened his breathing and filled his heart with irritation.

A large amount of sweat seeped out of Su Ming's body, and it instantly turned into steam the moment it appeared, causing Su Ming to look as if he was surrounded by a white, misty layer of fog as he pressed onward.

If anyone else was in his place, perhaps they would have found this situation difficult to bear. This had very little to do with the power of cultivation and was more related to an individual's ability to resist heat.

Although it was difficult for Su Ming to bear through the heat, he continued maintaining that extreme speed, because this was not the first time he had such an experience.

When he was still a teenager, this sort of earthen fire had already been lying part of the cave abode he had made for himself. In fact, he had even gone into the deeper parts of the cave and seen the Wings of the Moon along with the rolling magma.

He had even practiced the Fire Berserkers' Art and had in fact never given up on practicing the Fire Berserkers' moon worshipping Art. That in itself was already enough to let Su Ming's control over fire be much stronger compared to other people.

That was why he could charge forth like the wind without slowing down even the slightest bit in the Candle Dragon's body despite the heat.

Time trickled by. He did not know how long it had been, but in Su Ming's mind, his connection with the small snake always remained. He could sense that the small snake was flying forward in the distance.

He had called to it many times, but the small snake always ignored him. However, Su Ming could sense through the connection he had with the small snake that there was an

unfamiliar power in the snake's body controlling its mind.

With that connection, Su Ming never stopped moving and continued chasing after the snake until he reached an area that even he found difficult to beat. That was an area that covered ten thousand feet, and it was a place that seemed to be able to burn everything into ashes!

The instant he stepped into that area, pain shot through Su Ming's entire body, and it was a pain brought only by burns. He saw a green light shining within that region. The ground was covered in a layer of green-like substance that made it seem like a swamp. That area was empty, there was not even a single skeleton around that spot.

The scorching heat came from that green swamp.

Su Ming only took a few steps forward before a feeling that his whole entire body was about to be burned to ashes rose strongly in him. If he did not take any preventive measures and just walked into the area like this, he believed that his feet would burn up before he could even take three steps forward, and when that time came, only death would await him.

However, he did not have time to think too deeply into this. The suction force and the mumbling sounds behind him were becoming stronger, causing him to be unable to stop and think of a foolproof plan.

During this moment of crisis, Su Ming lifted his right hand swiftly, bit the tip of his finger, then immediately swiped his finger across his eyes. The instant he smeared his blood on his eyes, the Fire Berserkers' Art activated in his body. The moon could not be seen in this place, but the instant Su Ming wiped his blood on his eyes, his blood started feeling as if it was burning up, causing him... to perform the burning of blood!

The instant Su Ming's blood started burning, the heat in the area instantly felt weaker. He did not hesitate any longer. He charged

forward, turning into a long arc. One thousand feet, two thousand feet, three thousand feet... when he flew six thousand feet, sharp pain abruptly shot up his legs, bringing a great burning sensation. As his legs burned, the flames enveloped his entire body. At that time, Su Ming had already covered a distance of eight thousand feet.

When those flames covered his entire torso and charged straight to his head, he had already covered a distance of nine thousand feet. He lifted his burning right hand and performed the burning of blood once again.

With a hoarse roar, Su Ming flew past those ten thousand feet in an instant to appear on the other side of the green swamp in the Candle Dragon's body.

When he arrived there and was just about to charge forward as per usual, cracking sounds abruptly sprang forth from his legs. Layers of ice covered his entire body, and the process only lasted for an instant before he turned into an ice statue!

Su Ming's frozen body remained in his previous act of taking a step forward, and at that moment, he was standing on the spot, unmoving.

After going through the heated tunnel in the Candle Dragon's corpse, an icy stage appeared before him, and Su Ming, who had run headfirst into this freezing chill, turned into an ice sculpture.

After three breaths, a spark of fire suddenly appeared in Su Ming's eyes where he was sealed in that ice. At the same time, lightning sparks spread through the layer of ice from his spine. Soon after, a whirlwind spread out from within his body with a bang, and as cracking reverberated in the air, that ice instantly shattered to pieces.

Su Ming walked out of the ice, and freezing wind came crashing into his face, seeping into his body. Immediately, just like the heat from before, sharp pain spread through his entire body with each

breath he took.

However, compared to this pain, the suction force that remained as a constant behind him, along with the roars and howls that had begun echoing beside his ears once again, were what bothered Su Ming the most.

He did think about setting up some traps to block those creatures before, but it was already difficult enough to set traps or Runes in this place, and that was not counting the fact that these creatures could come and go as they pleased since they were born from the carcass. Su Ming had even seen the fog beasts moving through the Candle Dragon's flesh. The Bone Fiends also moved deep under the floor in the form of bones, and it was difficult for him to stop them.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and he dashed forward, once again executing that extreme speed of his face with the freezing wind blowing against him. He did not know just how far he had traveled, neither did he know where exactly he was in the Candle Dragon's body.

His path and his actions were all made after he sensed in his heart where the small snake was flying!

As he moved forward, Su Ming suddenly stopped, and the thing that brought this about was a frozen body stuck to the cold wall of flesh to his right.

It was a dried up corpse whose appearance could no longer be seen. However, he was wearing a purple armor, and it was shining with a purple light. The glowing armor was incredibly eye catching.

There were deep scars on the walls of flesh around that corpse. Judging by the scars, it could be seen that this person had actually managed to harm the Candle Dragon before his death.

There was one scar that looked as if a chunk of flesh had been

ripped off, and it was a terrifying sight to behold.

But that was not all. Su Ming would not have stopped if that had just been the case. The one true reason that made him pause in his charge was because the armor's appearance and presence gave him an incredible sense of familiarity at that instant.

That familiarity was not because he had seen this person before, but because that armor was... practically the same as his Berserker Armor, besides the color!

Su Ming's armor was an illusion, and he had to get the true Berserker Armor from the Great Yu Dynasty. It was unknown as to whether the Great Yu Dynasty truly existed, but the armor before Su Ming's eyes right at that moment told him... that the country truly existed!

The instant Su Ming saw the armor, his heart pounded against his chest. This was the first item that actually managed to tempt him ever since he arrived inside the Candle Dragon's body.

Right at that moment, the suction force and the mumbling sounds behind him grew stronger. The roars and howls followed swiftly, and bumps even popped out of the walls around and ahead of him before they started squirming about. Clearly, the ferocious beasts had caught up to him!

Su Ming did not hesitate. He took a step forward, arrived beside the skeleton, and seized the purple armor. Yet the instant his hand touched the armor, the skeleton that Su Ming had deemed dead suddenly lifted his right hand and grabbed his wrist!

At the same time, within the skeleton's eyes in his dried up head, a faint, dark light flickered.

"I found... the third..."

It was also right at that moment that an accident happened - Su Ming's connection with the small snake broke.

At the same time, the eyes of the person in black robes who had

followed Su Ming all the way into the fog surrounding the Candle Dragon's carcass began flashing as he sat at a corner in the fog, looking as if he was hesitating and uncertain about something. Yet after a moment, he lifted his right hand and flipped it over, and a green jade slip appeared in his hand.

"Master made this personally, and this is the last Destiny Talisman I have..." The old man gritted his teeth and pressed the green jade slip to the center of his brows.

Almost the instant he pressed the jade slip to the center of his brows, his body began trembling furiously. Fog filled the insides of his eyes, and gradually, a picture appeared within his pupils. The person in the picture was Su Ming, who was inside the Candle Dragon's body!

Chapter 464: [Candle Dragon](#), Nine-Headed Dragon!

Su Ming's heart trembled. He had used his divine sense to check the skeleton and used his eyes to verify that it had been dead for many years. His body had also completely dried up.

When his wrist was grabbed by the skeleton, a huge storm stirred up in his heart, and as he stood there completely stunned, he almost forgot about the ferocious beasts that were charging towards him with those incessant roars.

This sudden accident that happened completely out of his expectations made Su Ming's pupils shrink.

"I found... the third... he's at... Eternal..."

A faint, dark light glowed in the skeleton's eyes, but before he could even finish speaking his sentence, that light immediately became dull and disappeared. The dried up hand that held onto Su Ming's wrist also fell to the floor.

Su Ming was shocked to the core, but he did not have time to think. He grabbed the skeleton's armor, and once he did so, a transparent jade slip about the size of his palm slipped off from under the armor covering the skeleton. Due to its transparency, it was difficult for anyone to discover it.

Su Ming had also only taken notice of it when he tore that purple armor off the skeleton. Without a hint of hesitation, he swept that transparent jade slip towards himself with a sweep of his arm, then immediately charged forward into the distance the instant the squirming creatures from the walls around him started crawling out.

The moment he left, the bumps in the walls around him burst open, and fog beasts that were now obviously slightly different from those Su Ming had seen previously rushed out with unending

roars.

These creatures looked like pythons, but also had indistinct human faces where their heads should be. Forked tongues protruded out of their mouths as they hissed, and there was an eerie light in their eyes. Once they slammed their tails on the floor, they immediately charged towards Su Ming.

At the same time, the bone spikes shot through the floor and exploded, turning into small gray humanoids with long tails. Besides the cracks where their eyes and mouth should be, there was another crack at the top of their heads. That particular crack had now been ripped wide apart, making it seem as if there was a strange thing stored inside the heads and it was trying to crawl out from their skulls.

Apart from the fog beasts and Bone Fiends, the white figures that were floating forward while crying were also different. Their facial features were originally hidden under their hair and were rather indistinct, but as they lifted their heads, absolutely gorgeous faces could be seen, and their grace was especially breathtaking. It was enough to make a person who saw them be completely infatuated with their looks.

Su Ming could see none of it. He simply continued speeding forward at his absolute fastest speed. He had already lost his connection with the small snake and was feeling extremely anxious, but he could still sense the final spot where his snake was before the connection broke!

A long time passed as he continued charging forward, and the tunnel before him abruptly expanded. Then, a gigantic hole of flesh and blood—so great that it was like a field—appeared right before Su Ming!

This was the spot where his connection broke with his snake!

The instant Su Ming arrived at this spot, he saw a bizarre object that looked like the crown of a tree, and it was formed by several

thick black tendons intertwining with each other right at the center of the gigantic hole!

At the top of those black tendons was a mass of dried up flesh nearly ten thousand feet big. That mass of flesh was filled with bumps, and it was in a dark grayish color. There was also several spots on that mass of flesh that had drooped down.

Su Ming saw nearly a hundred glittering crystal fragments floating above that mass of flesh. The sizes of those crystal fragments differed, but each and every one of them exuded a presence that made him feel as if his mind was about to be sucked into them. It was as if there was a world contained within each of those crystal fragments.

There was a total of ninety-seven of those crystal fragments!

They floated near that mass of flesh, and if Su Ming took a closer look, he would see that there were black threads connecting those fragments to that mass of flesh.

Almost the instant Su Ming arrived at the place, the humongous mass of flesh shrank before instantly swelling up slightly, and the spot where it swelled up was turned straight towards Su Ming. A crack slowly opened up on that mass of flesh, and as that crack was continuously ripped apart, Su Ming saw a head within its deeper parts!

It was a woman's head. She had long, lustrous hair, but there were black tendons covering her neck. At that moment, the woman had her eyes closed and her face was pale. There was not a hint of life within her. At the center of her brows was a flashing mark, and the shape of the mark looked like a star.

Su Ming's snake floated silently beside the woman's head. It did not seem to be struggling, just in a daze. There were wisps of white smoke spreading out from its body, crawling straight into the mark at the center of the woman's brows.

"This is the fate of all the descendants of the Candle Dragon... You cannot stop it..." The instant Su Ming saw the small snake, the ancient voice that he once heard echoed by his ears once again.

When he first heard it, he had been unable to discern whether voice belonged to a male or a female, but at that moment Su Ming could sense that it was an old voice clearly belonging to a woman.

"It only has a hint of the Candle Dragon's blood within it, but as long as it has that blood, then it is a part of our race... This is fate. The Candle Dragons are destined to devour each other. This is its predetermined fate after running into me in my current state...

"Before it lost its will, its only hope was for its master to leave this place safely... You are its master, as long as you do not anger me during the sacred ritual of my race, then after I complete the ritual, I will let you leave safely." There was a wave of mercilessness in that ancient voice as it echoed in Su Ming's head.

Su Ming looked at the small snake, looked at its closed eyes, looked at its unmoving body, and he clenched his right fist. His Divine General Armor appeared once again, and his right hand was no longer in the form of a fist, but was already holding onto the spiked club that had materialized in his right hand!

His Berserker Mark flickered on his face and his seven Berserker Bones shone with a piercing golden light in his body, causing Su Ming to look as if he was surrounded by golden light. At the same time, his Nascent Soul began forming seals with both hands. Even though it did not appear outside his body, it was already ready for a fight in his Dantian region.

The small virescent sword flashed before Su Ming. As green light filled its entire body, Su Ming took a step forward without wasting a single breath of his on meaningless words and charged straight towards the giant mass of flesh.

"I might only have a shred of my will left, but... How dare an ant like you provoke me..? Flesh and blood within the fog, form your

body with my will!"

As that ancient voice echoed in the air calmly, the fog beasts with the appearances of pythons among the endless amount of ferocious beasts that were giving chase roared and exploded in an instant. Once an unknown number of those creatures exploded, their bodies turned into pieces of rotten flesh and appeared right before Su Ming out of nowhere while he rushed forward.

As those pieces of flesh gathered together, they turned into a gigantic body that was ten thousand feet tall in front of Su Ming. The body reminded of a snake but had the head of a dragon. It was entirely crimson, and it looked savage. Its eyes were gray, and each of its scales were about the size of an adult's head.

An indescribable presence spread forth from the odd creature's body.

"Murderous spirits in my bones, turn into bones and veins with my will!"

The ancient voice spoke once again. This time, the Bone Fiends behind Su Ming turned into sharp spikes and charged towards the gigantic body. Once they impaled it, the odd dragon and snake hybrid started moving, and the gray light in its eyes became stronger.

"Spirits formed from my soul, merge together into a single soul with my will..."

The instant the ancient voice said those words, the white figures behind Su Ming fused together as they cried shrilly and charged towards that dragon and snake hybrid. When they disappeared into its body, the dragon snake's eyes suddenly shone brilliantly like the sun and moon. It lifted its head and let out a roar. The gray light in its eyes flickered, and it looked as if it had been revived as it charged towards Su Ming with a howl.

Su Ming swung the spiked club in his right outward, and it grew

several times in size before ramming straight into the dragon snake's body. At the same time, Su Ming drew one line with his left hand, executing Berserker Obliteration!

Immediately after, his Nascent Soul let out a piercing howl in his body. A large amount of ripples appeared around him. At that instant, all the divine abilities that he could cast from the array of skills he inherited from Hong Luo were executed by his Nascent Soul.

A violent bang reverberated in the area and spread in all directions. Once that bang faded away, Su Ming's spiked club was bounced off and fell to the side. The divine abilities his Nascent Soul cast shattered, causing his Nascent Soul to instantaneously become so limp that he looked as if he was about to scatter away.

The Divine General Armor exploded, and his Berserker Obliteration did nothing. Everything that he had was completely useless before this dragon snake!

As that dragon snake closed in on him, Su Ming coughed out blood, and as that bang reverberated in the air, his body was forced back around a hundred feet, but there was not a hint of panic in his eyes.

"As expected, you're indeed incredibly weakened. No matter how much will you have left remaining, you can't hide just how terrified you are..."

As a cold sneer appeared on Su Ming's lips, he lifted his right hand, formed a seal, then pointed in the direction before him. Immediately, his Han Mountain Bell manifested before him. This time, Su Ming did not intend to use Han Mountain Bell for defense but summoned it to cast its strongest power - the sixth head's ability!

If Su Ming had not seen the white figures screeching and retreating when he summoned the Nine-Headed Dragon when he was outside, if he had not brought out the Nine-Headed Dragon

before his small snake in the past and seen the small snake showing a guarded expression, then howling at it as if having run into its mortal enemy, it might not have left such a deep impression on his mind. If these things had not happened, then he would be uncertain as to how he should fight against this dead Candle Dragon's will even after he had entered its body.

But that would only happen if those things had not occurred!

"Nine-Headed Dragon, Southern Emperor, Absolute!"

Once Su Ming's Han Mountain Bell appeared and he finished forming those seals, he pointed forward. As Su Ming muttered the string of words without even wiping away the blood at the corners of his lips, Han Mountain Bell abruptly let out an intense howl.

The instant the howl reverberated through the air, a guarded expression immediately appeared on the dragon snake's face, and it even started roaring. Its current look was the exact same as the small snake's in the past, as if it had run into its greatest enemy!

"When I used this thing outside, you should have sensed it! You did everything that you could to stop me, even trying to kill me when I entered your dead body, because of your weakness. Perhaps I cannot fight against you, but I have here with me a creature that can frighten you!

"This is that creature!"

As Su Ming said those words, the roars within Han Mountain Bell grew stronger. At the same time, a nine-headed gigantic beast of ten thousand feet manifested above Han Mountain Bell. Six of its heads roared at the dragon snake at the same time, and the remaining three heads that were still sleeping started vibrating.

It did not matter whether it was the Nine-Headed Dragon's expression or its gaze, there was also a sort of guardedness and hate within them, as if the Candle Dragon was also its mortal enemy!

"Candle Dragon... Nine-Headed Dragon..."

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

Candle Dragon, 九陰 (jiu3 yin1) and Nine-Headed Dragon 九嬰 (jiu3 ying1) is a play of words too. If you can tell, the pinyin for Candle Dragon and Nine-Headed Dragon are almost exactly the same, and considering how prideful dragons are, they wouldn't want to share the same name with another completely different kind of dragon, suggesting that both types of dragons are mortal enemies in this book.

Chapter 465: Sky and Earth, Ice and Fire

"Nine-Headed Dragon..." the ancient voice said in a low voice, its words reverberating in the air. "I have always wanted to ask the Lord of all heavens why the earth must exist after the world has a sky..."

"Why is it that when the world has fire, ice must appear..?"

"I also wanted to ask the heavens why the Nine-Headed Dragons were born... even after there's already us Candle Dragons! I spent my entire life searching, but I couldn't find an answer..."

"When ice and fire blend together, what appears is boiling water, frozen fire, and a presence that is completely different from ice and fire!"

"When the sky and earth fuse together, what appears is a gray piece of sky, a broken void, and the power of one World!"

"Then, what appears after the Candle Dragons and Nine-Headed Dragons fuse together..? What is it..? What is it..? What is it?!" At the end, the voice had practically slipped off the edge, and her roars resounded in the area.

The dragon snake roared at the same time as well. With a savage expression and madness, it charged towards the Nine-Headed Dragon. Su Ming's Nine-Headed Dragon also roared, and without Su Ming even needing to control it, all six of the heads rushed towards the dragon snake.

Booming sounds reverberated in all directions. The Candle Dragon was already dead, and this dragon snake was put together with great difficulty by its remaining will. The difference between this candle dragon and its original body was like heaven and earth.

Yet similarly, Su Ming's Nine Headed Dragon did not have a physical body, only a spirit one. It was Han Mountain Bell's Vessel Spirit, and it had been asleep for many years. It also only had six

awakened heads, that was why its strength was largely different from when it was alive.

As such, the Candle Dragon and Su Ming's Nine-Headed Dragon were an equal match for each other. These two powerful beasts that considered each other as their mortal enemy started fighting against madly.

Su Ming stood there with a hint of confusion in his eyes for an instant. The source of his confusion were the words that the ancient voice had uttered just now. Those words echoed in his head, making him feel as if he had understood something, but when he thought about it carefully, he found that he had gained nothing from it.

'The fusion between ice and fire... The fusion between sky and earth...'

This sort of feeling was just like the one from when he sat on the platform outside his cave abode on the ninth summit after speaking to Tian Xie Zi. Understanding those words had taken him several months, but in the end, he had obtained his own Creation through an epiphany!

He came to understand his very own method to clear his mind, and the exact same process of confusion followed by understanding had appeared when he drew that one line and executed his first Berserker Obliteration.

As of then, the confusion in Su Ming's eyes grew stronger. The words from the ancient voice echoed incessantly in his head. Su Ming had a strong hunch that if he understood those words completely, then... he would hold control over an unimaginable power!

However, at that moment, he could only bite down on his tongue and snap himself out of it. This epiphany might be precious, but the timing was absolutely not suitable. If he continued mulling over it, then he would die. He could not think of anything else that

would come out of it.

That was why even though he felt that it was a pity, Su Ming had to force himself to instantly snap awake before he completely immersed himself in those words. As he regained his senses, a shocking boom traveled into his ears. The dragon snake and Nine-Headed Dragon were fighting against each other in midair, and the fight between these two enemies had reached its most intense state.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he swiftly turned into a long arc. When he took a step forward, he circled around the fighting pair to charge straight towards the giant mass of flesh floating in midair.

The beautiful woman's face in that mass of flesh did not change. Fine white threads of mist were still continuously seeping out of the small snake before her and being absorbed by the mark at the center of the woman's brows.

Killing intent flashed in Su Ming's eyes. He took a step forward, and the instant he closed in on that mass of flesh, it started squirming viciously. At the same time, that ancient voice traveled forth gently.

"I will grant you a long life. I will let you be the same as me, that even when the sky and earth crumbles, you will not be destroyed, that even when the heavens fall to ruin, you will not die... Do you want that?

"I will grant you endless power. I will let your body be almost the same as mine. I can let you break the rules of the world and step into the endless emptiness so that you can see a bigger world and see the stars in the sky... Do you want that?

"I can even grant eternity for your soul so that you can be the brightest star under heaven. I can let all those who see you with their eyes bow down and worship you... Do you want that..?

"I can grant you control over the power of one World. I can let you become a powerful warrior so you will be able to do whatever it is you want... Do you want that?"

"I can grant you the power to tear through all mysteries. I can let you understand what is up ahead, above the blue sky. I can let you see what is under the ground. I can let you hold control over your own life with your own hands, and no one will be able to control it... Do you want that?!" When that ancient voice spoke, Su Ming's footsteps froze for a moment when he heard those words.

"You must have dreams, desires. I can help you fulfill all your wishes and let you obtain the power to fulfill those dreams and desires... You can find your dreams. You can tear away the sky that covers your eyes. You can control your own fate. You can... crush all your enemies before you..."

"I can do it. Trust me. I can really do it. I am the Candle Dragon. I am the strongest of all Candle Dragons... When I was alive, I could make darkness fall on one hundred worlds in an instant. I had devoured more than one hundred million souls..."

"As long as I wake up, as long as I am resurrected, I can swear on my race's oath, I will definitely do all that I have just said... As long as... you don't interrupt my race's ritual... As long as you back down now and not come closer."

"If you agree to this, then I will fulfill my oath!"

A boom went off in Su Ming's head. His breathing quickened as he stared fixedly at the woman's face. The sincerity in her words could not be doubted.

He did not care for eternal life, neither did he care about having an everlasting spirit. But he did care about what lay above the blue sky. He cared about having control over his own fate. He cared about tearing apart the mist that covered his eyes. He cared about searching for Dark Mountain, cared about understanding the true source behind Destiny!

All of these were the things he desired, were things he yearned for so greatly that he almost dreamed about them in his sleep.

"If you don't believe me, then I can acknowledge you as my master, but the process is separated into two parts. The first part is just the initial state. If we go according to what we promised, then once I am resurrected, we can complete the second step... I will definitely fulfill all that I have promised. You will only lose a snake that is only an infant, and one that doesn't have a pure bloodline to boot, but in its place will be me!"

Su Ming fell silent, and after a long while, he shook his head.

"I don't trust you!" The instant he said those words, he charged towards the woman's head in that mass of flesh.

"Why don't you trust me? All that I have said is the truth. As long as I am resurrected, I will definitely do it. You are not the first person to whom I have made an oath. There was someone before you who received my oath. I don't remember his name, but the feeling of his blood is similar to yours!"

"He called himself... the third God of Berserkers!"

Right at that moment, within the endless fog surrounding the Candle Dragon's gigantic carcass, the old man in black robes had already used his final Destiny Talisman as he sat in that fog. The scenes flashing in his eyes were the things that were happening to Su Ming right at that moment.

With a special method, this old man in black robes had seen everything that happened after Su Ming entered the Candle Dragon's body.

A glint appeared in his eyes, and a strange smile suddenly formed on his lips.

'The remaining will of the Candle Dragon... might be strong, but it now has to devour its descendant and face Destiny... perhaps I can use it.' The old man's smile grew brighter.

‘Destiny has that crimson dragon and the old Spirit of Nine Yin. It’s difficult for me to restore order and let him continue walking down his predestined path... Only when he is in the Candle Dragon’s body can I avoid the crimson dragon. But I, too, can’t enter its body. I can only use the Destiny Talisman to see him...’ The old man licked his lips, and Su Ming’s inverted figure in his pupils twisted.

‘But if I offer my power to the Destiny Talisman, then I can cast some divine abilities. These divine abilities might not be able to fulfill my initial plans to make Destiny fall asleep once again, but... I can use them to stir up the Candle Dragon’s will and have it open up the Undying and Imperishable World so that it will turn into a cage to trap Destiny!

‘He will be forcefully made to stay there, and I will achieve the same result as in my initial plan. I will also have enough time to wait for master’s second projection!

‘If everything goes according to plan, then I will have obtained a huge achievement!’

As the old man in black robes smiled, he lifted his right hand and pointed at the green jade slip at the center of his brows. It vibrated, and a black ball of thread seeped out from its edges. Those black threads were spreading quickly, and in the blink of an eye, they covered his entire face. There were especially a lot of those black threads by the corners of his eyes. They even seeped into the old man’s eyes as they continued stretching outwards.

They replaced the blood capillaries in his eyes, and when they turned into black threads, they covered his pupils. Su Ming’s inverted figure in them also became much fainter. At the same time, the green hue on the jade slip rapidly faded away and became dull. Once it turned black, it exploded with a bang. But the instant it was reduced to powder, the old man in black robes opened his mouth and let out a puff of air.

Once that breath escaped his mouth, it turned into black fog and disappeared into nothingness.

Over at Su Ming's side, the instant he heard the Candle Dragon mentioning the third God of Berserkers, his heart was shaken, but still, he did not stop. He charged deep into the mass of flesh, clenched his right fist and had the seven Berserker Bones in his body burst forth with incredibly power. Right then, just as he was about to ram his fist into the woman's head that was absorbing those white threads from the small snake's body—

Right at that moment, a gust of wind appeared out of nowhere at the edge of that giant mass of flesh, at a spot where Su Ming could not see. A layer of black fog appeared along with that wind and drifted lightly into the giant mass of flesh, disappearing into it. All of this happened in an instant, and in the blink of an eye, it ended.

Chapter 466: The Tenth Moon!

Su Ming did not believe in the Candle Dragon's words at all. However... even if he had believed them, it would still be difficult for him to watch his small snake be devoured just so that he could obtain an incredible power and great serendipity.

‘When a man lives in the world, he should live without any regrets... I dream about becoming stronger, I dream about strength, I dream about ripping fate with my own hands, but... if I give up on the snake today just so that I can obtain these things, then tomorrow, I will give up on other things for stronger desires. Once I give those things up, then for other desires that come after that, I might give up Dark Mountain, and next will be my ideals, and then it'll be my memories...

‘When I have given up on everything, then at that time... will I still be me..? I yearn for power, I want to become strong, but the base for all this must be that I do not give up on anything!

‘I will do what my heart dictates. Even if I turn into a murderous fiend, even if my hands are bloodied, I will not be ashamed of my decisions!’ Su Ming muttered in his heart.

He had been searching for Dark Mountain constantly, but if he gave up on going back to Dark Mountain while in the process of searching for the path back, then he would have lost his soul.

Part of his memories had awakened. The girl's faint calls occasionally rang in his head. If he was faced with the decision to give up on the voice calling for him to obtain something, then what was he to do..?

There were some things in the world that once they happened once, they would happen a second time, and a third...

Su Ming did not falter and hurled his fist straight towards the woman's head. The instant it closed in on her, a layer of

illusionary ripples suddenly appeared around that beautiful head. Soon after, a light chuckle came from within that giant mass of flesh and echoed in all directions.

At the same time, the instant Su Ming's fist rammed into the head, those ripples around the head became invisible and disappeared without a trace, vanishing right before his eyes.

That head was clearly not its real body, just an illusion. The goal behind it was to simply attract Su Ming's attention, and then it could... buy more time to devour his snake.

However, the Candle Dragon's remaining will had clearly not expected that Su Ming would be so decisive in his actions. He had attacked without much hesitation, causing the time it had bought to be absolutely not enough to devour the snake.

Su Ming's expression remained as usual. Not a single hint of shock appeared on his face when he saw the head suddenly disappearing. In all honesty, he had long since seen that there was something off about it.

After all, the head was hidden in that mass of flesh, and there was no need for it to reveal itself when Su Ming arrived. Clearly, its goal was just to attract all of his attention!

That was why the instant Su Ming hurled his fist forward, he spread his divine sense outward swiftly, and it was immediately after that the Lightning Berserker Bone on his spine sent out a strong electrical arc that spread outwards once it swam through his entire body.

An endless amount of lightning seemingly exploded out of Su Ming's body the instant that electrical arc spread out. With Su Ming's divine sense, those bolts of lightning surged into the giant mass of flesh around it, sweeping past the walls of flesh like a huge wave in search for the Candle Dragon's remaining will.

The Wind Berserker Bone also burst forth with a powerful force

of wind at that moment, causing Su Ming to stir up a cyclone out of thin air, which became stronger with each passing moment. When a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and the instant the battle between the dragon snake and the Nine-Headed Dragon reached its most intense state, that cyclone swept through the area with a mad craze, with Su Ming as its center.

It was as if there were several pairs of huge hands flipping over the mass of flesh at that moment. Thunder rumbled, wind moaned, and the mass of flesh around Su Ming immediately started moving as if it was a wisp of smoke blown apart by wind before being ripped apart by lightning.

It was also during that instant that the giant mass of flesh started rapidly turning black for some unknown reason. It looked as if it was being rapidly dyed black by ink.

Su Ming did not have time to bother himself with it, because as he spread his divine sense, his bolts of lightning, and his cyclone through that mass of flesh, he found the presence of his small snake at a corner within the mass of flesh!

Without any hint of hesitation, he immediately charged towards the spot where he sensed the small snake's presence. In the blink of an eye, he closed in on that spot, but right at the moment he did so, a piercing howl surged right into his mind.

That piercing howl came right from where Su Ming had sensed the small snake's presence, and it came from the woman's head floating beside it.

That head had her eyes closed and still did not open them even at that moment. However, that piercing howl from her mouth made Su Ming's mind shake, and an illusion even appeared before his eyes.

He was incredibly insignificant in front of that illusion. Before him was an incredibly huge Candle Dragon that looked like a city, and its size could not be described by words.

That Candle Dragon opened its mouth and let out a roar filled with a murderous aura and thirst for blood that surged into the skies. That scene felt like the sky was falling with the intention of destroying all lives.

As Su Ming's mind trembled, he bit his tongue. Sharp pain shot through his body, and a faint, illusionary crack appeared on the gigantic Candle Dragon's body before him.

The woman's beautiful head was hidden within that illusion. Her eyes were closed, but inside her opened mouth were sharp, poisonous teeth. She was also hissing with her forked tongue out of her mouth as she charged towards Su Ming.

No matter what, this Candle Dragon only had some remnant of its will left, and a lot of it had been lost over the years. Most of it was used on the dragon snake to fight against the Nine-Headed Dragon at that moment, which was why when Su Ming regained his senses, he found some hints to break the illusion, along with the head hidden under the illusion.

Su Ming narrowed his eyes and lifted his right hand swiftly. A large amount of lightning erupted from his Lightning Berserker Bone, as if Su Ming had swept up a layer of lightning. At the same moment, the bolts of lightning that had spread through the area just now swiftly gathered on him, causing his right hand to look as if it was covered by lightning.

"Lightning Berserker, first move!" Su Ming roared. This was the divine ability that belonged solely to Lightning Berserkers, and it was what he had sensed when he had forcefully absorbed the Lightning Crystal of Inheritance just now!

As Su Ming's words reverberated in the air, the bolts of lightning covering his right hand increased explosively all of a sudden to turn into a long blade made of lightning. The blade was about several dozens of feet long, and there were distortions on its edges. As thunder rumbled in the air, he swung the blade down on the

incoming woman's head.

It was right at that instant that Su Ming's expression suddenly changed. The same change of expression also appeared on the woman's face!

Su Ming saw a wisp of black fog appearing out of nowhere right where he sensed the presence of his snake, and that black fog turned into a huge hand that seized the floating snake that was slumbering behind the head, which was, to the head, her most important spot.

All of this happened too quickly, and so Su Ming's Lightning Berserker Movement and the woman's head still crashed into each other.

As booming sounds reverberated in the air, a long string of laughter immediately spread through the area. An old man in black robes appeared along with the laughter, and he had the slumbering snake seized tightly in his hand while his eyes sparkled.

"If any of you dare move, I will crush this snake to death!" As the old man spoke, he increased the strength in his right hand's grip, and the small snake's body started twisting and shuddering.

The moment the old man in black robes squeezed the snake, the mass of flesh that had changed its color around them suddenly froze. A piercing howl immediately shot out from the woman's mouth.

Killing intent shone in Su Ming's eyes as he glared at the old man. This person appeared too suddenly, and he had abruptly come out when he was fighting against the Candle Dragon. For some unknown reason, Su Ming could also sense a strange feeling from him, one that screamed that he absolutely detested this old man and wanted to kill him.

"This body is just a hint of my divine sense. Even if I die here, it

won't have too much effect on my body.

"Destiny, you're very fast, but I suggest that you don't be rash. Candle Dragon, you don't have much will left, and I am confident that I can kill this snake before you attack! Do you believe me?"

When he heard the word Destiny falling out of the old man's mouth, Su Ming's pupils shrank.

After that piercing roar, the woman's head said in a sinister voice, "Name your request!"

"Candle Dragon, I don't want to become your enemy. I just want you to cast the Undying and Imperishable World and seal him inside! After that, I'll immediately return this very important snake to you!"

The old man in black robes smiled darkly and increased the force of his right hand, causing the small snake to twist even more due to pain. A large amount of white mist spread out from its body and floated around the area.

A glint appeared in the woman's eyes. With her remaining will, if she cast the Undying and Imperishable World, then she would fall into deep slumber, and only some of her will would awaken after many years.

Unless it was absolutely necessary, she would not want to cast that Art. She would also be unable to absorb that snake if she fell into deep sleep. She could only continue with the process when she woke up.

"Since you refuse to yield, and since you both insist on meddling... Then I will have the Undying and Imperishable World decide your fate. With the remnants of my will, I will curse you..."

The beautiful head looked towards Su Ming, and for the first time, she opened her eyelids, revealing a pair of gray eyes, along with nine pupils that formed some sort of runic symbols within each of her eyes!

Nine-pupil eyes!

"I curse the both of you that your souls are separated from your bodies...

"I curse the both of you that your souls enter my World...

"I curse the both of you that you will sink into the state of not being able to die and not being able to perish, I curse the both of you that you will never be able to be reincarnated...

"I curse the both of you that you will lose yourselves during the endless passage of time and turn into my new Warrior Souls...

"If you fall and lose yourselves, then I will devour the snake and resurrect myself successfully. If you wake up, then I will willingly let myself be devoured by my kind, and I'll bless its new life!

"Undying and Imperishable Realm, One Hundred Million Vengeful Spirits... Open!"

The instant that piercing voice spoke, the Candle Dragon's entire body shuddered abruptly, causing the fog that covered several tens of thousands of li to become much thicker. At the same time, its gigantic body started fossilizing rapidly...

In the blink of an eye, right before the crimson dragon and the old Spirit of Nine Yin's stunned expressions, the gigantic body turned into a humongous stone statue!

Immediately after, the shadow of a crescent moon appeared in the sky. That shadow slowly started shining with an enchanting light as it hung high up in the dark sky. With the other nine moons around it, the moon became the tenth crescent moon in the sky!

At that moment, all shamans and berserkers within Shaman City, all Spirits of Nine Yin, and all the living within and beyond those one million li saw that crescent moon!

"The Candle Dragon has turned into stone... The tenth moon... This is the sign that the Sacred Nine Yin has activated the Undying

and Imperishable World! As long as this moon doesn't disappear, then that World will forever remain!" the old Spirit of Nine Yin exclaimed.

Chapter 467: Undying and Imperishable World

Almost the instant the tenth moon appeared in the World of Nine Yin's sky, the old man who was sitting and meditating with his body hidden under the fog beside the rapidly fossilizing Candle Dragon's carcass suddenly trembled. He opened his eyes swiftly and coughed out a mouthful of blood.

When that blood first appeared, it was still red, but it soon turned black. When it fell on the ground before him, sizzling sounded in the air. The old man's face was pale to the point of being bloodless. There was also a spot about the size of a fingernail on his forehead which had turned black.

That black smudge was still stretching outwards slowly, and a rotten stench was spreading out of that black patch. It smelled like the stench of decay.

"What a powerful Curse..." the old man mumbled to himself in a hoarse voice. By the time he finished saying those words, the black patch had spread to his entire forehead.

The rotten stench became stronger, and the old man's expression changed. He lifted his right hand, formed a seal, then tapped the center of his brows, but the instant his finger touched it, his body trembled once again and he coughed out three mouthfuls of blood in succession.

"Death turns me into an Immortal, the Immortals fuse time into our Dao, and time always changes!" The old man said those words with much difficulty, and as he voiced them, he quickly began forming seals with his hands, then rapidly tapped various spots on his body. The black patch on his face had already spread to a wide area and covered his entire face. It was not spreading to his throat though.

As the man said those words and formed those seals, his body started rapidly withering away. Almost in the blink of an eye, his entire person turned into a dried up corpse.

That corpse looked rigid as he sat there cross-legged. Due to the disappearance of the life force, the black patch on the man's face did not continue spreading. After a moment, cracking sounds came from within the old man's dried up corpse. Immediately after, a crack appeared at the center of his brows. That crack was abruptly torn wider, and a pair of hands stretched out from within. With a vicious rip, a crack rang through the air.

That tear widened swiftly on the old man's body, and a pair of complete arms were revealed. The owner of them was a middle-aged man who looked to be in his forties or fifties!

That man was entirely naked, and he looked as if he was about to crawl out from the dried up corpse. After widening the crack, he swiftly walked out.

The middle-aged man looked incredibly similar to the old man in black robes, as if the middle-aged was him many years ago.

However, in terms of their presence, the middle-aged man was clearly much weaker than the old man in black robes. Once he walked out, he panted harshly, and a faint smile appeared at the corners of his lips.

"Destiny is now perfectly sealed within the Undying and Imperishable Realm. I've finished my task. I only need to wait for my master's clone to come and can use this to claim a huge credit...

"This curse might be strong, but it can't stop me, because I've already prepared for this a long time... hmm?"

The middle-aged man was feeling incredibly smug. But just as he was mumbling to himself, his expression suddenly changed drastically, because he could clearly feel another black patch appearing at the center of his brows!

Fear appeared on the middle-aged man's face. He instinctively lifted his right hand and pressed down on the black patch at the center of his brows. He touched a viscous substance, and when he lifted his hand up, a sticky black thread was dragged out, and a rotten stench wafted into his nose.

"This divine ability given to me by my master can even help me avoid heavenly judgment. How could the Candle Dragon's curse..."

The middle-aged man appeared frightened. He quickly sat down and cast the same divine ability once again, and his body rapidly turned into a dried up corpse. Very soon, a tear appeared at the center of its brows. In an instant, it started spreading to the center of his body. A low growl appeared from that crack, and a man at the prime of his life crawled out.

The ripples coming from the youthful man's body had become much weaker. His appearance looked much younger compared to the old man in black robes, but... the instant he walked out, the black patch reappeared on his forehead as if it had etched right into his bones!

At that moment, the place was filled with a strange sight. If anyone else saw this, they would definitely be scared. Right beside the man were two dried up corpses with two incredibly big cracks in their bodies. One of them belonged to an old man, who still remained sitting cross-legged. However, if anyone took a closer look, they would find that his body was empty, and it was literally just a human shaped shell.

As for the middle-aged man who was sitting cross-legged, he was also a dried up corpse. His body was also empty, like he was only a layer of skin.

The youthful man by his side looked pale, and in his eyes were disbelief and terror that surged to the skies.

"Damn it, how can this be?! I had already separated myself from that thread of divine sense just now, I shouldn't be so deeply

affected, but..." The youthful man shuddered. The black patch at the center of his brows spread wider, and it now looked to be the size of a baby's palm.

"I have to find a way to neutralize the curse as soon as possible! Curses... Damn it, I don't have much understanding towards this ancient and strange Art, how am I supposed to neutralize it?!"

The youthful man's face turned pale. He took a leap forward and charged into the distance. As he moved forward, he coughed out several mouthfuls of blood, and the black patch on his face grew larger.

At that moment, all the rotten blood and flesh within the fossilized Candle Dragon's body along with its skeleton had hardened up and turned into gray stone.

It did not matter whether it was the Candle Dragon's eye or the ferocious beasts. All of them had turned into stone, especially the creatures at its head. It was quiet there. There were two huge stone statues there. One of them belonged to the dragon snake, and the other was Su Ming's Nine-Headed Dragon born from his Han Mountain Bell.

They remained in their last pose before they were fossilized. There were murderous looks on their faces as they were engaged in a battle to the death. Even if they had been fossilized, if anyone looked at them, they could still feel a murderous aura coming right at their faces.

The giant mass of flesh that had been spreading outwards previously had also turned into a stone statue. Su Ming stood there, right by its side. His body remained still, and he had his eyes closed. He had also been petrified.

Everything about him had been turned into stone, including his clothes, his hair, and everything else. He looked no different compared to a stone, and even that hint of resolution on his face had been petrified in its place. He looked almost alive.

The small snake and the body formed from the old man's divine sense had also turned into a stone statue. They were all retained inside the fossilized Candle Dragon. The existences of these stone statues caused the place to be filled with a dead silence and a strange air...

The only thing that had not been petrified was the woman's head floating in midair. Her presence had completely disappeared and her eyes were opened. There was not a single spark of life remaining within them, but if anyone took a closer look, they would find that there was a weak vortex turning slowly in her right eye.

It was the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable Realm! That vortex was the pride of its life! It was the source of why it could still remain proud and unyielding even though it was extremely weakened, when the old man in black robes had threatened it!

Candle Dragons could die, but even if they died, they still could not be threatened by any ordinary folk. Even if they died, they would still choose to die being devoured by their own kind!

All those who tried to control a Candle Dragon's thoughts would have to be struck by its powerful Curse, a Curse that could still terrify others even though it had died!

It devoured its own kind to survive, because it believed that this was the only way for the Candle Dragons to live eternally. However, if fate dictated that it could not devour its own kind, then it would willingly use everything that constituted itself and bless its kind's... new life!

All of this... was because they were of the same race!

All of this... was because of the unique legacy that belonged to the Candle Dragons!

If anyone magnified that vortex in the right eye, they would be

able to see numerous illusionary shadows inside, and one of them...

...was Su Ming!

His body drifted without direction, and he looked like a wandering soul. His eyes were gray, and there was not a hint of intelligence within them. They were eternally vacant.

He did not have any will, as if his spirit was sleeping and could not wake up. He could not even be considered to have any natural instincts, and he was just drifting in that endless world.

There was a large amount of wandering souls who were floating and drifting about like him. There were about thousands of them, and almost every single one of them had gray eyes. They did not have any intelligence, no natural instincts. They could only... be forced to obey the piercing sound when it appeared...

They could only follow the orders of that soul before them that was obviously stronger than the other vengeful souls. There was a small amount of black mist spreading out of that soul. From the distance, it looked as if there was a murderous aura that was crashing right into the wandering souls' faces. That soul's eyes might also be gray, but within those gray pupils was a shred of intelligence.

With a piercing howl, the swarm of vengeful souls behind him quickly got closer to him and were sucked dry once he seized them. Once hundreds of vengeful souls were sucked dry, another piercing howl came from the distance. Immediately after, thousands of vengeful souls emerged from the spot where that other piercing sound had come. Leading those souls was a soul with an evil face, and he was shrouded entirely by black fog.

A war between vengeful souls started just like that.

When Su Ming opened his eyes, he still had not regained his will. However, a pain as if his entire body had been torn apart filled

him, and he only managed to not scream by gritting his teeth tightly. That sort of pain was akin to his body turning into a leaf while he was being ripped apart, bit by bit. When he was eventually ripped to pieces, he was squeezed tightly, as if the force was trying to crush his bones into powder.

If he had screamed under that pain, perhaps he would not have snapped awake. It was precisely because he had endured that intense pain, that felt as if there were numerous voices by his ears roaring and calling out to him incessantly, that it felt as if he had stirred up all his strength!

It was from that strength that he had the false impression that he had opened his eyes once again, even though his eyes were open to begin with!

The instant he truly opened his eyes, he saw a gray, ashen sky, a white ground, and a broken world that only became like this after having lived through an unknown amount of years...

Chapter 468: Waking Up

The gray sky was like a gray piece of cloth. It was filled with wrinkles and was spread right to the end of sight. There was no sun, no moon, and no stars. There was only the gray that caused depression to rise within a person's heart.

Its color exuded the air of death, causing the people to feel as if they were lost in that gray shade, and they would even begin to feel confusion boiling in their hearts.

The white ground rose and fell as it stretched into the distance. There was not a single plant there, not any other color. There was only white earth that spread endlessly outwards, leaving the entire place with no boundaries.

If anyone stared at the ground and the gray sky that acted as its contrast for a prolonged period of time, they would become even more lost.

When Su Ming opened his eyes, this was what he saw. After a long time, he lowered his head and saw his own body. He could clearly see that his body had turned into an illusion. He was just a wisp formed by the white fog spreading from the ground. That fog was incredibly weak in the beginning, but soon, it gradually gathered together to turn into a person, which was him.

A large amount of fog seeped out from the white ground around him. As that fog gathered together, more people appeared.

These people looked as if they were newly born. Their eyes were gray, and those gray eyes gave off a feeling of despair and fatigue that stemmed right from the soul. It was as if they had died numerous times already but still had to be newly born only to die again and again. This process would repeat endlessly, turning into a cycle.

Perhaps death was not terrifying at times. What was horrifying

was endlessness, an eternity of not being able to die and not being able to perish until the soul itself became numb, until all will was lost, all that made a person, turning him into... an undying soul, Imperishable living corpse...

Not too long ago, at the spot where Su Ming woke up was a war waged between thousands of undying souls. This war might have happened several breaths ago, or it might have happened several days ago, or even several months ago. Su Ming had no idea how long it had been since then.

He only knew that this was what he saw when he woke up.

Su Ming might have woken up, but his heart was still at a loss. His eyes were still gray, and he still did not possess much intelligence. He did not know who he was, neither did he know how he got there. In fact, he did not even think about those things; his mind was simply blank.

He stared at the gray sky blankly, and just continued looking... until his body was gradually filled up by that fog and he turned into a complete person, and until all the other undying souls around him were formed.

All the undying souls were the same as him. They stood there, staring blankly at the sky with their minds vacant.

This continued for an unknown amount of time until one day, the sound of a horn came from the distance and reverberated through this boundless world. That voice was very faint, and nobody had an idea how many regions the sound of that horn had traveled through.

The instant the sound of that horn reached the thousands of undying souls, they immediately shuddered and lowered their lifted heads to look before them, at what lay in the endless distance. They looked at the same direction and slowly lifted their feet before slowly floating forward.

Su Ming was among these undying souls. He also heard that horn, and when that sound landed in his mind, it turned into a voice summoning him, a call that caused ripples in his soul.

He also stopped looking at the sky and looked instead in the direction the sound of the horn had come from. He simply floated forward slowly with the other undying souls by his side.

Su Ming had no idea just how long he floated. He had no concept of time in his mind. There was only the sound of the horn calling to him. The undying souls just drifted forward without an end to their numbers on that white ground.

Gradually, some of the undying souls let out piercing howls from their mouths while drifting forward. As the howls grew in number, on that day, one of the undying souls turned around swiftly and pounced on one of his companions that still had that vacant look in his eyes.

He ripped him apart, devoured him, and fused with him. After a moment, once the victim undying soul disappeared, its attacker's body gained a more corporeal form. A hint of intelligence appeared in its gray eyes.

Almost the instant he devoured his companion, quite a number of other undying souls around him did the same thing. There was an undying soul who did that exact same thing right beside Su Ming.

That soul looked like it belonged to an old man. As he roared, he lunged at Su Ming like a wild beast. Once he got closer, he pounced on Su Ming, then opened his mouth and sank his teeth into his body.

Su Ming did not resist. There was still that dazed look in his eyes as he let the undying soul rip apart and devour him. The pain in his soul made Su Ming shudder. That sort of feeling where his body was about to be ripped apart made him suddenly remember that he had gone through the exact same type of pain when he

woke up moments ago.

"So, I already died once..?" Su Ming mumbled. Half his body had already been devoured by that old man. By the looks of it, it would not take long before his entire body was devoured.

At that time, everything about Su Ming would disappear without a trace, but he would not die. Instead, after some time, the fog would gather up and turn into him once again in this Undying and Imperishable World so that he would have to go through the same form of death again. He had to continuously experience it, and the cycle would repeat... endlessly...

'I went through this feeling before... I don't want to go through it again!' Su Ming's will gradually faded away, but a brutality suddenly burned in his eyes, and he turned around swiftly to start devouring that old man.

The two undying souls began devouring each other. This meant the world to them, but to the thousands of undying souls around them, it was nothing, and it did not incite even the slightest bit of attention from them.

Time passed by slowly. Once the undying souls that clearly had a hint of intelligence on their faces ate their companions, they seemed to have become full, and their bodies clearly gained more substance. They lifted their heads to the sky and let out piercing howls.

The howls reverberated incessantly through the empty land, as if the souls were using their voices to announce that they had just been born again! The number of roars increased, and by the end, there were twenty-seven souls from among the thousands that roared nonstop to announce their new lives.

As they roared, the undying souls around them started trembling and fear appeared on their faces, as if these twenty-seven souls had surpassed them in terms of rank. It made them feel oppressed and afraid, no matter how numb they were to their surroundings.

As for Su Ming and the old man, they continued devouring each other. The old man started roaring madly and continued fighting against Su Ming to win in this brutal match to devour each other. Gradually, as Su Ming ate him, the old man grew weaker slowly, and eventually, his entire soul turned into Su Ming's nutrients for him to become stronger.

Once Su Ming devoured his first undying soul, he started shivering slightly. He could feel a wave of power swelling within him. This power rammed against his body until it crashed into his mind, causing a sign of struggle to appear in his eyes. A pain as if he was being ripped apart filled his mind, and it did not go away.

The feeling as if he was being torn apart was too great, and Su Ming began to feel as if his mind was about to crumble. As his mind collapsed, some memories returned to his empty head.

"What is... my name..?" Su Ming lifted his head swiftly and let out a roar towards the sky. That roar was the twenty-eighth roar of a newly born life!

His roar reflected off the other roars from the twenty-seven souls. Their roars gradually fused together and shook the sky and earth in that small area, causing the other undying souls to kneel down on the ground, trembling. The only souls that remained standing were those twenty-eight souls, and among them was Su Ming!

At first glance, all of them looked incredibly similar to each other, but as they continued eating the other souls, they would slowly begin to change and differences would appear. Gradually, they would regain all their memories...

At that moment, the sound of the horn resounded once again from the world in the distance. As that mournful hoot reverberated in the air, Su Ming gradually stopped roaring. The other twenty-seven souls also calmed down slowly, and they started floating forward at a much faster speed compared to that of

normal souls.

Su Ming's eyes were still gray, and when he calmed down, he also flew forward with the other twenty-seven souls, bringing along the thousands of Souls behind him, as if they were floating forward for some sort of mission.

Time slowly trickled by. Su Ming had no idea how long had passed. Besides thinking about what his own name was, he did not have any other thoughts. Only the sound of the horn made him move towards its direction slowly, calling out to guide him.

During that process, he devoured several other undying souls in succession. Similarly, some of the other undying souls also seemed to have regained some semblance of intelligence as they moved forward and started devouring each other.

Each time Su Ming ate another soul, his body would gain more substance. When he devoured about eight undying souls, besides his legs, his entire body was no longer in a semi-transparent state, and he now looked as if he possessed flesh and blood.

His long, black hair floated behind his head. His eyes might still be gray, but there was intelligence within them, along with a hint of indifference.

There were already nearly fifty undying souls like him in this swarm of souls that numbered to several thousands, and they were still moving towards the direction of the sound of the horn...

Until one day, in this world where day and night could not be differentiated, Su Ming saw a swarm of other undying souls before him. When these two swarms of undying souls saw each other, the figures who were clearly much stronger than the normal souls let out shrill and biting howls!

Another war started!

Su Ming saw the swarm of undying souls charging towards him. The pain in his head as if he was being ripped apart grew stronger.

He suddenly remembered. He had gone through something like this before...

He remembered now. He had died in the previous war and someone had devoured him whole, and then... he woke up again.

Killing intent appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He did not want to die. He had a feeling in his heart that with each time he died, he would lose a little bit of something, and even though he did not know the details of what it was, his natural instincts were telling him that he could not die!

Roaring reverberated in the air in this place. The two swarms of undying souls were closing in on each other madly. Five thousand feet, three thousand feet, two thousand feet... and then, five hundred feet, two hundred feet...

Chapter 469: Press Down, Seize!

Right at the instant the two armies were only one hundred feet away from each other and were ready to start devouring each other madly, the instant they were about to engage each other in a battle to the death, right at the moment madness appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he forgot about everything except to kill...

Suddenly, a long black arc charged through the gray sky. That long arc was about several thousands of feet long, and at the top of it was a person!

He was dressed in a white robe. His expression was apathetic and his white hair floated in the air. His eyes were filled with gray, causing fear in all those who looked at him. The ripples that were spreading out before him caused the thousands of undying souls to immediately begin trembling the instant he appeared. These two swarms were only one hundred feet away from each other, but no one dared to move from their spot.

The white-haired old man walked over from the sky, and the instant he walked right above the thousands of undying souls, he lifted his right hand, and without even looking down, he pressed down on the ground through the air and seized it!

As the old man pressed down, Su Ming had a distinct feeling as if the old man in white had fused together with the sky. The feeling as if the sky was pressing down with a rumble rose in him. That feeling immediately caused his body to begin crumbling, and all the other undying souls around him also started breaking down!

It was especially prominent among the undying souls who did not have any form of intelligence and were just following the crowd blankly. All of these souls disintegrated right at that instant and turned into the fog that gave birth to them as it seeped out of the ground.

Even the undying souls who had devoured a large number of

their companions, just like Su Ming, and had become much stronger were also trembling. They could not even last for a breath before their bodies exploded.

Su Ming was the same!

He watched his own body breaking down and shattering. Once he turned into fog, the white-robed old man in the sky seized at the air with his right hand.

All the undying souls on the ground disintegrated with a bang and turned into a large amount of white fog that charged straight towards the sky. They were all sucked onto the old man's palm and turned into a ball of fog that was about the size of a fist. He wrapped his fingers around the ball, and it disappeared into his body.

The entire process lasted less than three breaths. The old man did not linger for a single moment and left the place, disappearing without a trace.

The place was empty. All the undying souls had dissipated, including Su Ming...

Time continued passing by once more. Several months later, white wisps of fog started gushing out of the ground. These wisps of fog gathered together and gradually turned into the indistinct shapes of people.

These people might look indistinct, but if there was anyone looking, they would be able to see that these were the undying souls that had died several months ago at this place!

The term undying soul did not mean that they would not die but that after they died, they would be revived, and this cycle would continue endlessly...

There was an indistinct figure that appeared right on the spot where Su Ming had disintegrated that day, and that figure seemed slightly different from the other undying souls...

He was moving his hand, repeatedly pressing down and seizing at the air, repeating this series of strange actions numerous times. As the fog slowly gathered up to form the bodies and as their appearances were revealed, the face of the figure that was performing those actions could be seen, and it was Su Ming!

However, gray had filled the entirety of this Su Ming's eyes, and his intelligence was showing no signs of waking. He looked at his right hand blankly as he repeated the action of pressing down and seizing at the air.

He did not know his name, did not know who he was, did not know why he was here. In fact, these questions did not exist in his mind. He did not even think about them. In his eyes, nothing in the world was important. The only thing that mattered was the spot he was looking at the moment - his right hand repeatedly performing the movement of pressing down and seizing the air.

He did not know why he kept doing this series of actions. It was as if all of this was due to a natural instinct. As he continued pressing down and seizing at the air, the fog around him gradually gathered together to form the other undying souls. They gradually stopped being indistinct, and slowly... lifted their heads to look at the vast sky.

Only Su Ming had his head lowered and still looked at his right hand. He simply looked at it blankly and repeated the act of pressing down and seizing at the air absentmindedly, even though he had already repeated the act countless times...

Several days later, the sound of the horn rang in the sky, and as that sound came, all the undying souls shuddered and averted their gazes from the sky to look towards the direction where the sound was coming from before they started moving their bodies and walking forward.

Su Ming did not lift his head. Even if he had heard the sound of the horn and even if he was moving along with the other undying

souls, he still had his head lowered to look at his right hand as he continued the endless cycle of pressing down and seizing at the air...

It was as if everything else in the world could not stir up his interest when put in comparison with him repeating this action. Press down, seize. As Su Ming moved forward, he continued repeating this set of movements. His existence stood out like a sore thumb among the other undying souls around him.

Slowly, as the thousands of undying souls moved forward, some of the undying souls regained their minds. They let out shrill and biting howls, and when the brutality in their eyes reached a certain extent, they started to madly devour their companions, just like what they did before.

However, while some of the undying souls that woke up this time were the same souls that woke up last time, there were also different souls as well...

When the undying souls around Su Ming started eating each other, he stood there with his head lowered and repeated those series of actions. There were no undying souls that had woken up beside him, so he was safe for the moment. The others who were devouring their companions did not notice Su Ming. After the umpteenth time he pressed down and seized the air, a faint wave of ripples gradually appeared before him. The ripples were faint, but they truly existed.

Su Ming did not look at the ripples. He just continued watching his right hand and maintained that endless cycle of pressing down and seizing the air.

A long time passed by. After some of the undying souls died, roars signifying newly born lives spread through the sky and earth. This time, thirty-two strong undying souls appeared. As their roars reverberated in the air, all the other undying souls trembled and fear appeared on their faces, except...

Su Ming!

Su Ming still had his head lowered and kept repeating those series of actions without stopping or changing. The faint wave of ripples before him increased.

No one took any notice of Su Ming, including the strong undying souls. After roaring, they brought the thousands of souls and floated quickly towards the direction where the sound of the horn came from...

Along the way, more undying souls woke up. Usually, after a hint of intelligence emerged in their eyes, they would immediately choose to devour their companions by their side so that they would become stronger.

On the way, there was once when an undying soul beside Su Ming woke up. He growled and closed in on Su Ming in an instant, but Su Ming did not lift his head. He did not even spare that soul a glance, simply continuing with his action of pressing down and seizing the air...

Yet the instant the soul closed in, Su Ming pressed down, and the undying soul that was lunging at him shivered. Fear appeared beside the little spark of intelligence in his eyes, and before he could even get closer, he immediately started disintegrating, and as he broke down, Su Ming's right hand turned to seize the air.

Once he seized the air, white fog immediately appeared from the spots where the undying soul had started breaking down. That white fog charged towards Su Ming's right hand and turned into a weak ball of fog before it disappeared into his palm.

The undying soul immediately retreated in terror. His body had become much weaker, and as he moved back, another awakened undying soul immediately pounced on him. As shrill howls rang through the air, the soul was devoured.

Su Ming never lifted his head during that entire while, neither

did he stop performing those series of actions. However, the ripples before him were growing in number, and gradually, the area around him started distorting faintly, and it was an incredibly distinct sight.

The distorted ripples caused the undying souls around him to instinctively back off. They did not dare to get closer to Su Ming. The undying souls who devoured their companions to get stronger looked towards Su Ming, and in their eyes were confusion... along with wariness.

They could sense a power that terrified them surrounding Su Ming, and they did not dare get closer to him.

Slowly, the swarm of undying souls moved once again. In the Undying and Imperishable World, besides the souls' repeated cycles of life and death, everything else also seemed to have turned into a cycle and would repeat itself when the time came.

After the swarm of undying souls moved for several months... a swarm of undying souls of a similar number and who were also led by nearly a hundred of strong undying souls appeared before them on the white land.

It was the same as last time. When the two swarms of undying souls saw each other, they let out shrill howls at the same time and charged towards the other madly. Su Ming did not lift his head and simply continued pressing down and seizing at the air as he moved forward.

When the two swarms of undying souls ran into each other and started devouring each other madly with roars echoing in the air, both sides began a struggle for survival. Two undying souls instantly lunged towards Su Ming, but right at the moment they arrived by his side, their bodies disintegrated, turning into white fog that was absorbed into Su Ming's palm when he seized the air.

Su Ming's actions became faster and the number of ripples before him increased. The distortions became more and more distinct,

and after a moment, all of the undying souls that closed in on him would let out shrill screams of pain and their bodies would break down to turn into white fog that was all absorbed into his palm.

Su Ming stood there and continued doing the same actions. Slowly, as he became faster in repeating this series of actions and as the ripples continued spreading outward, all the undying souls around him noticed the terror coming from Su Ming's spot, and the instant all of them stopped devouring each other and turned their gazes towards him...

...Su Ming's right hand suddenly froze, after never once having stopped for an unknown number of days.

Once he stopped, his right hand slowly pressed down! Immediately, rumbling sounds reverberated in the air, and with Su Ming as its center, a mighty force swept through the area. Then, all the thousands of souls in the area disintegrated right when that force touched them...

After pressing down, Su Ming slowly formed his hand into a fist and seized the air, and a large amount of white fog spun around him like a lake of fog before charging straight towards his right hand...

The area was silent. Su Ming stood in the midst of that large amount of fog, and his right hand absorbed that fog. He lifted his head slowly, and the gray hue in his eyes began fading away rapidly as his intelligence increased exponentially!

"I... am Su Ming..."

Chapter 470: Fall

Su Ming mumbled and lowered his head to look at his right hand. His body had already completely gained physical form and he looked no different than a body that possessed flesh and blood.

A long black robe manifested on him, and his black hair danced in the wind, forming a contrast with the white fog around him, causing him to appear faint and indistinct in the white fog.

That white fog was rapidly seeping into Su Ming's body as he continued absorbing it.

Su Ming did not bother about that white fog. As his intelligence grew and his eyes began to gain a brilliant sparkle, he looked at his right hand, as if he was immersed in deep thought.

After a long while, when the final wisp of white fog seeped into his body, he stood alone at the empty land with his gaze still on his right hand.

Time trickled by. Several days later, Su Ming's right hand moved up slowly, then once he pressed downwards, he seized the air.

'What is this divine ability? It's just a simple motion of pressing down and seizing the air, but why does it contain such powerful might..? With one press, I can shatter everything in the world, and with one seize, I can absorb the essence of all the things that had crumbled..'

Su Ming closed his eyes, and when he opened them a moment later, he looked at the sky.

As he absorbed the white fog, his memories slowly recovered. Besides remembering his own name, he also remembered that he had died twice in this strange world.

He had died the first time by being devoured by someone, and he died the second time after his body disintegrated when the old man in white pressed down and seized the air...

However, he only managed to remember this much. The memories of how he arrived in this strange world still remained indistinct.

‘Could it be that this action of pressing down and seizing the air contains some form of power that I don’t understand..?’

Su Ming sat down cross-legged on the white ground. He looked at his right hand, and as he fell into pensive silence, he continued immersing himself in the repeated act of pressing down and seizing the air.

As time passed, white wisps of fog gradually seeped out of the ground around him. The souls that had died previously were revived, but almost the instant that white fog appeared, it immediately charged towards Su Ming, as if the spot where he was sitting had turned into a gigantic vortex, and that vortex could suck everything.

As the white fog surrounded Su Ming, it disappeared into his right hand in the blink of an eye and was absorbed into his body. The spark of intelligence in his eyes grew clearer, and an incredibly comfortable feeling spread through him, causing him to close his eyes.

It was the feeling of his body rapidly growing stronger, of his soul becoming more powerful. It was the comfortable sort of feeling that only appeared during metamorphosis, and once a person had a taste of it, it would be difficult for him to not continue with it.

After some time, Su Ming opened his eyes, and a brilliant sparkle shone in them.

"If I devour the other souls here, then I can slowly remember more things, I can also become stronger, and I won't have to feel the pain of dying here anymore..." Su Ming mumbled. He stood up, looked at the gray sky, took a deep breath, lifted his feet, and charged forward.

A chilling glare shone in his eyes. He charged forth like a wisp of black smoke and continued moving forward on the white land. He did not know how much time had passed, only that there was a desire in his heart - to devour more undying souls.

One day, he saw thousands of undying souls before him. When he saw them, the swarm of undying souls also saw him.

As shrill howls reverberated in the air, the dozens of obviously stronger souls leading the swarm charged towards him.

Su Ming stood there, a glint in his eyes. The instant those undying souls closed in on him, he lifted his right hand and pushed forward. With that one push, a layer of ripples manifested before him, and they spread outward like a wave. Rumbling sounds traveled forth without stop. The undying souls right at the front of the swarm shuddered viciously, and some of them broke down straight away.

Su Ming immediately had his right hand seize the air, and the disintegrating undying souls instantaneously turned into wisps of white fog that charged towards him. As the white fog fused into him, it made him lift his head and let out a contented roar. He charged forward and engaged the remaining undying souls that had yet to die.

Su Ming did not know of any other method. He only knew how to press down and seize the air. However, after trying it multiple times, he found that this simple act contained a powerful might that he did not comprehend. The instant he rushed into the swarm of undying souls, rumbling sounds repeatedly traveled forth.

After the time taken for the burning of an incense stick, Su Ming stood with his head dipped down. Dense white fog surrounded him, and besides the fog, not a single undying soul could be seen.

After a long time, Su Ming lifted his head. His eyes were no longer gray but were sparkling brightly. He licked his lips, then flew up from the ground, and when he was in midair, he started

charging into the distance.

At the end of the world, in the distance, was the moaning sound of a horn echoing in the air. It was a guide for all the undying souls that could hear it to move towards that place.

That horn also managed to summon Su Ming. As he absorbed more undying souls, he began to feel the sound of the horn becoming clearer and stronger. It was filled with an enticing air, and it made him feel as if it was his mission to go to the place where the horn was as he continued to become stronger.

As he continued flying forward, he saw several swarms of undying souls on the ground, and whenever he ran into them, he would press down on the ground while remaining midair.

As his experiences increased and as he grew stronger by continuously absorbing more souls, the area in which he could cause the others to crumble gradually became bigger, until he could make half a swarm break down in a go instead of just a small part.

Su Ming did not keep track of time, he only thought that a long time had passed since he woke up. He had already flown very far away, and by then, large parts of the swarms of undying souls that formed on the ground would break down when he pressed downwards.

His body now seemed like a body possessing flesh and blood. His hair danced in the air, and his black robes fluttered while flowing in the wind. The amount of times when he did that action of pressing downward and seizing the air had become so numerous that they could no longer be counted!

He could feel his own strength clearly. This sort of strength was one with which he did not even need to roar as he flew, and he could already make all the undying souls that saw him shiver.

However... Su Ming's eyes were no longer sparkling brightly as

time continued flowing away. They were gradually stained by fatigue, and a hint of apathy slowly appeared in his eyes as well.

His current appearance made him rather similar to the old man he'd seen before...

The horn still echoed in the air, but it seemed like he would never be able to fly to that place, and eventually, one day, as Su Ming continued flying forward, he suddenly came to an abrupt halt, turning his head around and looking at the world to his right. Over there, he saw a long red arc traveling forth incredibly quickly.

The instant Su Ming saw the long arc, it stopped several thousands of feet away from him before turning into a red-haired man. Half of the man's body was decked in armor. His red hair floated in the air and he was half naked. He looked at Su Ming.

His eyes were similar to Su Ming's. They were both dull, and there was apathy flowing out from within them.

Su Ming looked at him, and he looked at Su Ming. After a moment of looking into each other's eyes in midair, the man suddenly let out a roar and took a step forward to charge towards Su Ming. The moment he closed in, he lifted his right hand and swung it towards the sky. Immediately, a long spear manifested in his right hand and he wrapped his fingers around it.

Once he held that long spear, he threw it towards Su Ming. That long spear stirred up a piercing screech as it sliced through the air and charged towards Su Ming at an incredibly swift speed.

It was so fast that it looked as if a bolt of lightning had pierced through Su Ming's chest in an instant. However, to Su Ming, the instant that long spear was thrown out, everything in the world slowed down. Not only did the long spear's speed decelerate, even his body had become slower.

Everything had become slower. He saw the long spear flying

towards him, bit by bit, inching towards him, little by little. His right hand was also lifting up slowly, but when the long spear finally arrived before him, he had only just lifted his right hand. He didn't manage to press down when the long spear stabbed into his chest at an incredibly slow speed. The intense pain of being ripped apart spread through Su Ming's chest incredibly slowly after being slowed down several times.

In his eyes, after the tip of the spear cut through his body and pierced through his chest, a sharp pain spread out, and at the same time, the entire spear penetrated through him and fell on the ground behind him.

Only then did Su Ming's world return to normal. Yet the instant the world returned to normal, a small part of his body had already broken down. As he fell apart, Su Ming lifted his right hand swiftly and pushed at the man.

The man jolted and his armor instantly exploded. At the same time his body was exposed, he began trembling violently, and cracks appeared on him

As Su Ming seized the air with his right hand, a large amount of white fog with an intensity so dense it could not be described with words charged towards him...

The man roared with a maddened craze and clenched his right fist before hurling it straight towards Su Ming. The speed of his punch was incredibly slow, but in Su Ming's eyes, that man's speed had reached an extreme momentum.

This was a difficult battle. Rumbling sounds reverberated in the world, and they only started gradually disappearing several hours later. An incredible amount of white fog filled the place, and the density of that white fog could almost compare to the amount of all the white fog Su Ming had absorbed on the way to this place.

The dense fog was rapidly disappearing at the moment, as it was being absorbed by the person inside. An hour later, when the fog

became thinner, a person's silhouette gradually took shape.

He had long black hair, long black robes, a vacant face, and apathetic eyes... Su Ming walked out slowly and lowered his head to look at his right hand. The numb look in his eyes was identical to the old man's he met before!

"Undying soul... I am an Undying warrior soul..." Su Ming mumbled. His memories had yet to recover. It was as if no matter how much fog he absorbed, his memories stopped at the revelation of his own name.

The only thing that increased was his strength, and he felt as if he now had the might to control the entire world!

He... lost himself...

There seemed to be a voice echoing faintly in the gray world. That voice sounded as if it came from the distant past, as if it contained the passages of time itself, but if anyone listened to it closely, they would only hear the moaning sound of a horn, and would not be able to hear the voice formed by it.

"If you fall and lose yourself, then I will devour the snake and resurrect myself successfully. If you wake up, then I will willingly let myself be devoured by my kind, and will bless its new life!"

Chapter 471: Is it the Same?

With an apathetic look in his eyes, Su Ming slowly flew into the sky. He did not look at the ground, and usually, wherever he went to, he would casually press down and seize the air if he ran into any undying souls, and they would all tremble before immediately breaking down into an endless amount of fog that chased after him.

At that moment, he was the same as the old man in white robes. There were no differences between them.

This process lasted for a very long time. A year, two years, three years... ten years, thirty years, fifty years... a hundred years... perhaps even longer.

Su Ming did not die anymore. He had only died twice. After dying twice and reviving subsequently, he continued moving forward to search for the moaning sound of the horn as he devoured an endless amount of white fog in this endless world.

His strength turned him even more apathetic. The vacant look on his face was gone, and he was no longer exhausted, only calm. However, that calmness did not mean that his heart was calm, it was simply an expression of his apathy.

He did not know just how many undying souls he had absorbed. He did not linger at any spot in that endless passage of time and only continued to move forward, continued devouring other souls. Su Ming had even devoured more than nine existences like that red-haired man.

Every single time he devoured an undying soul like this, Su Ming would become stronger. The act of pressing downwards and seizing the air had practically become a natural instinct by this point.

One day, right before Su Ming, he saw a gigantic mountain that

towered into the clouds. There was a gigantic statue of a dragon snake sitting around that mountain. That dragon snake's head was right below the peak of the sky, and it looked as if it was overlooking the ground.

The moaning sounds of the horn traveled forth languidly from the mountain and from within the statue before spreading outwards to the entire area. The instant he saw the statue and the mountain, Su Ming sensed a powerful force within his apathetic heart summoning him.

"Undying warrior souls... come back..." An ancient voice echoed in Su Ming's mind. There was a hint of age and time in that voice, and when it fell into his heart, it made him lurch.

With an apathetic look in his eyes, he moved slowly forward, and when he was under the mountain, he leaped up before landing on the gigantic dragon snake's body.

There was something guiding him in his heart, calling out to him to choose a scale on the dragon snake's body and sit there to wait for the other Undying warrior souls to return...

Su Ming moved forward on the dragon snake's huge scales. When he looked forward, he found that the scales on the dragon snake's body were closely packed together and there were about hundreds upon thousands of them. Su Ming sat down on one of them and stared forward with a blank look on his face.

It was as if this was where he belonged. It was as if this was the end of his journey. The moaning sounds of the horn in the sky became clearer, and that sound gradually made him lethargic. His eyes gradually closed up, and an indescribable fatigue gradually submerged him like a flood.

But the instant he almost completely shut his eyes, he dipped his head down and saw through the corner of his eyes a string of words hastily carved down—obviously left behind by a finger—on a scale not too far away, right below him...

"I am Su Ming..."

These were the four words left behind on the scale...

The instant he saw those four words, the pupils within his apathetic eyes shrank. He was clearly taken aback, and the four words seemed to have been enlarged several times as they flashed in his head with loud, booming noises.

He stood up and stared fixedly at the string of letters. His breathing quickened and a huge storm raged in his heart. At the moment he saw those words, an incredibly familiar feeling shot up within him, as if... he was the one who had carved those four words on the scale!

The instant Su Ming's mind and soul were shaken, suddenly, that ancient voice that resounded in the air previously echoed between the sky and earth once again.

"Undying warrior souls... come back..."

When the voice reverberated in the air, an incredibly strong suction force immediately appeared on the scale under Su Ming's feet. He had no possible way of fighting against that suction force. It was as if the source of his incredible strength came from this statue, and if it could give him power, then it could also take it back whenever it wanted.

As that suction force erupted forth, Su Ming's body faded away in an instant. A large amount of white fog spread out madly from his body and was rapidly absorbed by the scale under his feet.

A sense of weakness filled Su Ming's entire mind and soul. His vision blurred, but the instant his vision faded and his body weakened, a thunderous roar resounded in his head, as if a bolt of lightning had just flashed past his head, causing him to remember everything right at that moment!

He remembered what this place was, remembered why he came here, remembered his own identity, remembered the small snake,

remembered the Candle Dragon, and remembered everything that had happened.

He also remembered the Candle Dragon's Curse and its words.

"If you fall and become corrupted, then I will devour the snake and resurrect myself successfully. If you wake up, then I will willingly let myself be devoured by my kind, and will bless its new life!!"

"I will not fall and become corrupted, I won't! I'm not an Undying warrior soul, I am... Su Ming!"

Su Ming lifted his head and roared. His legs had already disappeared, and a large part of his body was rapidly turning invisible. The instant he was about to be completely absorbed into the dragon snake's scale, he lowered his head swiftly and used what remained of his right index finger along with all his remaining strength to write down a string of words on the scale!

"This is the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable..." The string of words were written beneath "I am Su Ming", and were hastily scribbled down the instant Su Ming's body disappeared.

The instant he finished writing those words and had just spelled out half of the word for 'World', his right hand turned into fog, along with his entire body. At that moment, he had turned completely into white fog and was absorbed into the scale.

Su Ming died and vanished.

With his death, the peace in the mountain was restored. The statue of the dragon snake continued staying on the mountain like a dead object, still and unmoving.

However, if anyone walked on the hundreds of thousands of scales on its body and looked carefully, they would find that there were over one hundred thousand scales that were covered... in the same handwriting...

"I am Su Ming..."

"I am Su Ming..."

"I am Su Ming. This is the Candle Dragon..."

"Undying and Imperishable World..."

"I am Su Ming, I have to wake up, I cannot fall and lose myself..."

"I am Su Ming. The small snake is in danger, and only when I wake up can I save it..."

"I am Su Ming from the Berserker Tribe..."

"I am Su Ming. Sky and earth, ice and fire..."

"I am Su Ming. Don't devour the undying souls. Absolutely do not devour them..."

"If I devour even a single one of them, then I won't be able to..."

Words like these covered more than one hundred thousand scales, and most of them were just covered in four words - I am Su Ming. There were only some that had two lines of words, and if someone looked carefully at each of these scales, they would find that the time when the two lines were carved onto the scale was different, and it was the same for all the scales with two lines...

All of these were left behind by Su Ming! He did not just die twice; that was just what he retained in his memories at that moment. In truth, he had already arrived at this mountain and this statue numerous times...

Each time he came here, right at the final moment before his body turned into white fog and he was about to be absorbed by the scales, he would remember everything. He had no way to resist this, and could only use this clumsy and foolish method to tell his next incarnation what this place was, what his mission was, what he wanted to do, and that he absolutely could not fall and lose himself!

This was a really, really foolish method. It was also a sad and pitiful method. Yet similarly, Su Ming's tenacity and resolution

could be seen from the words that covered more than one hundred thousand of the dragon snake's scales, along with his persistence... and madness!

This was the Candle Dragon's... Undying and Imperishable World!

There was no strong sunlight in this vast world. While there was always light filling the area for all eternity, it was neither bright nor dull. White wisps of fog floated out of the white ground and gradually turned into illusory figures.

There was one figure whose eyes were filled with a vacant gray shade when he opened his eyes. That figure was Su Ming...

Time passed by, and he followed the swarm of undying souls towards the sound of the horn. Gradually, after dying several times, he would become the strongest among all the undying souls.

With each step he took, he would continuously devour other souls to become stronger, a powerful warrior. He would obtain a great power, like mastering the skill of pressing downward and seizing the air, like making other objects speed up or slow down, like freezing an object in its place while having another move, or other battle abilities like this. He would use these skills to walk through the world and enjoy the comfortable feeling that came after devouring the undying souls and becoming stronger.

He also went through having his eyes fill with a gray color before that gray hue faded away and a spark returned to his eyes. He would remember his name, but eventually, he would become apathetic and calm, and then, he would once again arrive at the place where the sound of the horn called out to him.

He would come to a spot on the statue around the mountain, and the instant his body disappeared, he would remember everything, then he would leave behind a string of words for his next incarnation that would come to this place, a string of words that symbolized his unwillingness to give up and a spirit that would

never give into despair...

Perhaps his next incarnation would not be able to see those words, because there were simply too many scales there...

Nonetheless, this was hope. This was his final hope, and the only way he could think of... He did not want to fall and lose himself. He wanted to fight back!

Time passed by, and as Su Ming died and was reborn, then arrived at the statue time and again before leaving behind his words, almost every single one of the hundreds of thousands of scales on the dragon snake's body had his words scribbled on them.

Most of them had two lines carved down, and there were some that had three lines of words carved down. Only a few of them had four lines, and less than thirty of them had five lines...

"I am Su Ming..."

"This is the dead Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World..."

"The small snake is in danger, and only when I wake up can I save it..."

"Understand the concept behind sky and earth, and ice and fire, find the binary opposite that belongs to you. This is the only way to leave this place..."

"Don't devour the undying souls. Don't devour even a single one of them... Absolutely, do not devour even a single one of them..."

Chapter 472: Don't Devour

Another month passed in the unknown space. Dressed in white, Su Ming calmly walked forth towards the spot where the sound of the horn came from and stood on a scale on the dragon snake's back. The instant he lowered his head, his body having returned to his spot on the dragon snake's body, that apathetic look on his face turned into one of disbelief...

For a countless number of times, Su Ming had dragged his exhausted body along with an apathetic look on his face to stand on the dragon snake's scale, and the instant he sat down, he would see the words on the scales. An expression of shocked horror would appear on his face, and he would lift his shivering right hand to carve down another string of words before his body disappeared...

Again, and again, and again...

The cycle repeated endlessly. Each time he woke up, he would walk right to his death, either dying in the hands of other undying souls or dying on the statue...

His only gain was that there were more and more words left on the dragon snake's scales. Each line of words signified one death, and this continued until all the scales were filled, until all the scales were covered with more than five lines...

Each time he died and woke up, his mind would be muddled. Not a single bit of his memories would be left behind, as if they had been completely wiped away to continue this endless cycle.

If he did not have those words, perhaps Su Ming would have truly lost himself... in this Undying and Imperishable World. He would not be able to wake up for all eternity, and would sink into this endless cycle of struggling, then roaring, and then eventually turning apathetic.

This was a cage. The bird would feel as if it had flown out, but the

instant it died, it would realize abruptly that... it was still in that cage.

Only the instant he almost disappeared from the dragon snake's body would Su Ming remember everything. It was like a dream. When a person woke up from his dream, he would be confused, but the instant his confusion arrived, the dream would no longer be there...

With those words on the scales, Su Ming forced himself to never forget, even through his deaths, to not let his will scatter even if he died, to make himself... persevere. Even if the direction and the goal of his perseverance was indistinct, and even if he might not get a conclusion for everything that he did.

This continued for an unknown amount of times, until one time, when Su Ming stood on the dragon snake, he landed on a scale with five lines of words.

When he looked at the words left behind on the scale by his incarnations an unknown amount of years ago, he saw the words telling him not to devour the undying souls, and they made his heart tremble. The instant his body was about to disappear, he lifted his head and let out a roar filled with the unwillingness to admit defeat.

With that roar, before his right hand disappeared, he pressed down on the scale. This time, he did not leave behind any words but drew a runic symbol on the scale.

This was the framework for a Rune he had discovered, after he recovered his memories, among all the divine abilities Hong Luo had left for him. The use of that Rune was to produce vibrations and to increase the volume of a voice endlessly, turning that voice into an echo that would reverberate through the world.

By what he remembered from Hong Luo's legacy, if he activated this Rune in a vacant place, then he could let that echo last for a month. During that month, no matter how far someone was, they

would still be able to hear it faintly.

However, this Rune was rather huge, and the line Su Ming carved was less than a hundredth of its completed form. It was far from enough for him to finish drawing the framework for the Rune.

However, Su Ming might have only managed to carve a hundredth of that Rune, but he had the next time, and as time passed by and as he came to this place repeatedly, he would wake up right before his death and remember everything, and then he would work to complete the framework for the Rune.

He did make certain errors because the spot where he sat did not fulfill the requirements for him to draw the Rune, but in the Undying and Imperishable Realm, in those endless cycles of life and death, eventually, Su Ming managed to draw the final line of the Rune on the dragon snake's body right before he woke up after his death!

The instant he finished drawing the Rune, Su Ming activated it, and with his strongest voice, he shouted his words.

"Don't devour any of the undying souls, do not devour even a single one of them..."

When he sent those words out and his body disappeared, the Rune he had finally managed to draw after an endless amount of tries on the dragon snake's body began operating, increasing the volume of his voice endlessly and sending it in all directions with a loud rumble. His words were like waves as they echoed in the boundless world.

Ten days after Su Ming's death, fog seeped out of a certain spot on the white ground in that vast and boundless world before it gathered together once again to turn into Su Ming's body.

His body gradually gained corporeal form, and with gray eyes, he looked at his surroundings with a vacant stare, and his mind was an empty slate, void of memories.

He looked at the gray sky and there was not a single thought in his head. It was just as if this was the first time he saw this sky, and he simply stared at it blankly. Fog rose around him slowly and gathered together to form some undying souls. Su Ming, who stood among the many undying souls, looked incredibly normal. There was nothing different about him.

Once the bodies of the new undying souls formed, they lifted their heads slowly and looked at the gray sky, as if they were waiting for something.

When the moaning sound of the horn traveled through the sky, it fell into Su Ming's ears. It caused his body to tremble, and he lowered his head like the other undying souls beside him before floating in the direction of where the sound of the horn came from.

Su Ming did not know that he had repeated this action an endless amount of times...

However, this time, before a day had even gone by, a furious roar reverberated violently between the sky and earth, alongside the moaning sound of the horn, in the boundless world.

"Don't devour any of the undying souls, do not devour even a single one of them..."

As that voice reverberated in the air, it fell into Su Ming's ears as well as the undying souls' ears. Su Ming froze for a moment in his movement to go forward. He lifted his head lightly and cast a glance at the sky, and after a moment of hesitation, he pretended that he did not hear it. The other undying souls also acted as if they did not hear the sound and continued floating forward.

Time passed by, and another round of some undying souls letting out low roars and pouncing on their companions next to them to eat them happened again.

This time, madness appeared Su Ming's gray eyes as well. He turned around swiftly and pounced on the absentminded undying

soul beside him. Right at the instant he was about to devour his companion and make himself stronger, that furious roar that screamed with an unwillingness to give in and sounded as if it was let out before someone died resounded once again through the endless sky.

"Don't devour any of the undying souls, do not devour even a single one of them..."

That voice had reached them many times over the past few days, and had been gradually growing weaker. As it echoed in the air, it fell in Su Ming's mind, causing him to freeze in his actions just as he was about to eat his companion.

Struggle appeared in his gray eyes. There was originally not supposed to be anything in his blank mind, but those words were now echoing in his head. His grip around the undying soul slowly loosened.

He did not know why, but the voice coming through the sky was incredibly familiar...

As Su Ming let go of the undying soul, the strong souls around him had finished eating their companions, and after they became slightly stronger, they lifted their heads and roared towards the sky.

That roaring sound fell into Su Ming's ears and made him struggle once again. This time, his struggles lasted for a long time, and when he eventually stopped struggling, he looked around him, and found that there was no longer any undying souls by his side.

The undying souls that had been born with him had left in a group. Only Su Ming was left behind while struggling with himself. The other undying souls would not bother about his whereabouts, they would only listen to the calls from the horn and move nonstop towards their destination.

Su Ming stood alone in the vast land with a vacant look on his

face. After a long while, he lowered his head and floated forward slowly.

The term probability is really just a coincidence and a change that happens in silence. Its appearance can usually not be controlled by man. It was just like possibilities. As an endless amount of ripples appears in the same manner and frequency, there is a possibility that a different type of ripple would appear...

It was the same in the Undying and Imperishable World. Su Ming had no idea how many times he had been reincarnated. In fact, the question did not even exist in his head.

Even if this was the umpteenth time he had woken up, to him, this was still the first time he woke up.

This time, his awakening was different. He could not notice it, but only the people who had been observing him over the hundreds of thousands of times he died and woke up again would see that he was different this time.

This time, due to the presence of that voice, Su Ming did not devour any other undying souls. He moved forward absentmindedly, and continued moving forward even when the voice was no longer around after half a month had gone by. He continued floating forward, and on the way, he did not run into other undying souls!

This was a first over the endless amount of years and endless amounts of awakenings he went through!

As he floated for half a month in his absentminded daze, the gray hue in Su Ming's eyes grew stronger. A feeling of hunger and weakness also blossomed from the depths of his heart. Occasionally, he would look around and search for the fountain that would stop his hunger and weakness.

He had encountered souls before, but every single time he saw them, that voice that had already disappeared in his head would

echo weakly, making his struggles become stronger.

He longed to devour something, but that familiar voice stopped him from eating. In fact, as time passed by, he even grew to have a vague feeling that he... could not devour any undying souls.

When his struggles reached their peak, he saw a dozen something undying souls floating forward absentmindedly on the white land. Su Ming could no longer suppress the desire to eat, and he charged forward.

The dozen something undying souls were clearly newborn souls that had no shred of intelligence whatsoever in them. Su Ming closed in on one of them, and just as the soul was about to be eaten, an intense wave of struggle appeared on Su Ming's face. He roared, and his eyes were no longer gray.

A purplish red tint appeared, and in his struggles, he gave up on eating that soul. Instead, he lifted his right hand and rammed it against the undying soul's head, causing its body to break up.

The instant the undying soul died, a bang resounded suddenly in Su Ming's head, and a pain as if his mind was being ripped apart rushed through him. In the midst of that, clarity surfaced in Su Ming's pupils.

"I am Su Ming!"

Chapter 473: Imperishable Soul!

This was the first time Su Ming reawakened his memories without eating any undying souls!

As his memories woke up, he learned of his name. He closed his eyes, and the undying souls around him slowly floated into the distance. They were still in an absentminded state, and they would not think of resisting that call.

As for the undying soul that Su Ming had scattered away, some white fog spread out from its body and surrounded Su Ming, as if it yearned to enter his body.

However, after a long while, when Su Ming opened his eyes, he saw the white fog and walked out of it quietly. He did not absorb a single bit of it. His other memories besides his name still remained muddled, but the desire to devour undying souls and kill them had diminished slightly.

Some shred of intelligence had appeared in his gray eyes. He floated forward slowly along the ground. Half a year passed by in the blink of an eye.

Su Ming went through numerous battles, but he no longer absorbed that white fog. Usually, as long as the undying souls did not travel in a big group, when he saw a swarm of them, he would rush over silently.

If he did not absorb the white fog, then he would not become stronger. That was why his job would be easier if he ran into the absentminded ones who did not know how to fight back. If he ran into the undying souls that had become stronger after devouring their companions, it would be a lot more difficult for him to kill them.

However, as Su Ming continued with the massacre, while he did not get stronger, he did reawaken more memories, and he

remembered some of his divine abilities...

He remembered the Wind Separation Slash, remembered the Lightning Berserker Art, remembered some of the legacy Hong Luo had left for him. With these methods, he decided in his silence to not fight against the undying souls that did not know how to resist any longer, but instead chose to search for the stronger souls and fight against them!

With each battle, Su Ming gradually learned of many of his shortcomings. He was not decisive enough when he attacked and wasted too much energy. He could not kill with just one strike. In fact, when he ran into danger, he would make mistakes in his choices.

The price for all of this was that his body had broken down several times, and he even died twice...

Perhaps it was because he did not eat any undying souls, but even after dying twice, he was still greatly different when he reawakened. His memories were no longer muddled and remained in the same state as before his death. Each time he died, he would think about the reason behind his failure, and then he would continue fighting against others.

He could clearly sense himself becoming stronger. This strength did not come from devouring undying souls, but was his personal grasp towards battle, his understanding towards his Arts, and his judgments based on his will.

He had already given up on a lot of useless fancy movements when he attacked. He became decisive and determined. Once he attacked, he would go straight for his target, and no laxness in his guard or easing up could be found in his movements.

Gradually, as he increased the number of kills under his belt, as he continued dying and reviving, as he concluded the reasons behind his failures and improved, he became faster when he killed his opponents. He started focusing his attention on the strong

souls in big swarms of undying souls instead of the small groups.

By doing so, the number of strong souls he would have to face would increase exponentially. To him, the level of danger would also increase, but not only did these sorts of fights transform Su Ming's battle skills, they also helped him continuously reawaken his memories.

Not only did he remember his divine abilities, he also remembered his own name. In fact, he had even remembered that this... was the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World!

But that was not all, after dying several dozens of times and killing an unknown amount of undying souls, because he had given up on devouring the white fog, everything that had happened in his last incarnation returned to his memory!

He saw everything that had happened when he devoured undying souls in his last incarnation, right up to the moment when he went to the place the sound of the horn was coming from and died there.

His memories stopped there and he could no longer remember more. Even the memory of when he went to the dragon snake's body during the previous incarnation was fuzzy. He did not know why he did all those things and why he carved down those marks on the scales.

However, he had a feeling that if he continued this way, then someday, he would definitely remember everything. The killings continued. Su Ming wore a black robe and his hair moved without wind. He had changed the Wind Berserker's Art with his own method, and he did the same thing for the Lightning Berserker Art. This sort of change caused the lethality of the Arts to become even more precise.

Time passed by this way slowly. Ten years, fifty years, a hundred years...

Su Ming moved through a swarm of undying souls numbering to thousands. He did not stop for even a single moment. Wherever he went to, with a single tap from his right index finger, strong wind would start blowing out of nowhere. With a punch from his left hand, lightning would crackle, causing a large area to explode and disintegrate.

There were dozens of strong souls in a swarm near Su Ming. When he walked past them, their bodies fell apart and they turned into white fog, but Su Ming did not absorb them.

This sort of killings could no longer satisfy him and could not give him any more experience. This sort of fight could no longer let him experience danger.

Over the one hundred years of fighting, he had died nearly a hundred times as well. However, with each revival, Su Ming would think about the reason behind his death and rectify the cause, which allowed him to surpass himself.

His will had gone through an unimaginable ordeal over the one hundred years. As he continued fighting and as his memories were restored, he recalled more incarnations, along with everything that happened in those previous incarnations.

His expression gradually turned apathetic. However, while this apathy seemed the same as in his previous incarnations, in truth, it was completely different. This apathy was due to habit, due to indifference. The apathy that had appeared in his previous incarnations was based on ignorance.

One of them was due to habit, and the other lack of intelligence. These two types of apathy were like heaven and earth.

Fatigue had also come to Su Ming's body. This fatigue brought by the repeated murders, along with the feeling that he had to continue fighting to restore his memories made him feel haggard both in mind and soul.

However, this had to continue!

Another hundred years passed, and he remembered his previous ten thousand incarnations. The memories he regained allowed him to know all the areas in the vast land in the Undying and Imperishable World like the back of his palm.

He started focusing his attention on the Undying warrior souls that were like the red-haired man he met in the past. Only these sort of warrior souls could let him experience the danger of death when he fought against them.

‘If the sky exists, then the ground will definitely exist as well...’

Su Ming attacked as he fought against a person shrouded in black fog in the sky. That person shrouded in black fog let out a low roar that shook the sky, and his attacks alternated between cold and heat. They were attacks born when ice and fire were stacked against each other.

‘If fire exists, then ice will definitely exist as well...’

On a hillside on the great white land, Su Ming fought against an old man. That old man’s head was covered in white and his eyes were filled with apathy, but when he pressed down and seized the air, Su Ming disintegrated multiple times and died...

However, each time he woke up, he would continue fighting!

‘If pressure can cause something to fall apart, then a suction force that devours will definitely exist...’

Su Ming was fighting with everything he had against a man who stood thirty feet tall in midair. That man’s fist contained the sensation of lightness and heaviness simultaneously, and it was difficult for people to endure his attacks. He roared furiously, and most of the time, two words could be heard in his roars!

"Imperishable soul!"

"The words Undying and Imperishable in the Candle Dragon’s

Undying and Imperishable World have the same concept..." Su Ming sat down cross-legged on one of the mountains on the white land as he mumbled while looking at the gray sky.

His memories had recovered to the time before the several hundreds of thousands of incarnations. Four hundred years had passed by. During those four hundred years, he did not absorb a single wisp of white fog. He just relied on himself, fighting, dying, and resurrecting again and again!

There were many people here that he still could not win against, just like the thirty feet tall man, as well as the old man who performed the act of pressing down and seizing the air. Su Ming had died multiple times because of them.

‘Everything here has a binary opposite. Just like the act of pressing down and seizing air. When the old man presses down, he delivers power to destroy multiple things, and when he seizes the air, he absorbs that fog to nourish his own soul...

‘Those fast and slow attacks, those light and heavy blows, and many more... all of them are different types of binary opposites.’ Su Ming closed his eyes, and a pensive expression appeared on his apathetic face.

‘The undying soul was me when I went through all those reincarnations. I continued absorbing the fog here to nourish my soul and become stronger, and the imperishable soul... would be the path I am taking right now. They are like two polar opposites!

‘The word Undying means that the soul will never truly die and will be revived, but once the soul is revived, its memories will disappear and not a single one of them will remain... Imperishable would mean that my memories won’t perish. I can retain my original memories even after waking up after all the multiple times I died!

‘Perhaps the Candle Dragon’s Undying and Imperishable World was prepared for the imperishable souls right from the start... But

to become Imperishable would require great will. If you don't have that sort of will, it is incredibly difficult to persevere to the end...'

Su Ming lifted his right hand and pointed offhandedly at a spot behind him. A short person immediately crawled out from the air behind him. That person had an apathetic expression on his face, and he widened his mouth, ready to devour Su Ming, but Su Ming's finger had already arrived at the center of the person's brows.

The short person's body exploded with a bang and turned into white fog. With a sweep of an arm, the fog spread into the distance. This sort of thing was already like breathing to Su Ming, and he did not even hesitate in his movements.

'I have to search for a binary opposite that belongs solely to me. It's not the sky and earth, not ice and fire, not pressing down and seizing air, not lightness and heaviness, and neither is it swiftness and slowness...' Su Ming opened his eyes and looked at the gray sky. In his silence, he let his mind wander.

Time trickled by. A hundred years, two hundred, three hundred. Su Ming continued sitting there. There was a large amount of white fog around him, and that white fog came from all the undying souls he had killed in this place. The existence of that white fog was an incredibly enticing thing for many undying souls.

Usually, some would appear to absorb that white fog so that they would become stronger, but the instant they pounced on Su Ming, he would tap at the center of their brows, and they would explode and die with a bang.

After the past seven hundred years of fighting and thinking, that one tap came to be, and it was a killing move born of the culmination of all the divine abilities Su Ming had obtained through the Wind Berserker Arts, the Lightning Berserker Arts, the divine abilities he could use as a Nascent Soul Cultivator, and all the memories of all the things he went through over the

numerous incarnations in this place!

This killing move was very simple. Only a tap was required. However, that one tap contained the speed of lightning, the power of wind, the mysteriousness within the movement of pressing down and seizing air, the source behind lightness and heaviness, the laws behind swiftness and slowness, and Su Ming's life and soul!

One day, in the endless cycles of incarnations, the memory of the very first time Su Ming had appeared in this world returned... He remembered why he came here, remembered the small snake, remembered the old man in black robes, and remembered the words that made his heart tremble when he was fighting against the Candle Dragon.

‘The fusion between the sky and earth, the fusion between ice and fire... Fusion...’

For the first time in the hundreds of years Su Ming sat there, he opened his eyes, and a brilliant light could be seen within them.

"I understand now..."

Chapter 474: Destiny!

‘There are plenty of things in the world that are binary opposites of each other, and it’s even more so in this Undying and Imperishable World. This is because the Candle Dragon’s desire is to devour the Nine-Headed Dragon. It is just as it said, since the universe already has the Candle Dragon, then why is there a need for the Nine-Headed Dragon to exist..?’

‘This is the legacy of the Candle Dragons...

‘But clearly, this Candle Dragon didn’t manage to devour the Nine-Headed Dragon, that’s why... this Undying and Imperishable World is imperfect. Since the Candle Dragon is dead, even its will was left frozen the moment it opened up this world and sucked me inside. If that is the case, it means that this Undying and Imperishable World is imperfect!

‘There is a great flaw in this place, and this flaw has become the Candle Dragon’s regret. That flaw is this so called fusion that is shown in this place!

‘In truth, there is no such thing as true fusion. It doesn’t matter whether it’s lightness and heaviness, swiftness or slowness, or this pressing down and seizing air. All of this is just the Candle Dragon’s imitation in this Undying and Imperishable World!"

Su Ming’s eyes shone with a brilliant light and he lifted his head to look at the gray sky.

"Fusion is the core of the Undying and Imperishable World. It is also the truth that the Candle Dragon has laid out! It once said that it devoured ninety-seven World Planes, then is it possible to say that the Candle Dragon’s Undying and Imperishable World is formed by all these devoured World Planes? This world is formed so that the Candle Dragon could use it to gain an epiphany, all for the sake of devouring the Nine-Headed Dragon someday, so that it could complete its race’s mission and fulfill its people’s desires

over the years..."

"To leave this place, I will have to either obtain a power to break this place and force my way out, or... I will have to find out what true fusion is!"

"But what exactly is my fusion..?" Su Ming mumbled as he looked at the gray sky, his eyes filling with uncertainty.

"Life and death..?" Su Ming's eyes gradually lit up with a brilliant sparkle.

In the blink of an eye, another thirty years passed. During them, Su Ming sat on the hill without moving an inch, constantly thinking and trying to understand the true meaning behind fusion. He was immersed in a strange situation. A feeling of ages past radiated off his face, and an air of time slowly emerged from his body.

There was an increasing amount of white fog around him, and it was all formed by the undying souls that tried to eat Su Ming over the years.

That white fog continuously attracted more undying souls to the place. However, when these undying souls closed in on Su Ming, they would immediately explode with shrill cries and die, turning into white fog.

Those souls continuously woke up beside Su Ming and died. The process repeated itself incessantly and turned into a ceaseless cycle.

‘The hundreds upon thousands of incarnations is an exchange between death and life. It’s very easy for a person to find the signs that mark life and death during this process, but it doesn’t matter whether it is life or death, in the Undying and Imperishable World, there is no one who is truly alive, and neither is there anyone who is truly dead...

‘No matter how much I go through, this is still just like a dream.

When I wake up, everything will remain an illusion... This isn't my fusion.' On the day thirty years later, Su Ming opened his eyes and shook his head. He lifted his right hand and casually swung it outward.

With that one swing, the thick white fog immediately spread out and only stopped when it had traveled one hundred thousand feet away from Su Ming. At the same time, distortions began to appear around him, even though he remained seated. If anyone was looking, they would feel that they could see Su Ming with their eyes, but in their perception, the place where he sat was empty.

Before long, reawakened undying souls seeped out of the ground in succession. These undying souls seemed to not have seen Su Ming and did not pounce on him as they normally would have done. Instead, they left the place with a vacant look in their eyes, and gradually, no more undying souls were born in Su Ming's area.

Even the souls passing by could not discover Su Ming's existence and simply floated past him.

Another twenty years passed by, and during them, Su Ming never once stopped thinking.

'Lightness and heaviness... Swiftness and slowness, pressing down and seizing... These things are simply different in terms of their characteristics, and I learned them from others during my numerous incarnations. They don't belong to me... These binary opposites must have come to be because of the ninety-seven worlds the Candle Dragon devoured... These aren't my fusions.'

"My fusion has to belong solely to me..." Su Ming mumbled. "What could it possibly be?"

Su Ming closed his eyes. He had been thinking about this for fifty years, and he still had not obtained his answer. Feeling lost, he gradually immersed himself in his memories and looked through them. The pictures in those memories were unfamiliar to him. After all, he had gone through hundreds of thousands of

incarnations here, and many years had gone by during that time.

As he looked through those memories, he saw himself bringing the two youths whose names he had forgotten into the World of Nine Yin, then to the Candle Dragon's burial ground. He saw himself entering the Candle Dragon's body and also saw the old man in black robes.

Everything that transpired in the World of Nine Yin flashed by quickly, then he saw a rather familiar mountain range and remembered that it was the location of his cave abode, then he saw Hong Luo, saw Di Tian, and saw... the ninth summit.

His memories continued running backwards, and from the ninth summit, he returned to Han Mountain City, and then from Han Mountain City, he returned... to Dark Mountain.

The things that happened in Dark Mountain were things that he would never forget. His elder, Bei Ling, Wu La, Lei Chen, Shan Hen, and also... Bai Ling.

"All of this is my past." As Su Ming recollected his past, grief rose in his heart, but a soul could not cry. If it could, then tears would have fallen out of Su Ming's eyes.

"The most precious things in my life are Dark Mountain, the ninth summit, and my past... What I want to protect are also Dark Mountain, the ninth summit, and my past..." Su Ming whispered softly.

"I cannot change anything in the past. It is buried in my memories, along with all the years I have lived. The past is in my hands, and I will never forget anyone... This is one side of my life!"

Su Ming opened his eyes. They were dull but looked profound, as if the universe itself was contained within them.

"One side of this binary opposite is what has been set in stone after it has happened, and the other side is continual changes that would occur for what has not happened. If my past is one side of

my life, then the other side... would be my future!"

Su Ming fell silent for a moment and his gaze fell on the endless world in the distance. A faint look of absentmindedness appeared in his eyes.

As his mind wandered, he seemed to see himself tied up by multiple chains in a black swamp located in an abyss in the ground. There were nine black dragons blowing black fog at him, and there were several people in the sky above him, looking at him warily and coldly. They did not say a word, merely looked at him silently.

The scene changed, and he saw himself with purple hair standing at the highest spot in the sky as he looked at the earth with an aloof gaze. An innumerable amount of lives knelt down and worshipped him on the ground.

The scene changed once again, and he saw himself lying on an altar with golden needles stabbing his entire body. A large amount of smoke spread out from his body and it was all absorbed by the thousands of people sitting cross-legged around him. When they absorbed that smoke, delight would show on their faces, and it was a stark contrast compared to his face, twisted in pain.

The pictures had not ended. They changed once again, and it was difficult for Su Ming to know whether this was just an illusion or whether it truly happened before.

He saw himself once again. This time, he had long red hair, and he was dressed in a white long robe. There was a hint of loneliness in his eyes and a touch of grief on his face. His hands, stained with blood, were filled with a murderous aura that surged into the skies, as if hundreds upon millions of lives had been crushed by his hands.

He stood in a world where the stars sparkled in the dark. There were... an endless amount of corpses around him... He was the only person standing there, and he roared towards the sky, a shrill

roar that caused the world Su Ming saw shatter into millions of pieces.

That roar was filled with an indescribable grief and a burning rage that could destroy the sky and earth!

At that moment, as Su Ming sat on the hill, his vision crumbled and fell apart with a bang, turning into wisps of gray fog that scattered away. His world shattered and disappeared in an instant.

It was as if his eyes could not withstand all that he saw in that strange condition. At the instant his vision shattered, Su Ming lifted his head. His eyes were empty, and the world before him was black, just darkness that stretched endlessly.

He should originally not be able to see anything in that darkness, but at that moment, he saw...

He saw a frail infant with no life force remaining within him. His entire body was filled with the air of death. He saw a man with purple hair standing there with exhaustion and grief seeping out of his entire body as he let out a silent roar towards the skies.

He saw the entire world and all of heaven crumble as that silent roar tumbled out of the man's lips...

He saw the man with purple hair walking towards the baby. He saw them slowly fusing together the instant they got closer to each other. It was as if the man filled with grief wanted to protect the baby while holding him in his arms, just like how Su Ming protected his past.

He saw...

"No one can see the world that I see..." These words came out of Su Ming's mouth in a whisper.

There was a pair of hands in a wanderer's eyes that symbolized his deeply rooted longing ache for his home.

There was a pair of hands in the eyes of a pair of lovers who

stayed together despite times of hardship that symbolized an eternity of being together.

There was a pair of hands in a lonely person's eyes that simply meant an addition of palm lines as time went by.

There was a pair of hands in a child's eyes that symbolized an unforgettable attachment.

There was a pair of hands whose palms symbolized the past, and the back of which symbolized the future. If one did not want to, then the memories in his palms would forever be protected in his grasp. If he did not want to, then no one could see his palm lines and see his past... The only thing anyone could see was the back of that person's hands, forever and ever.

There was a pair of hands where the left symbolized infancy, and the right symbolized old age. The changeable distance between these two hands symbolized his life.

'My fusion is the fusion between the past and the future. With my past, I will urge my future self to be stronger, then with the strength of my future self, I will protect my past...

'When I was born, I couldn't control my own fate. Once I grow up, I will step on fate itself... When the past and future fuse together, they will become the present.' Su Ming opened his eyes, and the emptiness caused by the shattering of his vision turned into calmness.

'This is my fusion, and I will call it...' The shadow of a cold sneer appeared on Su Ming's lips.

"I will call it... Destiny!"

Chapter 475: Undying and Imperishable World... Open!

The instant Su Ming said that word, he stood up, and even if someone was beside him, they would not be able to see the world he saw in his empty eyes right at that moment.

He stood on the hill and took a deep breath. He had already stayed in this place for countless years, and he still had many things he wanted to do: use his awakening to make the Candle Dragon's will completely disappear, and in exchange, have his small snake obtain the serendipity only given to its kind!

He remained silent for a while before lifting his foot and walking forward. As he walked, he ran into numerous undying souls. However, they seemed to not have seen him and just let him walk past, remaining blissfully ignorant and unaware of his presence.

It did not matter whether it was the battles to devour each other between hundreds of undying souls, or even thousands, or tens upon thousands, or even the shocking battles between hundreds upon thousands of undying souls.

In fact, even the undying souls engaged in the battles that numbered to more than the hundred thousands, or the millions, and even tens of millions, could not see Su Ming, just like Su Ming, whose eyes remained empty, could not see them.

Su Ming walked past these numerous undying souls, and neither he nor the undying souls touched each other. It was as if everything in the world followed a certain law, and that was if Su Ming's heart remained calm and his eyes did not see, then everything did not exist.

The path he took did not change no matter what happened, and that direction he was headed to was the spot where he eventually scattered away in all his numerous incarnations - the towering

mountain and the gigantic statue of the dragon snake.

As Su Ming walked forward, he met the apathetic old man in white robes flying through the sky and also ran into the man who had mastered the skill of lightness and heaviness charging through the ground.

He ran into many other Undying warrior souls as he moved forward, but he did not see them, and neither did they see him.

An unknown amount of time passed by, and eventually, a towering mountain appeared before Su Ming. There was a dreary air surrounding the giant statue as its body was illuminated by the gray sky.

This was the first time Su Ming came to this place since he recovered all his memories.

He looked at the mountain as if he could see it.

"I'm about to leave now..." Su Ming whispered under his breath. Just as he was about to walk forward, his footsteps suddenly froze, and he slowly turned his head around. No light could be seen shining from his empty eyes, but his gaze was directed towards an apathetic old man dragging his exhausted body towards the mountain.

That old man was dressed in black robes and his face was decorated by age. He walked towards the mountain as if he was on a pilgrimage, and perhaps he was the same as Su Ming, going through an unknown number of incarnations before he eventually made it to this place, then reincarnated, falling into another cycle that would never end and never cease.

That old man was the person who had appeared within the Candle Dragon's body in an attempt to use the small snake to threaten the remnants of the Candle Dragon's will, forcing it to activate the Undying and Imperishable World. He was Di Tian's servant, the person who monitored Su Ming's actions in the land

of the Berserkers!

But a pity, he underestimated the Candle Dragon's pride. It was why the strand of his divine sense was forcefully absorbed into the Undying and Imperishable World to suffer through endless cycles of life and death.

He had also dragged his body into this mess, forcing himself to endure the Curse eating away at his body!

As if he could see, Su Ming looked in the old man's direction. After a long while, he lifted his feet and walked towards the old man. When he got closer, the old man remained blissfully unaware and ignorant of his presence, simply continuing on with his path towards the mountain that was summoning him.

Su Ming walked beside the old man in black robes. Then, with a calm expression, he lifted his right hand and plunged it into the old man's soul. That person's body jolted and pain appeared on his face. The instant he wanted to struggle, Su Ming brought his hand out, and there was a wisp of green fog in his palm.

That fog surrounded Su Ming's hand and stayed in his palm. Once he seized it, he no longer bothered himself with the old man and walked towards the mountain.

Su Ming would not kill the old man, because suffering through the endless cycles of life here was worse than dying. It would just bring the old man happiness if Su Ming killed him.

What he wanted to kill was the old man's body outside. Only by killing him would Su Ming be able to quell his hatred.

When Su Ming arrived at the mountain and stepped on the many scales on the dragon snake's body, he sensed the familiar words written on them. Those words symbolized his incarnations and his perseverance.

Su Ming began walking towards the dragon snake's head, and when he eventually reached there, he lifted his head and looked at

the sky.

"Candle Dragon, since this is the fate of your kind, then there is nothing wrong about you wanting to devour my snake... I respect you. I have woken up despite your Curse, and now, I will walk out of this place."

Su Ming spoke quietly, but the instant he said those words, wind suddenly stirred in the peaceful gray sky, and clouds surged in the heavens. Thunderous roars that shook the skies traveled forth.

A thunder clap sounded as if the sky itself was roaring, causing the old man in black robes to shudder and kneel on the ground. All the other undying souls in the endless world also shuddered in the midst of their fights and prostrated themselves on the ground.

Fear, too, had appeared on the faces of the powerful Undying warrior souls, and all of them fell down on the ground to worship the sky.

The thunder clap seemed to be a response to Su Ming's words. Once he finished speaking, with a calm expression, he stood on the dragon snake's head and lifted both of his hands slowly.

"My palms symbolize my past, and the back of my hands represent my future..." Su Ming lifted his right hand high into the sky with his palm facing downward while the back of his hand was turned upward, then moved his left hand in the opposite direction.

"The fusion of the past and present will appear when these two hands come into contact, and the power when the past and future fuse together will bloom!" Su Ming's right hand began descending slowly towards his left hand.

"I call the power of fusing the past and future together as... Destiny!" During that instant, Su Ming's right hand and left hand touched each other.

Right when they came into contact, Su Ming's body began trembling viciously. Veins popped up on his face. His long hair

started dancing in the air without wind and his robes fluttered furiously. Behind him, an illusory figure of a baby appeared. That baby did not cry. He had his eyes wide open, and there was only gray in there, as if he was dead.

The world distorted and a man with purple hair gradually emerged. The man's face was filled with grief as he lifted his head to look at the sky. The instant he appeared, an astonishing change immediately happened in the Undying and Imperishable World.

The gray sky started rotating as if it was fog. The white hue on the ground instantly turned black as if it was dyed in ink and started trembling viciously.

"The Fusion of Destiny: First Fusion."

The instant Su Ming started mumbling, the illusory man with purple hair standing before him moved towards him, and at the same time, a gray light shone in the baby's eyes and he charged towards Su Ming from behind him.

At that instant, the past and future turned into a gigantic vortex around Su Ming. The vortex became increasingly faster as it spun, and eventually, it sucked Su Ming inside. He disappeared, and during that moment, there was only a gigantic vortex above the dragon snake's head above the mountain in that world.

That vortex spun with loud rumbling sounds. Within it contained Su Ming's future, past, and his present. All of this had turned into the greatest creation he had gained out of his epiphany in the Undying and Imperishable Realm!

Destiny!

As that vortex spun, a hand shot out from within. It was a pale hand, and it seemed to contain no strength. However, the instant that hand stretched out, it slowly curled its fingers into a fist, and the rapidly spinning vortex froze instantaneously before charging straight towards it, making it seem like the hand had completely

frozen the vortex during the process it formed that fist.

When the vortex disappeared, a person appeared on the dragon snake's head. It was a boy with half a head of purple hair and the other half white. He looked to be only about eight or nine years old, but his skin gave off a dreary air. However, his eyes shone with the light of eternity.

He lifted his head and stared at the gray sky coldly. Without a single word, he abruptly charged upwards, and the instant he got closer, he lifted his right hand and pressed against the sky, as if he was supporting it.

The gray shade that was rotating in the sky as if it was fog let out a huge rumble. The entire sky started trembling and the fog started rolling backwards, layer by layer, as if those layers were being stripped off one by one. It was as if the sky had turned into a gigantic wooden block, and it was rapidly becoming thinner with each passing moment.

Right at that moment, a thunderous rumble that sounded like a furious roar sliced towards that boy from all directions. Soon after, all the undying souls in the Undying and Imperishable World exploded with a shiver, turning into a large amount of white fog that charged upwards. The endless white fog filled the entire sky in an instant before gathering together swiftly right where Su Ming was.

As that white fog merged together, it turned into a gigantic body whose end could not be seen before Su Ming, and it was the Candle Dragon!

It roared and opened its mouth wide towards him. Compared to it, Su Ming was like an ant, but not a single hint of change could be detected on his face. Almost the instant the gigantic Candle Dragon devoured him, he lifted his left hand and pressed downwards.

At that moment, he had his right hand supporting the sky and his left hand pressing down on the ground. As he pushed forcefully

with both his hands, the sky and earth started rumbling violently. Then, a large amount of visible cracks that could be seen with the naked eye appeared in the sky, and as the ground shook, deep chasms tore through the land.

"Undying and Imperishable World... open!"

This was the first sentence Su Ming said after he fused his past and present together. His voice was icy cold, containing both an ancient air and a feeling of youthfulness, giving off an incredible impression to others.

The instant Su Ming said those words, he forcefully pushed upwards and downwards with both hands again!

Right at that moment, a crack suddenly appeared right at the center of the tenth moon in the World of Nine Yin. It was as if a great force was tearing it apart from within. That strange change immediately caught the attention of all the living in the World of Nine Yin, plunging them into shock.

At the same time, as the fossilized Candle Dragon laid in its burial ground, a crack also appeared right in the middle of the third eye at the center of its brows on its gigantic head, just like on the tenth moon in the sky. It was as if there was someone who wanted to force that eye to open!

Chapter 476: This is Life

The entire World of Nine Yin was in a state of shock. Numerous gazes were trained on the tenth moon in the sky, the crack that was slowly widening from the inside.

From the distance, this tenth moon was like an eye that was opening slowly. This strange sight made all the people who saw it get the false impression that if that eye opened completely, it would cause the sky and earth to shatter!

The World of Nine Yin within the one million li belonging to the Shamans was now largely different compared to the time Su Ming stepped into the Candle Dragon's burial ground. The strange forest had become several times bigger, and all the dangerous areas Su Ming had detected in the past had also become much larger.

As for Shaman City, it... no longer existed...

The majestic city that served as a sign that the Shamans occupied that particular area in the World of Nine Yin had now turned into ruins. All the buildings had been destroyed and whatever remained of them was scattered everywhere.

The huge head that was lifted into the sky by a giant stone pillar in the past was also gone. It was difficult to imagine just what sort of change could have happened that caused the Shamans to be unable to defend their city...

There was a gigantic hole in the sky above the ruins of Shaman City. From the distance, that hole looked like a vortex that remained still and unmoving. There were dried up branches above that hole. Those branches had appeared out of nowhere, as if the sky was the spot where they had hidden their roots. As they spread out, they surrounded the entire vortex and wound themselves tightly around it like a seal.

However, the place was not void of life. Some people could be

seen flickering through the ruins, even though their presences were difficult to spot. They would enter the ruins quickly, and then swiftly fly out once more.

If anyone took a closer look, they would find that these people were a mere handful of Shamans.

Besides the Candle Dragon's burial ground, there were two other spots that were considered as sacred grounds to the Shamans within the one million li around Shaman City. One of them was the birthplace of the Spirit Mediums - the mass grave. Over there, they could sense the presence of death, and if the people possessed a unique aptitude, they could become Spirit Mediums.

The other was the birthplace of Thought Soothsayers - an altar that was built with numerous beast bones. There was a power contained within the altar that would not lose to the Candle Dragon. That power would make all those who invaded its territory be plagued by hallucinations until they died. If they did not die, then once they broke free, they would possess a similar power, and those were the Thought Soothsayers.

As of then, there were some Shamans staying in a valley near that beast bone altar. The total number of Shamans staying there was less than a thousand. All of them had yellowish complexions and they were thin, dressed in ragged clothes. They looked incredibly pathetic. Their gazes were also filled with vigilance. However, when they saw the bizarre change appearing on the tenth moon in the sky, that vigilance turned into panic.

Among these people was a person who sat in a corner of the valley. He was dressed in a black robe and his face was also covered, but it still could not cover the rotten stench coming from his body. Hidden under his robes were black patches of varying sizes decorating his skin.

Those black patches were the source of his decay, and they were also the reason for his torment and his endless suffering.

Almost the moment the other people lifted their heads to look at the tenth moon in the sky in shock, the person in black robes also lifted his head and looked towards the sky. However, right when he saw that a change had appeared on the tenth, his expression drastically changed.

The others might not know about this tenth moon, but he did! He knew that this moon was the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World, and if such a change occurred to it, then it meant that someone was about to force his way out of the Undying and Imperishable World!

"Impossible... It can't be him!" the person in black mumbled.

He was indeed the person who had separated a thread of his divine sense, using the Destiny Talisman, in the past to have Su Ming be sucked into the Undying and Imperishable World, who was Di Tian's servant and the overseer of Su Ming's actions in the land of the Berserkers!

He might not have died despite the Curse burdening his body, but due to some accidents, he had lost his chance to leave and was forced to stay in this place with the others who could not leave, living through every single day like cowardly turtles.

Compared to the others' despair, he never lost hope. He believed that once his master descended to this place, he would come and look for him, then save him.

However, once he saw the change in the tenth month, his heart was filled with disbelief. He had learned of the rumors surrounding the Undying and Imperishable World a long time ago. He knew that this was a place that practically no one could escape, and it was difficult for him to believe all that he was seeing.

There were two other people in the crowd that Su Ming would find incredibly familiar if he saw them. One of them was a middle-aged man with messy hair. His robes were torn and his face was filled with stubbles. He looked incredibly miserable as he sat

quietly on a mountain rock while looking at the sky. There was a slight hint of uncertainty on his face.

‘He disappeared into the Candle Dragon’s land that year, and I heard someone say before that this tenth moon symbolizes the Candle Dragon activating the Undying and Imperishable World. Could this change... be connected to him...’ In his silence, nostalgia appeared on the middle-aged man’s face. He was Nan Gong Hen!

The other person was an old man whose face was filled with a bleak air. He lay on the ground with dull and lifeless eyes, and his body was thin as bones. He stared at the tenth moon in the sky blankly, and if Su Ming saw him in that valley, he would be able to somewhat tell that this person was the Latter Shaman, Tie Mu.

There was a one armed young man taking care of him by his side. That young man would occasionally lift his head to look at the tenth moon in the sky, but he would not say a single word.

There were also other living creatures who saw that tenth moon in the sky, and they were men who lived on the vast land of the World of Nine Yin outside the valley. These men were several hundreds of feet tall, and they were men who looked like trees possessing heads and four limbs.

These men looked incredibly similar to the Spirits of Nine Yin. They wore armor and resided in many places within the World of Nine Ying. All of them saw the strange change on the tenth moon in the sky.

There were also illusory shadows of men and women besides the Spirits of Nine Yin existing within the territory that once belonged to the Shamans. These people looked quite transparent and their bodies could not be seen clearly.

Besides these creatures, there was also a race existing in the sky. These were living beings that had a pair of wings growing off their backs even though their bodies were those of humans. However, those wings looked like bats’ wings, and a singular horn could

usually be found on these people's heads.

These three races occupied the territory that once belonged to the Shamans, and even stationed themselves in three locations around the valley where the remaining Shamans lived.

The change within the tenth moon in the sky had also caught a great deal of attention from the three races. Compared to the Shamans, they possessed more knowledge regarding it and what it meant.

"The Candle Dragon activated the Undying and Imperishable World all those years ago, and now it's showing signs of opening. Could it be that the person who went in back then is coming out?"

Within the territory occupied by the people with bat wings on their backs was a giant oval shaped ball several hundreds upon thousands of feet tall. That ball floated in midair, and around it were many other smaller black ovular shaped balls. There was a ghastly voice echoing in that area at that moment, and it was unknown which ball that voice came from.

In another direction and in another region was a spot where there were plenty of the transparent and illusory people. There were several altars in that region, and they were all very strange. Their forms were caught in between a state of being real and being an illusion. It was difficult for people to discern whether they truly existed.

"A person who can walk out of the dead Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World definitely has something unique about him... Let's try taking him into our tribe first..."

In the final direction and also the region that was furthest away from the Candle Dragon's burial ground was a land filled with a forest that spanned endlessly. This area was the dwelling place for the men whose gigantic bodies were like dried wood and who covered themselves in armor - the Spirits of Nine Yin.

Within that endless forest were huge palaces. If anyone took a closer look, then they would be able to see clearly that these palaces were almost the exact same as the palace in Shaman City, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say... that they were the same!

The gigantic stone statues stood right beside these palaces, and they remained still and unmoving. One of the stone statues was clearly the Spirit of Nine Yin Su Ming had rented in the past!

His fossilized body remained unmoving, but his head was lifted up towards the sky to look at the tenth moon, and there was a slightly complicated look in his eyes.

Further down ahead was an old man sitting cross-legged within the hall. He did not lift his head to look at the sky, but only let out a soft sigh.

"Who would have thought that he would truly be able to walk out from that place..?"

At the moment almost all eyes in the World of Nine Yin looked towards the tenth moon, the statue of the dragon snake rose into the sky within the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World. Its body had become much smaller. Su Ming, whose hair was now half purple and half white, stood facing the giant Candle Dragon formed by the endless white fog in the world, and he was as aloof as ever.

He lifted his left hand from pressing downwards to the ground, and the instant the Candle Dragon closed in on him with a furious howl, he drew half a circle with his left index finger before him.

"This is the past..."

He lowered his left hand and completed the other half of the circle by drawing the remaining arc of the circle with his right index finger.

"This is the future..."

Once he drew the completed circle, Su Ming pressed his left hand on the back of his right hand, then pushed the circle before him swiftly.

"This is the present... and it is also... Destiny!"

With that one push, a piercing light erupted forth from the circle and it grew immeasurably large before it charged straight towards the Candle Dragon, crashing into its huge body in an instant. A loud rumble that shook the sky and earth resounded, and as the sound reverberated in the air, a powerful impact swept towards Su Ming, but the moment it closed in on him, Su Ming opened his mouth and sucked in a deep breath.

The white fog contained within the impact was sucked into Su Ming's mouth at an astonishing pace, and at the same time, he moved his right hand upwards and his left hand downwards once more, then pushed at the sky and earth with all his strength!

A large area of the sky fell apart and the ground started trembling viciously. Then, as if it was seized by a pair of invisible hands, the crack between the sky and earth was abruptly ripped apart!

The instant the crack was ripped apart, a violent rumble reverberated in the air, and a gigantic crack that connected the sky and earth appeared! Su Ming charged upwards, and in the blink of an eye... disappeared inside it.

"Undying and Imperishable... If you devour those souls, you will not die, and if you don't devour them, you will not perish. However, devouring and not devouring are like two polar opposites, and this cannot be considered a fusion... The true fusion is when you manage to not devour while you eat, and while you eat, you don't devour..."

Su Ming mumbled under his breath the instant he stepped into the crack, and understanding appeared in his eyes.

"This is life."

Chapter 477: Candle Dragon's Blessing!

The crack within the tenth moon in the sky was completely opened, making it seem as if the tenth moon had opened its eye and was looking at the ground with a gaze that had attained enlightenment.

"This is his gaze. He... came out..." the old man mumbled under his breath as he sat in the valley. A bitter look appeared on his face, along with despair.

In the forest that covered the entire land lying on the other side of the valley was the Spirit of Nine Yin that was looking at the sky. He sighed and closed his eyes.

In one of the palaces right behind him was the old Spirit of Nine Yin. He too closed his eyes.

In the region lying in the other direction that was filled with numerous illusory figures was an indistinct figure. It could be seen that the person was a woman, and she was drifting through the land with a vacant look on her face as she stared at the moon in the sky.

Her appearance suggested that she should be incredibly beautiful. However, the current vacant look and change in her appearance made it difficult for people to imagine just what could have possibly happened to her.

The gigantic body that had fossilized all those years ago in the Candle Dragon's burial ground had also started recovering slowly. As it was restored to its original form, a thick, rotten stench spread out, and all the spots that had been restored from its petrified state started rapidly decaying until they disintegrated.

Within the huge region in the Candle Dragon's head was a breathtakingly beautiful woman's head. The head was the only thing that was not fossilized, but at that moment, dark patches

began covering her whole head, and she started rotting.

Right before her was a stone statue, and that statue was Su Ming!

Starting from the head, a brilliant light slowly shone on the statue, and the petrification on his body faded away gradually, like a receding tide. A strong wave of life force rapidly gushed out from the stone statue, and it was becoming stronger with each passing moment.

It was quiet all around them. The decay of the woman's head symbolized her life force fading away and her imminent death, forming a stark contrast to Su Ming's body.

After some time, as the woman's head continued rotting, her eyelashes fluttered lightly and she slowly opened her eyes, revealing a pair of eyes filled with age and time, along with wisdom.

She looked at Su Ming, simply looked at him, and gradually, a vortex appeared at the center of her brows. It started spinning slowly.

"You, who have walked out of the Undying and Imperishable World... have found the fusion that belongs solely to you. You have earned my respect... This is our fate as Candle Dragons...

"I will keep to my promise and let myself be devoured by my kind willingly. With what remains of my will and body, I will... bless his new life... and I will also bless... your new life...

"With the blessing of the Candle Dragons with you, I hope that you can walk further down with my kind...

"The other side of curses is blessings. With my dissipating body and with ninety-seven worlds I devoured, I will bless you..." the beautiful woman mumbled. There was not a hint of hatred in her eyes, only calmness. As she spoke, she opened her mouth and breathed out a puff of air towards the recovering Su Ming.

That puff of air was white, and looked like fog. It landed on Su

Ming's face slowly and crawled into his body through his eyes, nose, ears, and mouth. The instant it crawled into the body, the Candle Dragon's gigantic body started rapidly decaying, and as it began rotting, a large amount of white fog gushed out and charged towards Su Ming as if he was a vortex that was absorbing this life force swiftly into him.

"I will hand my will and my legacy as a gift for my kind, and I will give to you what remains of my power, along with the power of the one World that remains after I used ninety-six worlds to build the Undying and Imperishable World... How much you will be able to take in depends on your serendipity."

Once she said those words, the beautiful woman closed her eyes. The vortex at the center of her brows spun faster with each passing moment. A black thread could be seen vaguely inside it, and the rotating black thread was the reason behind the vortex spinning!

As the life force and white fog that came from the crumbling Candle Dragon's gigantic body surged into Su Ming's body incessantly, he instantly recovered. He also clearly felt a huge wave of aura crashing into his body from all directions.

That aura and life force came too swiftly and violently, causing Su Ming to immediately feel that his body was going to swell up and explode if he reacted a bit too slowly.

'This is the accumulation of the Candle Dragon's power through its whole life! It might be dead and there is less than a tenth of the original power of when it was still alive, but the moment its body disappeared, the full force of that power burst forth... This is... the sort of great serendipity that would only happen once in a lifetime!'

Su Ming did not hesitate, and neither could he hesitate. If he did not absorb that power, his body would immediately fall apart.

The forceful injection of power came too violently, causing Su Ming to not have time to think. The Berserker Bones in his body

instantly started absorbing that power madly.

There were seven Berserker Bones within Su Ming's body. The Wind Crystal of Inheritance had turned into one of his Berserker Bones, and the Lightning Crystal of Inheritance had also turned into a Berserker Bone. However, as the powerful wave of aura and life force surged into his body, the eighth vertebrae on Su Ming's back almost instantly started shining with golden light!

The instant golden light shone through Su Ming's body, the eighth Berserker Bone was formed within him!

But this was far from over. Less than ten breaths since the eighth Berserker Bone formed, banging sounds came from Su Ming's body. Pain filled his face, and dazzling golden light shone from his back. The ninth Berserker Bone manifested!

After the span of a hundred breaths passed, and as Su Ming let out a low growl through gritted teeth, his body shivered. The powerful aura and life force was surging into his body too quickly, almost as if they wanted to rush into his body all in one go, and he was slightly lacking in the speed required to absorb that force. As sharp pain coursed through him, the tenth Berserker Bone materialized on his spine!

If he told anyone about this sort of rapid improvement in power, he would definitely stir up a wave of shock, a commotion. After all, it was common knowledge that it was incredibly difficult to train in the Berserkers' Bone Sacrifice Realm, and since the final Realm for Berserkers was the Berserker Soul Realm, those who had reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm could already be considered as powerful warriors. They were people who were the backbone of a clan's fighting force, and the strongest power in a middle-sized tribe!

However, the Candle Dragon had turned its body into a blessing for him before its will perished, and it had turned the impossible into possible. It gave Su Ming a huge serendipity that perhaps even

Di Tian had not seen coming!

The source of it all was Hong Luo! His sudden appearance, it caused Di Tian to lose control over his plans for Su Ming. Since his clone was destroyed, it caused Su Ming to temporarily be free of his predetermined fate, allowing everything to deviate from its original course during the entire process Su Ming ran free from his reign!

A large amount of sweat beaded on Su Ming's forehead. The feeling as if his body was about to explode grew stronger. As the ten Berserker Bones in his body absorbed the power with a maddened frenzy, he gathered up that power and landed a powerful blow against the eleventh Berserker Bone.

Like a furious wave crashing into a frail barrier, the golden light in his body shone more brilliantly under that impact, and his eleventh Berserker Bone took form straight away!

But this was just the beginning. About the time taken for half an incense stick to burn later, as Su Ming's spine continued absorbing the life force and aura that was forcefully injected into his body, golden light erupted forth from his twelfth Berserker Bone!

'Since this is a serendipitous event, then I might as well just let myself go and absorb. I'd like to see just how far I can go with this serendipity helping me!'

Su Ming formed a seal with his hands, then let loose of all his inhibitions to absorb the life force and aura. His thirteenth Berserker Bone gathered together swiftly.

The power from the thirteen Berserker Bones allowed Su Ming to absorb the Candle Dragon's life force at a much faster pace. As time passed and as he trembled even more furiously, the fourteenth Berserker Bone manifested on his spine, the spine that made him belong to the Berserkers!

Fourteen Berserker Bones! An amount that was twice more than

what Su Ming had previously!

Yet even more so, the life force and aura that was surging into his body was still coming in as swiftly and violently as ever. It did not show any signs of diminishing. Instead, more came in.

When his fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth Berserker Bones started shining with a brilliant golden light in succession, even Su Ming found himself in shock at the rapid rise of his power. However, he could not spare even a single thought to all of these things. If he did not boost his power, then his body would fall apart and explode.

With gritted teeth, all seventeen of his Berserker Bones started madly absorbing the force. He could not spare even a single bit of his attention to worry about this right then, he had to absorb it, had to use the newly formed Berserker Bones to contain that vast amount of life force.

The eighteenth Berserker Bone took form with a bang a moment later. The total amount of power that Su Ming needed to absorb for this Berserker Bone to appear was much more than what he needed to activate the other Berserker Bones. If he had been training normally, it would be incredibly difficult for him to activate this eighteenth Berserker Bone.

Once it appeared, the nineteenth Berserker Bone almost activated itself at the same time as its predecessor. At that moment, the golden light shining from Su Ming's body practically illuminated the entire area. Even his hair looked as if it had completely turned gold.

Veins popped up on his face, and he began trembling even more violently. A large amount of black liquid was also forced out of his skin, and as it was forced out, he could distinctly feel his body becoming much lighter than before.

At the same time, the twentieth Berserker Bone formed with a bang!

When it appeared, Su Ming felt as if his body was about to be torn apart. He gritted his teeth and endured that pain, turning all of it into a force to guide the life force and aura that was still endlessly surging into his body to rush against more Berserker Bones!

The twenty-first Berserker Bone formed some time later!

The twenty-second and twenty-third!

Powerful Berserkers in the Bone Sacrifice Realm could at most create twenty-six Berserker Bones, and the moment the last formed, he or she must breakthrough into the Berserker Soul Realm. There was only one chance, and life and death was decided within an instant.

If that person succeeded, then he or she would step into the Berserker Soul Realm and become a powerful warrior in the Berserker Soul Realm with one fell swoop. They would join the people who trained in the final Realm within the cultivation method practiced by Berserkers!

If... that person failed trying to reach the Berserker Soul Realm, then all the Berserker Bones in their body would explode, their life force would fade away, and everything about that person, including his body, would die!

A wave of fear gradually washed over Su Ming's heart, because he realized that if he continued increasing his power at this speed, then before long, he would manifest all twenty-six Berserker Bones!

He still had not completed his preparations! He still had not found the Nine Abyss Flower!

Chapter 478: Blessing or Curse?

More importantly, Su Ming had always been deeply skeptical about this so called Candle Dragon's blessing!

To him, the Candle Dragon was a living being filled with wisdom and resolution. This was a living being that would still remain prideful even though it had died and only had a shred of its will left.

Perhaps it scoffed at the idea of lying and perhaps this was truly a blessing, but there was only a line between blessings and curses. It was like an empty bottle. Once it was filled with enough water, it would be full, but once someone pumped in an amount of water that was more than the bottle could take, then it might very well burst apart.

This explosion was not a blessing but another type of curse!

'If you can withstand my serendipity, then I will give you my remaining life force and the power of the one World to bless your growth so that you will have the right to become the master of my descendant!

'But if you can't withstand it, then you have no right to become the master of my descendant. No matter what, a descendant of the Candle Dragon that doesn't have a master is still better than one having to become someone's servant.'

Perhaps this was the Candle Dragon's true thoughts!

Life and death would be decided within an instant, and all of it depended on Su Ming's choice! It was a blessing, a curse, and also... a test!

A glint appeared in his eyes. He looked at the woman's rapidly decaying head and at the spinning black thread at the center of its brows. That black thread became clearer and looked as if it was about to shoot out of the center of the woman's brows at any

moment. That black thread was the small snake!

‘This power came too suddenly and I don’t have time to completely stabilize it. If that’s the case, then I’ll be forced to try breaking into the Berserker Soul Realm in extreme haste. Without complete preparation... my chances of failure will be exponentially high!’

Su Ming knew that he had a large amount of Crimson Stones in his storage bag, but none of them contained the Nine Abyss Flower, or else he would have cut that stone open a long time ago. He was in a perilous situation, akin to being forced to move quickly on a suspended rope, and at that moment, the twenty-fourth Berserker Bone formed within his body!

‘Should I try breaking through, or should I not..?’

Su Ming struggled. However, there was just simply no way for him to dispel the life force and aura that was incessantly surging into his body. As his Berserker Bones increased and the power surged within him, Su Ming could clearly just how strong he had become.

It was a strength that was much greater than what he possessed previously. However, along with that sense of power came a feeling of death. Once he reached twenty-six Berserker Bones, he would have to risk it all in a gamble, and his life would be decided in an instant!

As he watched his twenty-fifth Berserker Bone start to glow with a faint golden light as the Candle Dragon’s aura and life force surged into it, Su Ming gritted his teeth. The Nascent Soul in his body instantly opened its eyes, formed a seal with both its hands in his Dantian region, and sucked in a deep breath.

This was the only way Su Ming could think of at the moment to slow down the process. However, it was also clear to him that he could not use this method for long. When the Nascent Soul became unable to absorb anymore of the Candle Dragon’s life force and

aura, then he would be forced to make a difficult choice.

As the Nascent Soul absorbed the life force and aura, these forces of power surging into Su Ming's body changed direction, and a large portion of them charged towards the Nascent Soul. In an instant, they surrounded it.

The Nascent Soul continuously formed seals with his hands in accordance to the Immortals' cultivation method which Hong Luo had left. After a moment, the Nascent Soul grew to twice its original size, and pain appeared on its face. This sort of forceful increase of power was a serendipitous event, but it also meant danger and pain.

Once Su Ming's Nascent Soul swelled up, its level of cultivation immediately shot through the early Nascent Soul stage to the mid Nascent Soul stage, and it was still increasing. Time was flowing by swiftly, and before long, when Su Ming's Nascent Soul swelled up and grew twice its previous size once again, extreme pain and suffering appeared on its face, and Su Ming's expression also became the same.

He had a feeling as if his Nascent Soul was about to explode. A bang went off in his head, and the Nascent Soul let out a roar in his body. Immediately, its insides turned murky and its power climbed straight up to the late Nascent Soul stage from the mid stage!

However, the power that was surging into Su Ming's body did not diminish by even a single bit. Instead, it just became even greater, making it seem like if it did not cause him to burst apart, it would not stop!

Fine blood capillaries had already appeared on his body, and tiny cracks had also appeared on his Nascent Soul. At that moment, it looked just like a bottle that was about to fall apart!

As the Nascent Soul absorbed that power once again, almost the instant it reached the late stage, it climbed straight into the Great Circle of Nascent Soul! Just one more step, and it would reach Soul

Formation!

Once it reached Soul Formation, then the Nascent Soul would be as powerful as a Latter Shaman and a Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm!

‘To reach the Immortals’ Soul Formation stage I will need to understand their Domains. These Domains are really mysterious and I don’t really understand them... but I’ll have to get to that stage no matter what!’

Su Ming gritted his teeth and looked as if he was ready to risk everything. At this point, when his life and death could be decided in an instant, he found himself actually not being bothered by death any longer. Since this was the Candle Dragon’s blessing and also its test, then he might as well not be worried about anything else!

The moment this thought appeared in Su Ming’s mind, his Nascent Soul opened its mouth wide, and a savage look appeared on its face.

‘Candle Dragon, let’s see just how much of your blessing I can take in!’

The Nascent Soul opened its mouth wide and began sucking madly. All the life force and aura surging into Su Ming’s body rushed straight towards it, and as they were continuously pumped into it, it grew at a rapid pace, eventually growing to be almost the exact same size as Su Ming!

‘Soul Formation... Soul Formation... I still haven’t come to understand Domains, but I do understand the fusion between the past and the future, and I found the point between the past and the future. If we’re talking about Domains, then my Domain is destiny!

‘Everyone has their own destiny, and living beings all have to end up being reincarnated!’

As the aura and life force continuously surged into the Nascent

Soul, it swelled up even more, and eventually, it let out a low growl and exploded. Right then, a bang went off in Su Ming's head.

His mind became clouded. He seemed to have seen his Nascent Soul's metamorphosis, and a new life was born. It could no longer be called a Nascent Soul, but a Nascent Divinity!

The Nascent Divinity was like a shadow, but also a physical entity, it seemed to be corporeal, but an illusion at the same time. Su Ming sensed a wave of ripples coming from his Nascent Divinity, and it was a will that screamed that if this Nascent Divinity did not perish, then his soul would not die.

The Nascent Divinity was just born, and Su Ming could sense just how frail it was. At this point, it needed time to nurse itself back to health. If it absorbed anymore of the Candle Dragon's aura, then it would immediately disintegrate because it could not endure it.

The Candle Dragon's aura and life force was about to charge into the Nascent Divinity. Su Ming opened his eyes, formed a seal with his right hand, then pointed before himself. Right when the Candle Dragon's power closed in on the Nascent Divinity, it floated out of Su Ming's body and gathered before him.

'The Immortals that have formed Nascent Divinities say that as long as their Nascent Divinities don't perish, their spirits won't die. Since I have a Nascent Divinity now, then even if my body falls apart because of the Candle Dragon's power, I can use my Nascent Divinity to Possess someone else!'

Su Ming gritted his teeth, and the moment his Nascent Divinity left his body, the Candle Dragon's power rushed straight towards his Berserker Bones.

In an instant, a powerful golden light erupted forth from Su Ming's twenty-fifth Berserker Bone. At that moment, his entire spine looked as if it was sparkling with golden light, and even his body had turned the color of gold.

Twenty-five Berserker Bones were the pinnacle of the Bone Sacrifice Realm. There were quite a number of powerful Berserkers who had arrived at this state and would not continue with their practice because they did not have the confidence to handle the life and death situation when their twenty-sixth Berserker Bone appeared! If Su Ming could choose, he would definitely only try taking that risk when he had plenty of confidence that he would succeed, but right then, he had no choice!

His eyes were blood-red. The instant resolution colored his eyes, all twenty-five of his Berserker Bones started absorbing all the Candle Dragon's power surging into his body simultaneously to create... that twenty-sixth bone!

After the time taken for an incense stick to burn, the twenty-sixth Berserker Bone formed, and right at that instant, a brilliant light that even those outside the Candle Dragon's body could see erupted from Su Ming's entire spine. As the light merged together, it looked as if it wanted to form a shape behind Su Ming's body, and that shape... was naturally the thing that all powerful Berserkers in the Berserker Soul Realm would possess - their very own statue of the God of Berserkers!

A feeling as if his soul was about to be absorbed by that statue appeared, causing Su Ming's mind to become clouded, and in the midst of that fuzziness, his head became empty.

However, almost right after the shape appeared, it started to look as if it could not maintain its form after a few flickers. It lasted for the span of several more breaths in an incredibly unstable state, and eventually, started breaking up before disintegrating with a bang.

The instant the shape fell apart, Su Ming instantly felt the portion of his mind that was absorbed being torn apart. That spine of his that was shining with that brilliant light shattered into pieces with a violent bang. As it shattered, blood trickled out of the

corners of Su Ming's mouth.

The blood trickled out of his mouth only in the beginning, the next instant, it started gushing out. Blood gushed out of every single pore in his body at the same time, and his body instantaneously slumped down.

The shadow of death loomed over a wide area above Su Ming's head. His attempt to enter the Berserker Soul Realm failed!

The moment it failed, due to the shattering of the spine, Su Ming's flesh and blood instantly started showing signs of crumbling and disappearing into thin air. His life force was rapidly flowing away, and the spark of his life was swiftly growing dull.

However, right at the moment these signs showed up, due to the vast amount of life force and aura surging into Su Ming's body, his flesh and blood was not ripped apart. As the life force fused into it, Su Ming's own life force was swiftly replenished, and the shattered bits of his spine were also rapidly gathering together to merge into one.

"I can help you, but only once... Not all life forms can handle my blessing. The next time... if you still cannot endure through my blessing, then you are not fit to become the master of my descendent.

"If you still cannot handle the next wave of my blessing, then stay here and rot with me... If you can persevere through the time taken for an incense stick to burn, then the remaining power of that precious one World of mine will appear. If you can absorb it, then it will truly be your serendipity!"

The Candle Dragon's ancient voice echoed in Su Ming's mind. His spine gradually became whole and his life force was fully replenished. Besides the spine not shining with anymore golden light and that Su Ming would need to refine all his vertebrae once again, he did not suffer even the slightest bit of harm.

Even though all his Berserker Bones had shattered and were gone even after his spine was reformed, not only did Su Ming not feel that his power had diminished, but even had the feeling that it had become greater. However, he did not have time to think about this strange feeling, because as the life force and aura surged into his body, the first vertebrae on his spine started shining with a golden light once again.

Chapter 479: For What Reason Do All Manner of Living Practice Cultivation? For What Reason Do We Strive to Become Strong?

You must break the old to form the new. This was a rule that never changed since ancient times!

This rule existed in many things, and as people slowly found this rule and made conclusions about it, they came up with this phrase.

With the Candle Dragon's blessing, Su Ming could be said to have gone through a strange change that no one had ever experienced before, and that change was this - failing after trying to break into the Berserker Soul Realm the moment he reached the pinnacle of the Bone Sacrifice Realm and not dying!

While this sort of thing had indeed happened a few times in Berserker history, but every single time it happened, these people would lose too much of their life force and would sink to become a mere mortal.

However, due to the Candle Dragon's blessing, even though Su Ming's Berserker Bones had shattered, his power remained. It was as if his Berserker Bones were no longer limited to just being on his spine but had spread from his spine to all over his body. That was why he remained as strong as ever.

This sort of thing had never happened before. Even the first God of Berserkers, who had created the entire constitution for the Berserkers' cultivation method, would never have expected this sort of situation happening!

Su Ming's shattered spine and twenty-six broken Berserker Bones turned into the power that belonged only to Berserkers in Su Ming's body and fused into all the other bones within him - his

ribs, his skull, his arms, his hands, his pelvis, and all his other bones.

There was even one portion that fused into his flesh and blood before spreading through his entire body.

As the Candle Dragon's power surged into Su Ming, besides his new first Berserker Bone absorbing that power as it shone with a golden light once again, he could also clearly feel all his other bones and even his flesh and blood absorbing its power as well!

All the other people and Su Ming himself had previously only refined their spine when they reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm. However, at that moment... Su Ming realized in shock that if he continued this way, then he would not only be refining his spine, but would be refining... all his bones, including his flesh and blood!

The twenty-six Ancient Berserker Bones they refined in the Bone Sacrifice Realm was akin to them reverting their bodies to the same state as those of their ancestors. When these Berserker Bones appeared, the Berserkers could use them to obtain great power. However, if Su Ming turned all his bones into Berserker Bones, then his strength would be...

Su Ming sucked in a sharp breath. Just how terrifyingly powerful would he be if he turned all the bones within his body into Berserker Bones and even made his flesh and blood more tenacious after fusing it with the power of his Berserker Bones?

Su Ming did not have an answer for that. Perhaps even the first God of Berserkers did not have an answer to that when he created the constitution for the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

‘But at the same time, if I really walk down this outrageous path, then the difficulty for me to reach the Berserker Soul Realm will be unimaginable. It’s practically impossible for me to succeed...’

Su Ming understood this clearly. Just having twenty-six Berserker Bones to gather together to form the statue of the God of

Berserkers in the Berserker Soul Realm was incredibly difficult. If he reverted all his bones in his body to the state that belonged to his ancestors, then the difficulty when he tried to reach the Berserker Soul Realm was as plain as day!

However, the progression of events did not allow Su Ming to hesitate. Either he would choose to continue trying to reach the Berserker Soul Realm, then using his Nascent Divinity to Possess someone else and retrain after his body fell apart when he failed to reach that Realm...

...or he could walk down this path that no one had ever taken before, and then think about how he would deal with reaching the Berserker Soul Realm later.

Besides these two paths, there was another road, and that was the path where he succeeded in reaching the Berserker Soul Realm! However, Su Ming knew that it was practically impossible for him to succeed in one go because he had yet to stabilize his power and there were plenty of parts in his power that remained unsteady due to this forceful surge of strength into his body. He could only succeed if he had some time to slowly harmonize that power and then move on to truly attain great completion in the Bone Sacrifice Realm.

Calmness gradually appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He sucked in a sharp breath and relaxed his mind fully to bear through the impact of the power crashing into him so that he could have all his bones and blood absorb it.

Very soon, all the bones in Su Ming's body began glowing with a faint golden light. The first ten bones in his spine were already flashing brilliantly in gold as well. A feeling of strength so great Su Ming had never felt it before emerged in his heart. This was a strength that completely surpassed those in the Bone Sacrifice Realm but was still a power that could be categorized within the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

As he absorbed that power and as his entire body began glowing with brilliant golden light, suddenly, the life force and aura that was forcefully surging into Su Ming's body froze. Once it froze, a wave of power that shocked Su Ming rushed into him with an intensity that could blast through the sky.

The time at that moment was precisely the instant after the time taken for an incense stick to burn!

This power was visible to the naked eye. It was a diamond-shaped crystal that was formed as the Candle Dragon's body disappeared. That crystal shone with a brilliant light and charged towards Su Ming's body. Then, with an indescribable speed and presence, it rushed to the center of Su Ming's brows, like a river of light that traveled through the passage of time.

The instant it touched, Su Ming shuddered violently. A sharp stab of pain came from the center of his brows, and the crystal shot through his forehead and branded itself deeply in his body.

Su Ming's head was thrown back violently, as if a huge impact had just rammed into him. Loud, booming sounds went off in his head. During that instant, he had already forgotten the dangers his body faced and had even forgotten everything else. All that was left in his head was a furious roar that surged into the sky. That roar seemed to be made by an innumerable amount of living souls at the same time. Su Ming saw in his muddled mind a world, and as a gigantic Candle Dragon floating in midair opened its mouth, a large part of that world started crumbling.

The crumbling world did not disappear, but instead continuously gathered together as it fell apart, along with all the living souls in those crumbled parts. No matter how hard they struggled, it was all in vain. The only thing they could do was to let out maddened roars filled with despair that echoed in the air. Gradually, that world turned into a diamond-shaped crystal that was swallowed by the Candle Dragon in one gulp.

‘This is... Could this be the power of one World?!’

"This is the one World Plane remaining after I created the Undying and Imperishable World... It doesn't matter what sort of cultivation methods all these lives in the world choose, even if the names of their cultivation methods are different, in the end, all of them will end up practicing the power of the World Plane..." The Candle Dragon spoke with its unique ancient voice, and its words echoed in all directions.

Those words contained the accumulation of all its experiences and epiphanies gained in its life.

"You still can't master or understand the power of the World Plane as of yet. It won't let your power increase either, but it is my true blessing to you... Hold onto it, understand it, master it, and if you can do so, then when that day comes, you will discover the mysteries lying in the universe. You will find out that you can control everything!"

The Candle Dragon's voice spread out and echoed in Su Ming's heart and soul, causing him to still be able to hear the words clearly despite his muddled mind. It was just like a brand that was deeply printed onto his soul.

"Do you know for what reason do all manner of living practice cultivation? For what reason do we strive to become strong?" the Candle Dragon asked softly with its ancient voice.

Su Ming could not answer that question, and the Candle Dragon had not expected him to anyway.

"That is because we all have flaws within our bodies. Each race contains different flaws, and the root cause for cultivation is for us to mend those flaws... But it is not a simple task to mend all our flaws. Usually, over a countless number of years, only one or two living souls in a single race can be found capable of doing so.

"The methods each race use to discover their own flaws and set

out to mend them are different, but in the end, we all need the power of the World Plane... Over the long years of my life, I had some form of contact with Immortals before. The constitution forming the Immortals' cultivation method is divided into three steps. The first step does not touch upon the power of the World Plane, but starting from the second step, they will go through this so called Nirvanic Rebirth. All the flaws in their bodies will be mended and they will obtain new life. At that time, they will be practicing the power of the World Plane [1].

"The third step is Hollow. It is the critical moment for one when trying to achieve perfection as there's fewer flaws within the body. If one can attain the ultimate completion, then he will have taken the fourth step. At that time, he will no longer have any flaws... and at that time, what he will pursue is the power of Plane Timelines!"

The Candle Dragon's voice gradually grew weaker. These epiphanies were the treasures of its life.

"It is the same for all races, just like the Deities who are similar to the Immortals. Amalgamation, Great Vehicle, Ascension, Great Overarching Golden Immortality [2], and all the other states are in the end, just to mend all the flaws in people's bodies.

"You are a Berserker, the name of the path you Berserkers pursue after the Berserker Soul Realm might be different, but in truth, you still use the power of the World Plane to mend your flaws, and as you have fewer flaws, you will become stronger, and in the end, you will reach perfection."

Once Su Ming finished hearing these words, his mind gradually grew clearer. A thunderstorm raged in his heart. All these theories were things that he had never heard before, and they were words that allowed him to suddenly see light, like a bolt of lightning had just flashed in his mind!

"We Candle Dragons will only be born through serendipitous

events, but we still have flaws, and that flaw is that we don't have a cultivation method that has a constitution laid out for us. The only way for us to mend it is to devour other things.

"Because even I don't know what is the flaw of my people. It might be the Undying and Imperishable World, it might be the Nine-Headed Dragon. That is why I kept devouring other World Planes, because I wished that I could mend that flaw."

Su Ming stared at the beautiful woman's head in a daze. He remembered the fusions in the Undying and Imperishable World.

"I went to many places when I was alive. The universe is endless, and I have even gone to two of the four Great True Worlds... and met only five people who were perfect and had mastered the power of Plane Timelines. They are the ones who truly deserve the title of being powerful beings in this universe and among the four Great True Realms...

"In truth, the four Great True Realms have a uniform name to call these powerful beings that have arrived at this step. They are the Masters of Fate, Life, and Death. They control the cycles of the universe, and if they want something to be born, it will be born, if they want something to die, it will die...

"All the races have different names for this particular stage, but all of them just wish for... completion. In truth, there are still a few great Realms in this stage, but they say it is a mere legend." The beautiful woman's voice became weaker, but her words still echoed in Su Ming's mind.

"Now that you have obtained my power of the World Plane and have let my descendant acknowledge you as its master, my will shall soon disappear... Endure the final wisp of my life force, and once you make it through, you will be reborn. If you fail, you will die with me..."

The instant the woman said those words, she completely decomposed into ashes. The small snake shot out from the vortex

at the center of her brows with a howl.

At the same time, an endless amount of fog spread around Su Ming from the Candle Dragon's gigantic head before charging towards him with a loud rumble.

As the Candle Dragon's head vanished, the starry sky was revealed right above. The nine moons were shining brightly up ahead while the tenth moon was rapidly disappearing from the sky!

Translator's Notes

1. Deities: The original word for them is 神仙 (shen xian), and the official translation is actually supposed to be Immortals, but since in this shared universe, the Immortals are referred to as 仙族 (xian zu), 神仙 will be referred to as Deities.

About their realms, honestly, I am the sort of person that will go with translations that are already around as much as possible to minimize confusion and to keep to consistency. So you have 合體 (he ti), which is Amalgamation, 大乘 (da cheng), which is Great Vehicle, 飛升 (fei sheng), which is Ascension, and 大羅金仙 (da luo jin xian), which is Great Overarching Golden Immortality. The stages are already in order as you see them.

Here is a disclaimer, besides Great Vehicle, all the other stages for the Deities were made up by me, because 合體 and 飛升 were a no-brainer, which meant to fuse together with something, and to go up to heaven respectively, and 大羅金仙 was supposed to be a name for a character, not a level of cultivation, so there was a need for a made up name for this.

GREAT VEHICLE, HOWEVER, is apparently the translated version of 大乘 in the Emergence of Daoism: Creation of Tradition, and in the Daoism Handbook, because it follows the idea of Mahayana, and it basically is the universal liberation from suffering for all beings.

2. World Plane and Plane Timeline: As far as I know, and as far as I remember, this World Plane (位界, wei jie) and Plane Timeline (位劫, wei jie) are only mentioned in PoT, while this first step up to fourth step is also mentioned in RI, but I might be wrong. World Plane means to control a world, Plane Timeline, based on the long *ss explanation of timelines in Soar to the White Sky, means to control that timeline.

Chapter 480: Walking Out!

The wave of power was the last of what remained of the Candle Dragon. As its gigantic body rapidly vanished, that wave of power charged towards Su Ming and surged into him from all over his body as if it wanted to stuff him up until he exploded.

If Su Ming's previous self, whose blood and bones had not gone through the mysterious change, came face to face with this power, then besides using all his power and attention to absorb that force, he would have no other way to deal with it. He would increase his Berserker Bones until eventually being forced to attempt breaking through into the Berserker Soul Realm once again,.

However, all of Su Ming's bones, flesh, and blood right then were like that of a newborn, and his body had a strong desire for the Candle Dragon's life force and aura. Like a bottomless pit, it began rapidly absorbing the power surging into him.

Rumbling sounds came from within Su Ming's body. As those sounds reverberated in the air, all his bones started swiftly turning gold. His blood, flesh, tendons, and everything else also slowly started gaining a faint golden glow as that power rushed into him!

A sacrifice of all of his bones. This change that had never happened to any of his ancestors and would perhaps not happen to anyone else in the future appeared on Su Ming's body under the Candle Dragon's blessing!

He could clearly sense his body becoming stronger and his power rising at an unimaginable pace. That sort feeling, as if he held the sun, moon, and stars in his hands, made Su Ming's hair move without wind, caused him to look as if he was a God of War, shining with golden light as he stood there!

His eyes were closed and his entire body sparkled gold. If there was anyone else in the place, then they would surely be shocked greatly when they saw Su Ming. The presence coming from his

body was clearly that of a Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm, but the presence was so great that it would give them a feeling that he was even more terrifying than those in the Berserker Soul Realm!

This was a paradox, but it was a feeling that truly existed!

As all of the Candle Dragon's remaining power finally entered Su Ming's body and as the Candle Dragon's gigantic body disappeared rapidly before his eyes, everything around Su Ming turned into ashes and scattered away. When the sky, the earth, and the heavens in the World of Nine Yin were revealed to him, Su Ming opened his eyes. A golden light flashed in his eyes, and that light seemed to pierce through air, through the world, turning into the most brilliant ray of light in the planet!

A light that could take someone's breath away, a light that could steal away people's souls!

Golden light covered Su Ming's entire body. He did not waste even a single bit of the Candle Dragon's power. Besides the portion used for the Soul Formation for his Nascent Soul, everything else had turned into power accumulating in his blood, flesh and bones!

Right at that moment, a sixth of all the bones in his body had turned into Berserker Bones, and it was the same for this flesh and blood!

The path he would take would be different from all Berserkers in the future. Even the first God of Berserkers had not walked on this path. This was a path that belonged only to Su Ming - his path of creation!

From the Undying and Imperishable Realm, Su Ming had gained an understanding regarding the fusion of the past and future. He had gained an epiphany regarding the fusion of binary opposites. His body had also taken form in this world that had never been seen before. He might look like a Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm, but could he truly still be considered to be in the Bone

Sacrifice Realm?!

Almost the instant Su Ming opened his eyes, the beautiful woman's head dissipated. The small snake rushed out with a hiss. It did not seem too different from before, but its eyes were burning brightly, and there seemed to be a vortex hidden in the depths of its eyes that could suck away the souls of all living people. If anyone looked into its eyes, they would think that their minds had gone blank.

When it saw that Su Ming was uninjured, the small snake gradually stopped hissing. It flew into midair, and pain along with resolution appeared on its face. At that moment, cracks tore through its body as if it was shedding its skin, and as those cracks emerged, the small snake started trembling nonstop and its body was slowly elongating.

Once the small snake, who had received the legacy of the Candle Dragons, saw that Su Ming was safe, it started going through the evolution that would happen after it received its inheritance - to become a true Candle Dragon!

As Su Ming looked at his snake, he could feel its resolve and determination. This shedding of skin was akin to a metamorphosis that would revert the snake back to its roots. It meant that what little blood of the Candle Dragons was in its body would completely burn up to fill the entire body so that it could turn into a true Candle Dragon!

With the help of the inheritance, the possibility of success for the small snake was incredibly high. The legacy was like a guiding path, like a lamp in the dark giving the small snake directions as it went through its metamorphosis.

"Perhaps I can help you!"

Su Ming lifted his right hand and patted his storage bag. Immediately, a brocade box flew out, and once it appeared, it rushed straight towards the small snake. During the process, the

brocade box turned into ashes, and a purple shadow spread out from within.

That item was the thing he had bought in the auction hosted by Western Sea Clan near Freezing Sky Clan - Purple Harmony!

This was a strange item that could grant a sliver of a chance for ferocious beasts to revert to their roots. However, the risks were too great, and if they failed, then they would die!

This was why Su Ming had not dared to use it on the small snake previously. Now it had inherited the Candle Dragon's legacy, which was equivalent to it finding the correct path to revert to its roots, so the dangers of this Purple Harmony would naturally be taken away. It would only serve to help the small snake!

When the small snake saw the Purple Harmony, its eyes shone with a brilliant light filled with excitement. With a hiss, it charged straight towards that purple light and swiftly fused with it.

As the small snake devoured and fused with that Purple Harmony, purple light filled the air. It was like a layer of fog, making it difficult for people to see what was inside. Su Ming stood in his place, and when a faint golden light appeared in his eyes, his gaze immediately penetrated through the purple light. He saw that the small snake's expression was no longer in pain, and its body was going through a metamorphosis.

Su Ming was slightly relieved and averted his gaze to look at his own body. He did not seem any different from before, but he could sense just how powerful he had become.

"With the clone and the Poison Corpse helping me, I could fight against Latter Shamans, who are equivalent to Berserkers in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm... But now, I wonder just how far I can go without any help," Su Ming mumbled. He sucked in a deep breath and looked at his Nascent Divinity. It had its eyes closed and was floating in midair, still and unmoving.

As Su Ming looked at his own Nascent Divinity, he fell silent for a moment, then looked at his surroundings, and suddenly frowned.

He remembered that when he entered the Candle Dragon's gigantic body, due to force repelling everything it did not recognize, the crimson dragon was blocked outside and could not follow him in. The Poison Corpse in the Berserker Soul Realm was also left behind. Ji Yun Hai was also there, along with the old Spirit of Nine Yin.

However, the Candle Dragon's body had disappeared, and Su Ming could not find the crimson dragon, neither could he find the puppet and the Poison Corpse. The old spirit was also gone without a trace.

'Just how many years have gone by..?' Su Ming stayed silent. Just as he was about to avert his gaze, something suddenly caught his attention. He saw a dark light flashing at the spot in the distance where the Candle Dragon's body had disappeared.

The fog in this place had long since disappeared. The whole area looked empty, which made that dark light stand out like a sore thumb. When Su Ming saw that dark light, he seized at the air with his right hand. Immediately, that dark light charged towards him and floated before his body.

It was a snake's scale!

It was the Candle Dragon's scale, a scale that was left behind despite the fact that its body was destroyed! Su Ming looked at the scale, and gradually, a sparkle of surprise alighted in his eyes.

'The Candle Dragon looks like a python, so the scale it left behind after it disappeared...' A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and immediately, his Nascent Divinity opened its eyes while floating beside Su Ming. There was a brilliant light in its eyes, and with one move, it disappeared as if it had fused into air.

After a moment, four scales charged towards Su Ming from the

spot where the Candle Dragon's body had disappeared. As they gathered with that one scale he had found previously, the five scales floated before him and shone with a strange, dark light.

Almost the instant those scales came towards Su Ming, the air beside him distorted and his Nascent Divinity appeared. Then, without a single pause, it went towards him and fused into his body.

"The last ingredient required for the Welcoming of Deities is the scale from a python's tail. I wonder if the Candle Dragon's scale has the same effects. If it does, then I'll be able to create the Welcoming of Deities," Su Ming mumbled under his breath.

He had first learned about the Welcoming of Deities in Dark Mountain, and so many years had passed since then. If he could use this scale, then he would have finally managed to gather all the ingredients for this pill.

Once Su Ming put away the scales, he sat down cross-legged, and as he waited for the small snake's metamorphosis, he spread his divine sense outward in all directions. However, his Nascent Soul had just gone through Soul Formation and needed some time to nurse itself back to health, which was why Su Ming did not spread his divine sense too wide. But, even if he had just spread out a small portion of his divine sense, all the things he could see within the area still left him in shock.

Gradually, Su Ming's expression changed. At times, there would be confusion on his face, and sometimes, there would be surprise, and at other times, he would seem pensive.

The world he saw with his divine sense was greatly different from what he remembered. He grew uncertain about just how many years had passed by in the world.

Since he could not spread his divine sense too far away, he could not sense the presence of the crimson dragon, the Poison Corpse in the Berserker Soul Realm, and the puppet. Eventually, a dark, cold

look appeared on his face.

Ten days went by in the blink of an eye. During those ten days, Su Ming remained sitting in his spot. He had already retrieved his divine sense and had used the time to stabilize his power.

The small snake had also completed its metamorphosis during those ten days. With a cry that shook the skies, the purple light in midair disappeared, and what took form before Su Ming was a red snake that was an arm long and two fingers wide!

There was a bump on the snake's head, along with a crack at the center of its brows. That crack was the spot for its third eye, but it remained shut, and the snake did not open it.

There was a profound gaze in its eyes, and no matter where it looked, distortions would appear in the air around its eyes, as if those eyes were absorbing some faint, unknown power from the air itself.

There was a murderous aura in the small snake's hiss, but once it finished hissing, it turned towards Su Ming, and there was a dependent and gentle gaze in its eyes. It charged towards him and let out a delighted cry at his side, like a child playing before his parent.

Su Ming smiled softly as he looked at the small snake. After a long while, he lifted his head and looked at the sky.

"Let's go. We're leaving this place."

Chapter 481: Rune!

On that day, after an unknown number of years has passed since Su Ming stepped into the place, he brought his small snake and left the Candle Dragon's burial ground. When he walked out of that region, he stood on the mountain and turned his head back to cast a glance behind him.

The fog in the Candle Dragon's burial ground at the foot of the mountain was no longer around. When he looked over, he could not find the Candle Dragon's gigantic body either.

The memories of all the things that he went through since he stepped into the place surfaced in his mind. The murderous fog, the fight in the Candle Dragon's body, the incarnations in the Undying and Imperishable World, and the change that happened to him during the blessing and the test.

All of this was now like a faraway dream to him and did not seem real. After all, his soul had been in the Undying and Imperishable World for far too long.

Even if he had woken up from the dream, it would still be difficult for him to recover from it for some time.

In a while, Su Ming averted his gaze. The small snake was sitting on his shoulders and also looking at the Candle Dragon's burial ground. A reluctance to part gradually appeared in its eyes. To it, this was the place where his kin stayed. This was the place that gave it new life. This was also the sacred place that had turned it into a Candle Dragon.

Su Ming went off. He took a step forward and walked towards the sky, moving towards the direction where Shaman City lay in his memories.

He might have spread his divine sense outwards earlier, but the area had not been wide; he had only manage to the area around

him. If he wanted to know just how long it had been, then he had a feeling that Shaman City was the place where he could find his answer.

His clouded memories gradually became clear as he regained his senses. Those memories felt incredibly distant to Su Ming, but he still flew in the sky slowly according to them.

During his journey, he did not run into any Shamans, but the land he saw was greatly different from what he remembered.

He remained silent during the trip. Several days later, when he arrived in Shaman City, he saw the ruins on the ground - Shaman City's ruins. The wreckage of the city scattered all over the ground made him even more quiet.

Su Ming stood above the ruins and looked at the ground. After a long while, he slowly descended and landed on the ground before walking into the ruins.

As he walked in, an absent-minded look gradually appeared on his face. An illusion seemed to rise before his eyes. Wherever he went to, he would see the glory of the city in the past. However, right at the moment those days of glory took form in his eyes, all of it would turn into the desolate wreckage before him.

"Just what happened?" Su Ming mumbled. He stopped moving in the ruins, and his gaze fell on a collapsed house. This was the inn he had stayed in long ago.

He stopped here for a moment, then continued onward. Gradually, he walked through the streets of the past, walked through the palace where he'd obtained the protection from the Spirits of Nine Yin. However, when he arrived there, he did not see that palace. It was as if the palace had been taken away by someone and vanished into thin air. That spot was now empty.

Su Ming lifted his head. He did not see the gigantic stone pillar that shot into the clouds, and could naturally not see that gigantic

head that was hoisted up by the stone pillar. He could only see a gigantic hole in the sky, and there were numerous dried branches around that hole, serving as a seal for it.

When Su Ming arrived at the center of the ruins, which was the square that hosted the treasure gambling event, his pupils shrank.

He saw a gigantic pit on the ground there, and that pit was in the shape of a pentagon. It took up a spot of about several tens of thousands of feet.

When he stood at the edge of the pit, a grim look appeared on Su Ming's face. He crouched down and grabbed some soil by the edge of the pit. The remnants of the power from some Spells could be felt from within.

"This is a Rune!" Su Ming lifted his head. Right above the pit was the hole in the sky!

Su Ming frowned. As he immersed himself in his thoughts, he suddenly lifted his right hand and pointed behind him. That action seemed incredibly offhanded, but it would give people the feeling as if it had gone through a countless amount of evolutions. That one point also seemed to contain time itself. It seemed simple, but in truth, the moment he pointed outwards, a deep crack appeared in the air in the direction he pointed.

It was as if even space itself could not withstand the power of that point. A thunderous rumble reverberated in the air. Su Ming did not turn his head back, simply continuing to look at the pit before him, still immersed in his thoughts.

However, as the rumbling sound echoed in the air, a semi-transparent figure took form in the empty space behind him. That figure exploded and turned into a wave of air that tumbled backwards and only disappeared once it was sent back several thousands of feet.

Almost the instant that semi-transparent figure died, nearly a

hundred of those figures appeared in the air around Su Ming. These figures instantly stopped moving forward and waited near him. They floated without moving, and their gazes as they looked at Su Ming were filled with wariness.

After a long while, Su Ming chose not to continue thinking of the use of that Rune. Most of his knowledge regarding Runes came from his third senior brother, Hu Zi, as well as the Immortals' Runes which Hong Luo had left for him.

He could vaguely tell that one of the uses of this Rune was for Relocation, but he couldn't figure out any other uses it might have.

He stood up and swept his gaze across all the semi-transparent figures around him. The instant his gaze landed on those figures, they shivered and instinctively moved back. To them, Su Ming's gaze felt like it had physical substance and could pierce through their bodies.

Just as Su Ming was about to avert his gaze, something suddenly caught his attention, and he fixed his stare on a figure standing to the side.

That figure seemed like a young male teenager. He was not tall, and was in a semi-transparent and indistinct state. Su Ming looked at him and was momentarily taken aback. He lifted his right hand and seized at the air in the boy's direction. Immediately, that figure was dragged towards Su Ming against his will.

The figure floated before Su Ming, panic evident on the boy's face. He looked as if he wanted to struggle and screamed soundlessly.

Su Ming looked at him. He might be indistinct, but when Su Ming observed him from a close proximity, he could still somewhat make out his facial features. As he observed that figure, a complicated look gradually appeared on Su Ming's face.

"Ahu..." After a long moment of thought, Su Ming finally

remembered who this person was. He was one of the two children who had come with him into the World of Nine Yin.

‘Just what happened here?’ Su Ming let go of his hand, and Ahu hastily retreated in panic. Su Ming looked at him fleeing and slowly closed his eyes.

He slowly spread his divine sense around the area. At that moment, he no longer thought about the necessity for his Nascent Divinity to nurse itself back to health. He wanted to know what other changes had occurred in the World of Nine Yin.

Once he spread his divine sense out, he saw that there were several tens of thousands of semi-transparent figures like Ahu all over Shaman City. These figures hid themselves within the ruins and lingered about in a daze. They could not be seen with the naked eye, and could only be detected with divine sense.

When Su Ming expanded his divine sense further ahead, he saw that practically every single place in the vast land outside the ruins of Shaman City had become different. After a long while, he opened his eyes.

He turned around and looked in a direction in the distance. Over there, he discovered a valley, and within that valley, he found some Shamans. Su Ming also detected a group of living creatures with huge wings on their backs flying swiftly towards the valley. There were hundreds of them, and all of them had murderous auras that burned the skies as they roared!

‘It’s a pity my Nascent Divinity still needs several months of nursing before I can completely spread my divine sense. Even if I send it out now, it’s difficult for me to search in detail. Once my Nascent Divinity has nursed itself back to health, then I’ll activate my divine sense again to search for my Poison Corpse, my puppet, and my crimson dragon with the connection I have with them. I won’t let that old man in black go either. As long as he is still in the World of Nine Yin, then I’ll definitely have a way to find him!

‘But I didn’t expect that there would still be Shamans in that valley. Perhaps I’ll be able to find my answers over there.’

Su Ming turned into a long arc and charged towards the sky, rushing straight towards that valley.

Due to the disappearance of the tenth moon in the sky, the Shamans who had been staying in the valley within the one million li around the ruins of Shaman City had been living in a constant state of anxiety. Most of them were nervous because they did not know whether there would be new changes in the World of Nine Yin.

In a remote corner in the valley, the old man in black who has letting off a rotten stench shuddered. He slowly lowered his mangled right hand down from the center of his brows.

With a bitter look, he let out a long sigh.

During that instant, no one besides him had discovered a wave of divine sense sweeping past the area. If he had not been on constant alert and cast a Secret Art despite his injuries during the instant that divine sense filled the area to completely wipe off his presence and existence and avoid being discovered, he would definitely have been noticed.

‘Destiny should be heading here...’ The old man in black brought out a small black bottle from his bosom, and after a moment of hesitation, put it away again. He did not open that bottle.

‘I still lack three medicinal herbs to make this medicinal core. If I eat it now, then I’ll only have a tenth of chance to break the Curse. If I fail, then I’ll lose my intelligence, and it’ll be no different from dying...

‘But with my Secret Art and based on what I could tell from the ripples in his divine sense just now, he shouldn’t be able to find me. If that’s the case, as long as I hide myself well, I should be able to avoid this encounter.’

The old man in black hesitated for a moment before he got up and retreated into his cave to sit down and circulate all his power to continue the activation of that Secret Art.

‘If it wasn’t because of this Curse, then I would have gone to him without even there being a need for him to come find me... As long as I have three more years, then I’ll be able to raise the possibility of breaking the Curse with this medicinal pill to a fifth!’ The old man in black shook his head and forced down the anxiety in his heart before immersing himself in meditation.

Almost the moment the old man began meditating, black clouds rushed towards the valley where the Shamans were. Within those black clouds were hundreds of murderous looking strange creatures with black wings!

They rapidly closed in on the valley and piercing shrieks filled the air. The expressions of all the Shamans who heard those shrieks instantly changed, and fear along with hatred filled their faces.

The appearance of those black clouds too immediately caused the Shamans in the valley to be on high alert. Most of the Shamans shrank back into their cave abodes, and all of them stared at those black clouds in the sky with anxiety.

Nan Gong Hen stood on a stone platform in the valley. Behind him were a dozen something people in ragged clothing. All of them were glaring at the sky.

"Sir, we’ve already made arrangements for our people to go into hiding. The protection Rune has also been activated to its full potential!"

"The Fiend Bow is completely drawn and ready to show its might at any moment!"

"The tunnel for the aura of death in the Spirit Medium’s altar is activated. With what we have accumulated, we can release the

power of the aura of death twice!"

"The tribesmen who are sacrificing their lives have also made preparations. They're willing to use their lives to continue keeping the protection Rune in operation!"

"It's been fifteen years..." Nan Gong Hen listened to the people behind him and looked at the strange creatures in the black clouds in the sky charging towards the valley swiftly and mumbled under his breath.

"It's been fifteen years since Shaman City was destroyed. We still have no news about reinforcements from the world outside. Fifteen years ago, we had nearly ten thousand people in the valley, and now, after all these continuous battles, we have less than a thousand of our people left..." he said bitterly.

"How many times does it make that the Sacred Bats have launched a hunt on us? We'll fight, even if we die!"

Chapter 482: Fated Kin (First Part)

In the valley where nearly one thousand Shamans stayed, there were now black clouds charging towards them. Hundreds of Sacred Bats with wings on their backs could be seen densely packed in the clouds. All of them looked vile and sharp teeth protruded from their mouths. A murderous red glare shone through their eyes and was so bright that it covered the sky and earth.

The Sacred Bats look incredibly terrifying. They were entirely black and were at least three times the size of a normal Shaman, looking to be nearly twenty feet tall. Their arms were thick and seemed as if they could rip apart a person.

They wore no clothes but were covered by fine feathers that looked like long robes. Almost every single one of them held a round-shaped blade in their hands. The blades were red, as if they had been dyed in fresh blood.

Roars reverberated in the air. Under the illumination of the moons in the sky, the Sacred Bats looked like murderous fiends that were getting closer to the valley of the Shamans.

Nan Gong Hen, whose hair on his temples had turned white, stood on the platform in the valley. He looked at the Sacred Bats closing in on them from the sky and asked in a low voice, "How is senior Tie Mu?"

After a period of silence, one of the dozen people standing beside Nan Gong Hen answered softly, "Senior Tie Mu is still in deep sleep... He's not showing any signs of waking up. He was injured too badly last time. We don't have enough medicine with us either, and even if he wakes up, his level of cultivation will fall greatly."

"What about senior Hei Ya?" Nan Gong Hen sighed and asked another question.

"We sent someone to ask for senior Hei Ya earlier, but for some

reason, he suddenly went into isolation and refuses to see anyone. He even sealed his cave abode..."

As they spoke, the black clouds in the sky tumbled about furiously and descended upon them swiftly. At the same time, piercing shrieks tainted with excitement resounded in the air. Eight of the Sacred Bats charged down and straight towards the valley.

Those Sacred Bats were incredibly fast and looked as if they were about to close in on them. Nan Gong Hen stood on the platform and glared at them, killing intent shining in his eyes.

The dozen people behind him all reacted in the same manner. Some of them had even clenched their fists, their expressions dripping with venom. They were not the only ones acting that way. The Shamans hiding in the valley had all seen that sight, and it was a nightmare plaguing their dreams, but also a brutal reality that was happening right before their eyes.

The Sacred Bats were already less than two hundred feet away from the top of the valley after a moment. With excited shrieks, they charged forward, but right when they arrived a hundred feet away from the valley, a loud bang reverberated through the air, and an illusory screen of light emerged around the valley. At that moment, violent waves of ripples appeared on the screen of light, and the eight Sacred Bats crashed into it.

However, they were completely uninjured by it and were only forced a hundred something feet back.

"The Sacred Bats' battle strategy still hasn't changed at all. They're still trying to lure us to fight against them to turn us into their prey.

"Their physical bodies are now comparable to Berserkers who have reached the peak in the middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm... they're even stronger than the last time they came here. The next time they come, their physical bodies might already be

comparable to a Berserker in the later stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm," a thin, old, and wizened woman standing among the dozen something people behind Nan Gong Hen whispered with eyes that were filled with red.

"This time, even the normal members of their race who have joined the invasion have improved greatly. Then the physical strength of their Violet Thread ranked Sacred Bats should have already reached the Berserkers in the later stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm.

As the old woman spoke, the screen of light in the valley that had bounced off the eight Sacred Bats started shining with a brilliant light. The light from started crisscrossing against each other in midair, turning into a gigantic web that charged towards the eight Sacred Bats, to trap all of them within.

Yet the moment that web closed in on them, one of the eight Sacred Bats placed his right hand before his chest and a string of complex and practically incomprehensible incantations spilled out of his mouth. As those incantations echoed around, the air behind the Sacred Air seemed to have been torn apart and a gigantic blood-red bat charged out.

That blood-red bat was several dozens of feet big, and when it shot out, it rushed straight towards the web with a roar. The instant they touched, the blood-red bat exploded and turned into several hundreds of red sparks that crashed straight into the web. The world rumbled, and the web instantaneously fell apart. The hundreds of red sparks seemed to contain life and started swimming in all directions, looking like several hundreds of crimson-red wandering souls.

"The strength of their divine abilities has also increased by quite a large margin. It's incredibly obvious compared to last time. Even the normal Sacred Bats now have power equivalent to mid Medial Shamans...

"If... no accidents happen and we don't offer up sacrifices, then the chances of us winning are one sixth, if we can maintain the screen of light... But the price for it is that three to five hundred of our people's lives will be sucked dry by the screen of light and they will die," the old woman said gravelly, and there was a hint of sorrow in her voice.

Nan Gong Hen fell silent. All the people behind him also did not say a single word.

A dozen more figures charged out from the black clouds in the sky and rushed straight towards the screen of light with the other eight people from their race.

Booming sounds reverberated in the air.

In the valley there was an emptied spot in which was a gigantic Rune that was about several thousands of feet large. There were several Shamans that were sitting cross-legged within the Rune at that moment.

These Shamans were all thin and pale. As they sat within the Rune, their power was continuously sucked inside to become the source that would keep the Rune operating.

This Rune was not a static Rune. It continuously sparkled, and the frequency of those sparkles was directly proportionate to the rate of hits dealt to the screen of light. As the screen of light sparkled even more brightly, the thirty something Shamans shuddered, and some of them coughed out fresh blood. They looked on the verge of collapse, but before they could fall, someone around them would immediately come forth to carry them off, and someone else would take their place to continue keeping the Rune running.

The people who were carried off would immediately sit by the side and exercise their breathing without a single moment of delay to try and recover more strength.

However, there were some of the people who did not manage to be carried off in time. As the Rune continued shining and sucking away their life, these people started laughing brokenly and their bodies rapidly dried up. When they eventually turned into skeletons, they fell apart into dust and scattered into the air. All their life and aura had turned into power to maintain the Rune.

As time continued trickling by, the number of Sacred Bats who were ramming themselves against the screen of light in the sky beyond of valley had already increased to nearly a hundred. These Sacred Bats continuously crashed into the screen with strange screeches, causing the screen of light to let out creaking sounds as if it was already incredibly difficult for it to maintain its form and it would disintegrate at any moment.

"Sir, let's attack! Sixteen of our people have already died to the Rune!" someone from among the dozen people behind Nan Gong Hen said in agitation.

In silence, Nan Gong Hen shook his head with a pale face.

Rumbling sounds continuously echoed in all directions. After a moment, the number of Sacred Bats who were attacking the screen of light had increased to about a hundred fifty. When the Sacred Bats' screeches fell into the Shamans' ears, their hearts trembled.

"Wait a little longer. We only have one chance, we can't waste it..." Nan Gong Hen gritted his teeth and whispered under his breath.

"Sir, forty-three of our people have already died maintaining the Rune. If this continues, then even more will fall."

Nan Gong Hen looked at the nearly two hundred Sacred Bats outside the screen of light, then at the black clouds above them, and clenched his jaw.

"Prepare the Fiend Bows!"

The instant he said those words, someone immediately moved

out from the group standing behind him. A dozen something breaths, and nine men immediately walked out of some of the cave abodes in the valley.

These nine men were all Battle Shamans. They stood on the balconies connected to their cave abodes with their heads lifted towards the sky. Each of them held a large black bow in their hands.

Those bows were taller than an average human, and these nine men began drawing these bows slowly. The instant they drew those Fiend Bows fully, three Spirit Mediums, three Soul Catchers, and three Thought Soothsayers walked out from behind all of them.

The Spirit Mediums started chanting softly, and a dense wave of aura of death gathered from under the valley, charging straight towards the Fiend Bows that were being drawn by the nine Battle Shamans, turning into a faint arrow on each of the bows!

The Soul Catchers opened their eyes, and the strange power that belonged to Soul Catchers stirred in the air, as if their minds and souls were gathered on the arrows in the Fiend Bows, and would not disappear.

The Thought Soothsayers closed their eyes as if they fell into a trance. The instant they closed their eyes, a white glare instantly appeared in the nine Battle Shamans' furious eyes. It was as if they all had lost their souls at that instant, and their white eyes looked empty.

"Draw the Fiend Bows!" Nan Gong Hen roared, and the instant his voice reverberated through the valley, the nine Battle Shamans growled and drew their Fiend Bows a little more. Their shoulders and arms were torn, and as fresh blood poured down their arms, they continued pulling the strings until the Fiend Bows were fully drawn and then abruptly let go.

Humming sounds instantly echoed in the valley and reverberated

between the sky and earth. At the same time, nine black dragons charged out from the valley at an extreme speed, piercing through the protective screen of light and closing in straight on the two hundred Sacred Bats just outside the screen of light.

Shrill screeches of pain instantly filled the area. The nine arrows were filled with a wave of madness and a force that would press on without stopping. The instant they pierced through nine of the Sacred Bats, they shot past their bodies without any decrease in power!

Booming sounds spread through the air, and all the Sacred Bats whose bodies were pierced through by those arrows exploded and turned into pieces of flesh and blood that splattered everywhere.

Each of the nine Fiend Arrows took at least three lives. When all the remaining power in the nine arrows was spent, they did not disappear but instead exploded. That explosion turned into a wave of aura of death that covered the entire screen of light in the sky.

"With the aura of death as a lure, we will release the power of the aura of death once!" Nan Gong Hen let out a huge shout, and the valley instantly trembled. Wisps of aura of death charged forth from the ground and gathered at the center of the valley, causing the valley to become obscured from view.

Several breaths later, there was an explosion. With a loud bang, all the aura of death within the valley surged out, crashing into the Sacred Bats in the sky like a gigantic pillar of air.

Chapter 483: Fated Kin (Second Part)

Booming sounds reverberated in the air, and as they gradually disappeared, the black clouds in the sky disappeared, turning into scattered wisps of fog that spread in all directions. There were only less than a hundred of the Sacred Bats remaining from their previous force that numbered to two hundreds, and they were all retreating from the sky.

A large amount of flesh and blood filled the sky and fell from midair. The Shamans' Fiend Bows and the explosion from the aura of death could be said to be their final strength. It was also because of this power that they had been able to last for fifteen years in this place!

However, the price for this power was also incredibly great. Those Fiend Bows could only be used once, and it was not because the Enchanted treasure would become useless after that, but it was because there was no Battle Shaman who could draw that bow twice within a short period of time!

In truth, every single time they drew the bows, their tendons would be torn apart as a price. They needed to be treated right after that and they were people who would be given topmost priority in terms of protection, because they would have to serve the same important role in the next battle.

The powerful impact from the aura of death gathered through the beast bone altar could not be done by human means either, this sort of power could only be accumulated in time. Over the past fifteen years, Nan Gong Hen had only managed to gather enough power for five explosions.

They could only gather enough power for one explosion about every three years. Even though they only had enough for one more explosion, there was still far too much time for them to wait until the next three years passed.

"Send... the sacrifices..." Nan Gong Hen lowered his head, not wanting to see what would happen next. He knelt down on one knee and clenched his fists. The other people behind, too, knelt down with grief on their faces.

Almost at the same moment they knelt down, all the Shamans in the valley knelt down in sorrow and silence. They were going down on their knees for twenty of their Shaman brethren.

These twenty Shamans were all old men. Their bodies slowly flew into the sky and moved towards the screen of light. There was sentiment on their faces, but also faint smiles. They were lamenting over their fates, but smiling towards their kinsmen.

They had offered themselves willingly to become sacrifices, because they knew that they no longer had much time left. If their death could bring a period of peace for their people, then at least their deaths would be worthwhile.

When all the Shamans knelt down on the ground, filled with grief in their hearts, the twenty old men went through the screen of light and appeared outside the valley. They rushed towards the hundred something Sacred Bats that were still lingering around in the sky and had yet to leave.

The Sacred Bats screeched and flew towards them. A massacre unfolded right before everyone's eyes, and it was one that was met with no resistance from one side. There was only bloody death.

When all the Shamans saw this, their grief only became stronger in the midst of their silence.

When those twenty old men were slaughtered cruelly by the hundred or so Sacred Bats. The Sacred Bats spread their wings and flew into the distance.

Nan Gong Hen lifted his head and red filled his eyes. During these fifteen years, they, who had fought against these Sacred Bats multiple times, knew that this particular race in the World of Nine

Yin loved hunting. They would usually come in a large crowd, and if their hunt did not end in success, they would definitely not give up, and would only come in a larger crowd the next time.

That was why the Shamans would first kill off some of their numbers before they sent out these so called 'sacrifices' to satisfy the Sacred Bats' hunting lust. Only by doing so could they earn a period of peace.

If they offered these sacrifices without fighting, it would still be useless. Some casualties must appear on the Sacred Bats' side in accordance to the Sacred Bats' hunting ritual.

This was something Nan Gong Hen and the others knew clearly after being trapped here for fifteen years.

"In the end, we still gave up our tribesmen as sacrifices... We had a sixth chance to win, but the price was just too great..." the old woman behind Nan Gong Hen said in a whisper.

"Sixty-seven died keeping the Rune functioning, and when we add in the twenty who were willing to become sacrifices, eighty-seven of ours were lost this time."

"The Battle Shamans' Fiend Bows can only be drawn half a year later, and we already don't have enough medicinal herbs for healing. We need to arrange some men to risk themselves and go to Shaman City to search for medicine..."

"We can still use the altar's aura of death one more time."

When Nan Gong Hen heard the people giving him the reports of this battle, a lost look gradually appeared on his face. Fifteen years ago, he did not manage to escape during the change and was forced to stay here with his other tribesmen. They waited for others to come save them, and at that time, they numbered nearly ten thousand.

They had many Latter Shamans at that time, but through the numerous fights and battles, their numbers began decreasing, and

in the end, they even had a dispute, and a part of their people left. Nan Gong Hen had no idea where these people went.

Gradually, due to his status, he became the leader of this place and was forced to watch his people die. Their future was clouded, and he did not know where he should lead them...

‘Perhaps the people outside have already forgotten about us... Perhaps the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands has already happened, and the world outside has been turned upside down. No one remembers any longer that we are still in the World of Nine Yin.

‘Perhaps we will never be able to leave this place and can only die in battle... Just where... is our future?’ Nan Gong Hen’s face was worn out. He sighed in his heart. However, when he looked towards the sky in his daze, his expression suddenly changed drastically.

The dozen something people behind him also experienced a change in their expressions. In fact, panic and shock appeared on quite a number of Shamans in the valley the instant they looked into the sky.

With his own eyes, Nan Gong Hen saw black fog that was much bigger than those black clouds from a few moments ago, and it was rolling towards them like waves. The Sacred Bats that would occasionally reveal themselves from the fog were a startling sight!

By the looks of it, they numbered to nearly a thousand!

And they were heading straight for this valley!

"I see Violet Thread Sacred Bats. There’re... a lot of them. This has never happened before. When we defeated a batch in the past, they would spend at least half a year before they came to hunt us once again!

"There’re definitely Golden Thread Sacred Bats around if there are so many Violet Thread Sacred Bats here. The chances of us

winning this battle are practically zero. Even if we have all our tribesmen go and keep the Rune running, we won't be able to last for long!

"Have all our people activate the protection Rune. Get the power of the aura of death ready. Have the backup Battle Shamans for the Fiend Bows on standby. Even if they die, they have to draw the Fiend Bows!

"It'll be great if they're just passing by. If they aren't... Tell all the tribe members... that it's time for the final battle. We've waited for fifteen years, and the moment deciding whether we live or die is finally here!" Nan Gong Hen growled with a grim look on his face.

When Nan Gong Hen said those words, someone immediately went off to deliver his message. Resolute looks appeared on the Shamans on the Rune in the valley. They sat down cross-legged and began offering up all their strength.

All the Shamans stood at the edge of their cave abodes in silence. They looked at the sky, wiped their weapons, circulated their power, and determination shone on their faces!

The children who were born during these fifteen years sat within their mothers' embraces while looking outside at their fathers. Their innocent eyes were filled with fear, but the willingness to die together could be seen shining through that fear even more so.

There were also quite a number of old men who stood outside their cave abodes. Their ancient faces were filled with marks of time, and as they looked at the sky, they became ready to use their deaths in exchange for honor.

All the Shamans looked towards the sky, watching the black fog rolling violently in the sky as they tried to determine whether they were just passing by or whether they were indeed really heading towards the valley.

The instant that black fog stopped above the valley, all the

Shamans who saw this scene knew the answer immediately. The time for the final battle was nigh!

Nan Gong Hen gritted his teeth. Madness burned in his eyes. When he saw the layer of black fog stopping outside the valley, suddenly, hundreds of screeching Sacred Bats shot down as if that fog had just exploded and they were thrown out by that explosion. The moment these Sacred Bats charged out, Nan Gong Hen let out a low roar.

He charged out swiftly, and right behind him were his dozen something followers.

"If we fight, we die. If we don't fight, we will still die. But if we fight, at least we'll die without regrets!

"We've waited for fifteen years, and we still have yet to receive any news about reinforcements from the world outside. They might have forgotten about us already, or they might have given up on us. If that is the case, then where is our future? It's in our hands!

"We can't wait anymore! We'll put up a spectacular fight, and if we're lucky enough to pull through and win, then we will no longer be Shamans. We will be our own race! We will control our own fate and pursue our own future. If the outsiders won't save us, then we will save ourselves. From now on, we are Fated Kin!" Nan Gong Hen lifted his right hand and seized at the air. Immediately, a long spear materialized in his hand and he wrapped his hand around it.

"Fated Kin!"

"From now on, we are no longer Shamans! We're Fated Kin!" Low roars, filled with madness, shot out of the mouths of each and every single one of the Shamans' mouths in the valley.

"Prepare the aura of death!"

As Nan Gong Hen roared, the aura of death from the entire valley

gathered up once again and turned into a great power to charge upwards. It shot through the protective screen of light and crashed into the incoming Sacred Bats. At the instant the booming surged into the sky and reverberated through the air, Nan Gong Hen shouted, "Fated Kin, kill them!"

Shadows of people abruptly rose from the valley, followed by a roaring. This uprisal was like a revolt from a whole race. It was a struggle filled with madness, shouts filled with the unwillingness to admit defeat, and a release of those that had thrown all caution into the wind after fifteen years of waiting, of living in oppression, and of having death constantly loom over their heads!

Besides the Shamans who were still keeping the Rune running by sending out their power as they sat to protect the children in the valley, more than five hundred Shamans rushed out of the valley and clashed against the Sacred Bats who were attacked by the aura of death!

"You people think too highly of yourselves!"

A cold harrumph echoed from the sky, and as the black fog spread out, ten Sacred Bats with a distinct violet line at the center of their brows flew out. Right behind them was a gigantic Sacred Bat of fifty feet with a golden thread at the center of his brows!

With a cold harrumph, he lifted his right hand and pressed downward. The aura of death that was attacking his kind immediately froze and exploded, spreading in all directions, its power to instantly disappear.

"Our sacred ancestor is on the verge of waking up. We will kill all the outsiders in this land and offer them as sacrifices. The Nine Sacred Altar here is ours now!"

Many Sacred Bats screeched excitedly and charged towards the Shamans!

Right at that moment, in the sky not too far away from the valley

was Su Ming strolling casually over with a calm expression on his face. The small snake on his shoulders lifted its head, stared in the direction ahead, and let out a hiss.

Su Ming frowned. He took another step, and his speed instantly increased explosively, stirring up a piercing sound as he sliced through the air in his wake.

Chapter 484: I am also an Outsider!

This was a crazed battle. Compared to the Shamans who had always been low on medicinal herbs during the past fifteen years, who had been at a loss for what they should do, and who did not know where their future lay, the Sacred Bats were all incredibly powerful.

During these fifteen years, too many of the Shamans' own had died as they fought against these Sacred Bats. Most of their powerful warriors had already fallen, and the only ones who were left were the old and the young. They did not have much power to form their core battle strength.

The wearing down of willpower had also caused fear to root itself deeply within the Shamans' hearts towards the races residing in the World of Nine Yin, especially a Golden Thread Sacred Bats that had appeared this time. This was the second time during these past fifteen years that a Golden Thread Sacred Bat had appeared, but it was clear that the current one was much stronger than the one around ten years ago.

Nan Gong Hen's words and actions only managed to stir up the Shamans' ardor for a moment. Once the slaughter started, this energy did not manage to last long.

Shrill screams of pain filled the air. In the face of the tall Sacred Bats, the Shamans could only resist in vain. Even if they struggled and fought back, the Sacred Bats had bodies that were as sturdy as a Berserker's and had divine abilities that surpassed the might of the Shamans. Their numbers were great as well, and to the Shamans, this battle could only end in devastation and nothing else.

It was especially so since the dozen something Violet Thread Sacred Bats possessed a power equivalent to a Latter Shaman and the body that was as sturdy and powerful as a Berserker in the

Berserker Soul Realm. Wherever they went to, cruel laughter would reverberate in the air, and all the Shamans who tried to block their paths would be torn apart alive.

These bats did not even cast any divine abilities. Their strong arms were enough to replace everything. The Shamans' heads were separated from their bodies, their limbs torn off, and their flesh and blood gushed everywhere, turning into a picture that would last for eternity in the sky.

Nan Gong Hen coughed out a mouthful of blood, and with a low growl, the long spear in his hand pierced through the center of one of the Sacred Bats' brows. He lifted his left hand, and with a swing, a large amount of aura of death immediately gathered together, turning into a vortex around him. A large amount of dead souls appeared from within the vortex and charged into the area.

He was a Spirit Medium, but even if he was one, and even if most Spirit Mediums pitied the dead and were cold towards the living, this was different for Nan Gong Hen. Even becoming a Spirit Medium could not suppress his boisterous nature, and this was the key reason why he could not become a Latter Shaman.

As his tribesmen died continuously behind him and their numbers decreased rapidly, as the booming sounds that came from self-destruction reverberated in the air, the intensity of this massacre reached its peak.

Those who self-destructed were the old tribesmen. The destruction they caused before their deaths served as a driving force for all the Shamans.

"Fight, even if we die!" Nan Gong Hen roared.

"Fight for ourselves! Fight for our people! Change our own fate in this battle! In the midst of our madness, seize our future!"

All the Shamans' eyes were already filled with red. If a single one of them could not handle these Sacred Bats, then two of them

would fight together, and if two were not enough, three would fight together!

Yet even so, in this situation where the Sacred Bats' numbers were no less than the Shamans', and the number of deaths among the Shamans continued rising, blood filled the air and earth. Shrill cries of pain echoed around.

Nan Gong Hen, to his right, saw another one of his tribesmen's heads ripped off its neck. Blood gushed out from the wound, and even a few drops fell on Nan Gong Hen's face.

It was just a brief clash, and there were already fewer than three of the Shamans left from the five hundred they had in the beginning. They could no longer rush forward and were continuously forced backwards as the Sacred Bats descended on them oppressively from the sky. They continued moving back until they stood next to the protective screen of light.

Nan Gong Hen was filled with despair. He watched his tribesmen die, watched the faces that had grown familiar to him during the fifteen years shattering right before his eyes, watched all of this, and could do nothing to change it.

However, when they were forced back to the side of the screen, suddenly, a gigantic hand appeared in the sky, and with an astonishing speed, charged towards Nan Gong Hen and the other Shamans.

From the distance, that palm looked monstrously huge. It was several thousands of feet big, and as it descended on them, rumbling sounds spread through the air. Right on top of the palm was the Sacred Bat with the golden thread in the center of his brows. He had his right hand lifted and was pressing downwards slowly. Disdain and contempt appeared at the corners of his lips in the form of a sneer. To him, these outsiders were all so weak they could not even put up a fight!

With a roar, veins popped up on Nan Gong Hen's face. All his

tribesmen behind him started circulating all their power in a frenzy to fight against that huge palm!

Their deaths were of secondary concern, because if they could not resist this, then it was going to be difficult for the protective light screen to endure it. And once that protective light screen shattered, the children in the valley and all their injured tribesmen would have to go through a brutal genocide where they could absolutely not fight back!

The hand was already less than five hundred feet away, when a roar shot forth from the valley. Right before everyone's eyes, an old man with a pale face and a head full of white hair shot out from the valley. He traveled so quickly that he pierced through the screen of light in the blink of an eye, passed by Nan Gong Hen and the rest, and stopped right above them, alone against that hand. He lifted his right hand, clenched his fist, and rammed it against the gigantic hand pressing downwards.

"Senior Tie Mu!"

"It's senior Tie Mu!"

Cries filled with cheer spread out from the crowd. That old man was the person who had been injured during the previous battle and had been in a coma since then because he could not heal properly - Tie Mu!

When such a crisis fell upon the entire valley, he woke up, and without care for himself, he attacked. The instant his fist came into contact with that gigantic palm, Tie Mu coughed out a large mouthful of blood. Blood mist burst forth from his entire body, and like a kite with a broken thread, he was sent tumbling back.

"Is this the most powerful force from the outsiders in this place? So weak, you cannot even put up a fight... All of you outsiders, die!"

An indifferent voice traveled forth from the sky, and the Sacred

Bats started floating in the air all around the valley, their faces filled with only scorn. The dozen something Violet Thread Sacred Bats mostly laughed coldly as they looked at the scene beneath them.

The person who said those words was the Golden Thread Sacred Bat that had brought forth that gigantic palm from the highest point in the sky.

Nan Gong Hen sank into despair. He immediately went up to support Tie Mu. Tie Mu's face was already bloodless and his eyes were shut tight. He was injured heavily to begin with, and after forcing himself to attack, he was injured badly once again. At that moment, his life was in peril.

The gigantic hand rushed towards them with loud, booming sounds. Right when it was about to touch Nan Gong Hen and the others, Nan Gong Hen let out a roar, and all the Shamans retreated into the screen of light. Then, right before their eyes, they watched that palm crash into the screen of light. A huge rumble that shook the sky and earth reverberated in the air, and the screen of light exploded, turning into numerous shards that scattered in all directions.

At that moment, the entire valley no longer had any form of protection!

After the gigantic hand shattered the screen of light, it did not disappear. Instead, it pressed down against all the Shamans in the valley in a manner that screamed with the intention of destroying everything!

The mountain crumbled. A large amount of shattered stones fell down and turned into dust. Because the ground could not withstand the power of that strike, cracks formed, as if the land was about to shatter.

There were no corpses within the Rune in the valley, only layers upon layers of ashes. During that moment just now, all the people

crumbled into ashes as the Rune disintegrated.

As the stones shattered and fell from the mountains, the children hugged their mothers in fear within the trembling cave abodes. They closed their eyes and waited for death to take them.

Nan Gong Hen laughed brokenly, then lifted his head to look at the hand, and despair appeared on his face.

"There, that is our future... So be it, let us all die..."

Right at that moment, the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's indifferent voice was still echoing all around the area, and the disdain in his words was as plain as day.

"... All outsiders, die!"

Yet right at the instant the gigantic palm was less than three hundred feet away from Nan Gong Hen and the others, at the point where all of them fell into despair—

A similarly aloof voice traveled forth like a thunderclap between the sky and earth, with a force that overwhelmed that of the Golden Thread Sacred Bat!

"I..." That was the first word from that voice. As that word traveled forth, all the Sacred Bats in the sky felt a violent gust of wind charging towards them from the distance. The strength of that wind was like a furious roar of heaven itself, and it actually managed to push them back against their will.

"Am..." This was the second word. When that first word traveled forth, it gave the others the impression that it was still far away, but when the second word reached them, they had a feeling as if the word was said right beside their ears. It was like a huge clap of thunder roaring in the sky, causing all the Sacred Bats who heard it to feel booming sounds going off in their heads and souls.

With an indescribable speed, a flash of golden light appeared within the valley, and right under that gigantic palm, that golden light turned into a person. His face could not be seen clearly, the

only thing in sight being him lifting his right hand and stretching out a finger. Then, seemingly casually, he tapped at the center of that gigantic palm.

"Also..." This was the third word. It was calm, but it gave others the impression that it held some sort of universal law within that replaced all the sounds in the area!

That person was incredibly tiny compared to the palm, but the instant his finger touched that gigantic hand, an astonishing boom reverberated violently in the air and spread in several hundreds of lis. A huge wave of impact also spread out in all directions as the boom echoed in the air, and it traveled forth like a violent gust of wind, like raging waves sweeping through the sea.

As the booming sound echoed in the air, the gigantic hand trembled and started cracking up inch by inch, exploding eventually, turning into a wave of impact that was sent charging backwards into the sky.

"... An outsider!" The two final words in the sentence were uttered slowly as that hand crumbled apart and was sent reeling backwards.

At that moment, as violent gusts of wind blew around the area with furious howls, the figure stood in midair. His long hair danced in the wind and his robes were as white as snow. He was a handsome man, and there was a diamond-shaped brand at the center of his brows. On his shoulders was a small snake who had its head lifted and was hissing with its forked tongue out of its mouth at that moment. The man stood there, and he seized everyone's attention onto himself!

His gaze was profound, as if it contained all of heaven. Waves of golden light spread from all over his body, causing him to look as if he was wearing a layer of golden armor!

Apart from that profound gaze, there was also a look within his eyes that would strike fear in other people's hearts, and all the

Sacred Bats who came into contact with that gaze felt booming sounds going off in their minds. It was as if with just one glance into his eyes, their bodies would disintegrate.

This was a form strength, a strength that surpassed all forms of power in this place!

Chapter 485: Mo Su!

This was a form of might. A might that could cause the palm from before to fall apart with just one finger, could make this entire massacre freeze right in its place with just one sentence, could strike all these Sacred Bats dumb with shock!

"I am also an outsider." Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the Sacred Bats in the sky, as well as the Golden Thread Sacred Bat whose expression had changed drastically as he stood at the highest point in the sky.

The blood and massacres in this place made Su Ming's expression turn dark. If he came a little later, then perhaps there would be no survivors in this place. If that truly happened, then he would need to think of some other way to obtain the answers he wanted.

Besides... Even though the people who died were Shamans, these Shamans looked too much like Berserkers. Their cultivation methods and skills might be different, but they were still people. These things in the sky, however, had wings of a bat growing off their backs and were obviously some other race that belonged to this place.

They looked incredibly strange, but to Su Ming, they felt somewhat similar to Wings of the Moon.

As the Sacred Bats' expressions changed swiftly, Su Ming let loose a cold harrumph and took a step towards the sky. The Golden Thread Sacred Bat in the sky cried out shrilly right at that moment.

As he roared, expressions of madness and ferociousness appeared on the faces of the other Sacred Bats around it. They rushed straight towards Su Ming, and those dozen something Violet Thread Sacred Bats were the ones leading the charge.

Su Ming's expression remained as dark as ever. Golden light

shone on his entire body, and he did not even bother executing any sort of divine ability. Instead, he lifted his right hand, clenched it, and hurled his fist straight ahead!

As of then, a sixth of his bones had turned into Berserker Bones, and Su Ming only had a rough estimation of his power. He had yet to have any sort of comparison for him to arrive at a specific idea of how strong he was at the moment. That was why these Sacred Bats had turned into a great way for him to gauge his strength in his eyes.

The punch landed on thin air, and a loud rumble instantly rang through the entire world. The golden light on Su Ming's body abruptly grew brighter, up to a blinding degree. It was as if he had turned into the sun. At the instant he hurled his fist forward, a crack appeared in the air before turning into a huge black vortex. That vortex rushed forward, and all the Sacred Bats who came into contact with that vortex would cry out shrilly as their bodies were sucked in, and as they screamed, they were grounded to powder and disintegrated into nothing.

Su Ming took a step forward. The instant his foot landed, the world shook, and a crack appeared in the air, as if it could not withstand the might of that one step. As that crack spread outwards with a huge rumble, the dozen something Violet Thread Sacred Bats closed in on him.

Su Ming did not dodge. With his right index finger, he sliced through the air before him. One of the Violet Thread Sacred Bats roared and pushed down on his finger with his right hand, thinking of using its powerful, raw physical strength to resist that attack. Then, with his left hand shaped in the form of a claw, he swiped against Su Ming's chest.

He was already prepared to have half his body fall apart. In his mind, even if half of his body was destroyed, it would not matter as long as he got to injure this person. However, he did not expect to feel an indescribable power erupting from his right hand at the

instant it came into contact with Su Ming's finger. In the span of a breath, he lost his consciousness and fell into eternal slumber.

In other people's eyes, that Violet Thread Sacred Bat's body exploded when Su Ming pointed at him, turning into a large amount of bits and pieces that tumbled backwards, as if the power contained within Su Ming's finger could destroy the sky and earth.

He killed a Violet Thread Sacred Bat with just one finger. This did not happen over a long span of time and was over in an instant, and it was so quick that it made the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's pupils shrink. This brought out a loud cheer from the Shamans underneath when they saw it.

However, right at the moment that cheer shot into the air, it immediately died down, because the Shamans underneath saw the other Violet Thread Sacred Bats closing in on that golden figure. All of them struck at the same time, and all their attacks landed squarely on that golden figure.

Su Ming did not dodge and simply allowed the Violet Thread Sacred Bats' attacks to land on him. Those Violet Thread Sacred Bats all looked incredibly ferocious, and crazed murderous intent could be seen on their faces, but all of them froze in an instant.

"Too weak."

Su Ming shook his head. As of then, his body had already become so powerful that he could barely feel these attacks. The only effect was that his Qi churned, slightly. He took a deep breath, and all the power from his Berserker Bones burst outwards. This was his power in the Bone Sacrifice Realm, and it was also the strongest power he held within his physical body at the moment!

At the instant that power erupted forth, the golden light from within Su Ming covered an area of one thousand feet. Booming sounds and cries of pain filled the air, and the Violet Thread Sacred Bats who attacked Su Ming just now coughed out fresh blood before they fell backwards. Their bodies started crumbling.

As calm as ever, Su Ming lifted his right hand and seized at the air. Immediately, one of those Violet Thread Sacred Bats who was falling backwards rushed towards Su Ming against his will. Su Ming grabbed his throat, squeezed it lightly, and with a bang coming forth from the bat's entire body, that Sacred Bat immediately fell to the side and died.

"So weak. You cannot even put up a fight."

Su Ming let go of his hand, and as that Violet Thread Sacred Bat's body fell to the ground, he lifted his head, with a face as dark as night, to look at the Golden Thread Sacred Bat standing at the highest point in the sky. His words right at that moment were the exact same ones as the words delivered by the Golden Thread Sacred Bat to Fated Kin earlier. He was simply returning them right back to that creature.

The hundreds of Sacred Bats who originally wanted to charge forth all moved back with shock and intense horror on their faces. Not a single one of them dared move even half a step forward.

"Who are you?!" the Golden Thread Sacred Bat demanded darkly.

Su Ming might be looking at him with his head lifted as he stood underneath, but it made the Golden Thread Sacred Bat feel as if Su Ming was looking down on him. It made him feel shocked to the core, because the other's appearance and that astonishing presence he exuded, as well as the swift kills he delivered made the Golden Thread Shaman Bat feel as if he was about to suffocate.

One of the reasons why he brought so many of his kind to the valley where the Shamans' stayed this time was because they wanted to occupy the altar.

However, they could have occupied that altar anytime they wanted. It could have been earlier, or later, but since this spot was the intersecting point between the three races and they made a promise with the Spirits of Nine Yin in the past, they had to let a handful of the Shamans survive.

That was why the Shamans could remain till this day. If no accidents had happened, the Shamans would have continued weakening. They would not be eradicated within a short period of time, but they would slowly be enslaved and turned into prey.

There was a very great reason as to why he chose to come at this point of time.

This reason was due to the disappearance of the tenth moon.

At the same moment the tenth moon disappeared, the only four Golden Thread Sacred Bats among their entire race felt their sacred ancestor's call simultaneously.

His will was clearly delivered within that call, and it was a desire for an offering made of the blood and soul of outsiders!

Perhaps that desire was aimed towards one person, perhaps it was aimed towards an entire race. The instructions were rather unclear, but it was the reason behind the massacre just now.

All the souls of those who died just now had been secretly taken away by the Sacred Bats, and it was the same for the blood and flesh they spilled as well.

However, with Su Ming's appearance and the sudden change in this entire massacre, the Golden Thread Sacred Bat could not help but experience a drastic change in his expression. He had a vague feeling that perhaps his sacred ancestor did not want all the outsiders as an offering, just an incredibly powerful warrior from among them!

With a composed expression, Su Ming no longer bothered himself with that Golden Thread Sacred Bat, but instead turned around and looked at the hundreds of Shamans who were staring at him blankly. His gaze swept past all these people and eventually landed on Nan Gong Hen.

All the eyes of the Shamans who met his gaze were filled with feverish zeal. They lowered their heads in respect. They might not

know why Su Ming came to them, but his appearance had saved them from danger. They were filled with gratitude towards him for attacking those Sacred Bats.

Nan Gong Hen was the same. The moment Su Ming looked towards him, he immediately wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed respectfully towards him.

"I am Nan Gong, member of Fated Kin. Greetings, senior. Thank you for saving my people from danger."

"Fated Kin? Brother Nan Gong, it's been a long while. Who would have thought it would feel as if so much had happened when we meet again after so many years?" Su Ming said languidly, feeling rather sentimental.

"Senior, you are..." When Nan Gong Hen heard Su Ming's words, he was completely stunned. With wide eyes, he looked at Su Ming closely. Gradually, the confusion on his face was replaced by doubt, then that doubt turned into uncertainty, and eventually, his expression changed completely into one of disbelief.

"Mo Su... You... You're Mo Su!" Nan Gong Hen was completely baffled. A huge storm raged in his heart, and he cried out in disbelief.

When he saw Su Ming in the past, he had been wearing a mask. Now, there was no mask on Su Ming's face and he was showing how he really looked like to the world, but Su Ming's voice, his words, and everything else was like a bolt of lightning flashing in Nan Gong Hen's head.

"I should have guessed. When you left the treasure gambling event with the two children in the past, you should have gone to the Candle Dragon's burial ground. You disappeared after that, and the tenth moon appeared in the sky..." Nan Gong Hen's head buzzed noisily as he mumbled under his breath.

"Mo Su? He's Mo Su?! I remember that name. I was there during

the treasure gambling event as well, and I still can't forget those miraculous scenes that happened during that time!

"But he... How did he become so strong?!"

"I remember now. This person actually managed to keep up with senior Tie Mu's attacks in the past, and he was just a Medial Shaman at that time. Now... Now, he became so strong..."

A commotion rose among the hundreds of Shamans. Su Ming's appearance and his identity caused them to sink into disbelief. It was difficult to associate the figure in the past with the person before them right then.

Su Ming smiled faintly. When he saw Nan Gong Hen, he was moved deeply, but at the same time, he also learned that time did indeed pass differently in the Undying and Imperishable World compared to the world outside. Not much time should have gone by since then.

Or else, those thousands of years that had seemed like a dream would have caused the outside world to change greatly, and Nan Gong Hen would have also been reduced to a skeleton a long time ago.

"Mo Su! Very well. We won't let what happened today end so easily. We'll meet again in the future!" The Golden Thread Sacred Bat gritted his teeth, and flapping his wings, he charged into the distance.

"Let's go!" As he spoke, all the Sacred Bats around breathed a sigh of relief in their hearts. Coming face-to-face with the terror of Su Ming's might had left them trembling with fear. They flapped their wings rapidly, but just as they were about to leave the place...

"Are you leaving just like that?" Su Ming turned around and glared coldly at the Sacred Bats who were just about to leave.

Translator's Notes:

Wings of the Moon: The creatures serving Su Ming after he

started practicing Fire Berserker Arts. They later on fused with He Feng, who turned traitor and ran away.

Chapter 486: Fiend Bow!

"What now?! Are you actually not letting us go?!" The Golden Thread Sacred Bat turned around swiftly and glared at Su Ming from midair. His voice was ghastly and held a slightly sharp edge.

"This is the World of Nine Sanctities, and we Sacred Bats are one of the sacred races. You Shamans only number to hundreds, do you really want to be destroyed! And you, even if you have extraordinary power, you've already offended us, so you will definitely die!" The Golden Thread Sacred Bat's voice was dark, but Su Ming could tell with just one glance that he was just putting up a tough act.

As that Golden Thread Sacred Bat spoke with that piercing voice, the other Sacred Bats around him put on ferocious looks once again. Red filled their eyes as they glared at Su Ming. They might be afraid, but at that moment, they had to put up such an appearance.

"Senior... Senior Mo, just let them go..." Nan Gong Hen hesitated for a moment before he whispered to Su Ming.

Su Ming cast a look at Nan Gong Hen. Since the people here did not want to engage in more fights, then as an outsider, it was only natural that he did not meddle too much. Once he asked about the things he wanted to know, then Su Ming would set off to do what he wanted to do. He would not stay here for long.

"At least you Shamans know your place!" The Golden Thread Sacred Bat let out a sigh of relief within, but he still let out a cold harrumph while appearing as fierce as ever. He was certain that these Shamans would not dare provoke them too much, but he was incredibly worried about this Mo Su who was extremely terrifying in his eyes. He was just about to leave swiftly...

But right at that moment, the originally unconscious Tie Mu struggled to open his eyes. Supported by his tribesmen, he spoke to

Su Ming hoarsely.

"Don't let them go! How can we let them go when they've killed so many of our people! If it wasn't because of your presence here, we would have been wiped off! Our entire race would have died... They have brought too much grief and resentment to us! We have to take revenge!"

"But..." Nan Gong Hen hesitated for a moment.

"But what?! If we let them go, will they be grateful to us? Are they going to stop coming after our lives?! Are they going to stop hunting us as if we're prey?! Nan Gong Hen, you imbecile!"

"Brother Mo, I beg of you, please attack them. Don't let a single one of these Sacred Bats leave! Kill every single one of them!"

Tie Mu struggled to move his mouth. In his agitation and rage, he coughed out a large mouthful of blood, only managing to not fall unconscious again after clenching his jaw tightly. His ragged breathing turned his originally old face even older, and he now looked like an oil lamp that might extinguish at any moment.

"As long as you help us, then we will listen and fulfill all your requests. We will even acknowledge you as our master!"

A faint, red flush had appeared on Tie Mu's face, and it was clearly the sign that this was the last ounce of his strength, just like the last burst of light from an oil lamp that was about to go off.

The Golden Thread Sacred Bat's expression changed drastically in the sky, and without even a hint of hesitation, he quickly ran off, not even bothering with the kinsmen around him.

"As you wish, but you don't have to acknowledge me as your master."

Su Ming cast a glance at Tie Mu. The things that happened between him and this old man appeared in his head. These memories were originally rather clouded, but as of then, they were gradually getting clearer.

This old man was already at the last vestiges of his life and would not be able to last long. Even if they had a miracle cure with them right at that moment, it would still be difficult for them to preserve his life, unless he could be like Su Ming and obtained a serendipity given by the Candle Dragon.

Su Ming sighed, then averted his gaze to look at the valley around him. He lifted his right hand and seized at the air, and immediately, one of the Fiend Bows flew out from the hands of the Battle Shaman standing outside his cave abode. Su Ming caught it in his hands.

With the black Fiend Bow in his hands, he took a step in midair. When he was in the sky, he looked at the hundreds of Sacred Bats scattering and fleeing. His gaze gradually turned cold, and with his left hand holding the bow, he lifted his right hand to pull the bowstring. With a hum, the Fiend Bow that could only be used by Battle Shamans was fully drawn.

As the bow was drawn, wisps of golden light spread out from Su Ming's body and gathered into a golden arrow. The instant Su Ming's right hand released the bowstring, golden light shot out and stirred up a wave of ripples that shook the sky. The arrow charged into the distance as if slicing through the entire sky. With a loud bang, the arrow shot through several Sacred Bats, and they died, shattered.

Su Ming did not stop. He drew the Fiend Bow once again, and immediately the attention of all those around him, especially the Battle Shamans, filled with feverish zeal as they looked at him.

After all, Battle Shamans could only draw these Fiend Bows once, and if they wanted to draw that bow twice within a short span of time, they would have to pay a devastating price.

However, Su Ming was drawing that bow twice in a row, and there was not a single pause during the entire process. From this alone, it was clear that the strength of his physical body had

already surpassed the Battle Shamans here by several fold.

The second arrow, the third, the fourth, the fifth...

Su Ming stood in the sky and continued drawing that bowstring, doing it so quickly that eventually, he was practically already drawing the bow right after letting go of the bowstring. Buzzing sounds sliced through the air, and booming sounds filled the sky and earth. A large amount of ripples charged through the sky.

Each arrow that was fired would stir up a loud bang, and several Sacred Bats would die as they screamed in pain. It did not matter how quickly they escaped and how far they were from Su Ming at that moment. The arrows would rush towards them to take their lives, to destroy them one by one with a presence that shook the skies.

In the span of thirty breaths, Su Ming fired around ninety arrows, causing the sky to distort and those booming sounds that lingered in the air to overlap with each and create a sound so loud it was deafening. It also made the Sacred Bats who had already escaped far in the distance feel their hearts quake in fear; they looked as if they were scared out of their wits. To them, the span of these thirty breaths was akin to hell, and one where they had turned into prey!

Every single time the sharp whistle came from behind them, one of their kind would die while screaming shrilly, and every single time the buzzing sounds echoed in the air, there would be a high chance that it would be the last sound they would ever hear in their lives.

This extreme terror was enough to make anyone's soul and mind completely shatter. In the span of thirty breaths, the bats' numbers were reduced to less than twenty from their initial hundreds, and they had all been fleeing!

This terror made the remaining Sacred Bats let out piercing shrieks of fear as they trembled. Then, in their desperation, they

started fleeing madly with the fastest speed they could muster.

When Su Ming drew the Fiend Bow once again, it snapped in two with a bang. Su Ming's continual usage had actually become too much for it and it shattered!

The Shamans who were looking at Su Ming all had their mouths hanging open in shock. They knew very clearly just how powerful the Fiend Bows were, and the more they knew, the more shocked they were by what they saw.

It was especially so for the Battle Shamans. They were struck completely dumb, because they simply could not imagine just what sort of power a person would need to make a Fiend Bow shatter from inability to withstand continuously being drawn.

Su Ming tossed away the broken Fiend Bow and took a step forward. With that one step alone, he disappeared. This sort of disappearance was not because he was traveling so quickly that people could not see his movements clearly, he had truly disappeared. This was... warping!

The instant Su Ming disappeared, he reappeared in the distance, right before one of the Sacred Bats. That Sacred Bat had not even noticed the arrival. In fact, before Su Ming's reflection could enter his pupils, Su Ming had already left.

The moment he left, the Sacred Bat charged another several dozens of feet forward before he opened his mouth, and as confusion appeared in his eyes, a bloody hole emerged at the center of his brows, and he plummeted straight down to the ground.

The same scene happened in succession in the sky. Most of the Sacred Bats spread in the area met the same fate. Before they even noticed it, their lives had already been taken away.

One of the Violet Thread Sacred Bats had actually managed to detect Su Ming appearing before him, but he could not dodge his aloof tap of a finger at the center of his brows.

To that Violet Thread Sacred Bat, that finger felt as if it was the law of the universe. When it appeared, it gave the Sacred Bat a feeling as if he could not escape his fate. Then his vision darkened and his head exploded with a bang.

Su Ming pulled his finger back. This particular jab did not have a name. It was a killing move that he had polished after going through countless incarnations and an endless amount of years in the Undying and Imperishable World.

That jab contained the fusions contained within the Undying and Imperishable World. It might not be Su Ming's fusion between the past and future, but the concept of binary opposites was still contained within it!

At that moment, there were only two Sacred Bats who were fleeing madly in the world. One of them was the Golden Thread Sacred Bat. The other was a Violet Thread Sacred Bat that had cast some sort of mysterious Art, allowing his speed as he fled to be almost on par with the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's despite the fact that he was injured.

These two people people were fleeing in two different directions, and they were incredibly far from each other. When Su Ming looked over, only two small dots remained of them, and they were becoming increasingly indistinct.

With a calm expression, Su Ming lowered his head and looked at the small snake which had its head lifted on his shoulders. When a finger pointed at the Violet Thread Sacred Bat in the distance, the small snake immediately shout out like lightning from Su Ming's shoulders with a hiss, charging straight towards that unfortunate creature.

As for Su Ming, he stared at that Golden Thread Sacred Bat with a hint of curiosity in his eyes. In truth, even if Tie Mu had not woken up and even if Nan Gong Hen had suggested that he did not completely kill these Sacred Bats, Su Ming would have still

followed them in secret.

‘These Sacred Bats look incredibly similar to the Wings of the Moon... Could it be that there is some form of connection between them? I also saw that dead person mentioning the third God of Berserkers when I was in the Candle Dragon’s body... The Wings of the Moon were transformed from Fire Berserkers, and in my memories, the Fire Berserkers were destroyed by the God of Berserkers.

‘I wonder if there is some sort of connection here.’ A glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes, and he disappeared from the spot.

The Golden Thread Sacred Bat’s face remained as dark as thunderclouds in the sky, and there was fear as well as wariness in his eyes. He could sense that all his kinsmen had died. Once again, he was struck by a strong sensation of how terrifying this Mo Su was.

‘Damn it, why did I run into such a terrifying existence? His physical strength alone can allow him to endure the brunt of a dozen something attacks from Violet Threads. This sort of power has already far surpassed what I can withstand!

‘Even the Chief Elder would have difficulty doing this! Just what sort of skills did he practice? How did he actually manage to do this?!

‘His name is Mo Su. Judging from the Shamans’ reactions, they are incredibly familiar with this person, and most of them were shocked. If that is the case, then this person wasn’t this powerful in their memories. Just what sort of serendipity did he receive in the World of Nine Sanctities that turned him into such a terrifying existence?!

‘The tenth moon... Could it be?’

The Golden Thread Sacred Bat sucked in a sharp breath when he thought of a possibility. In his mind, the memory of a crack

appearing in the tenth moon in the sky a month ago surfaced in his mind, and he remembered just how that crack looked - as if there was someone who was trying to rip it apart from within.

When the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's thought of that, his expression changed drastically.

Chapter 487: Worshiping the Moon?

'Could it be that he's the reason behind the Candle Dragon bringing out the Undying and Imperishable World and causing the tenth moon to appear?! That small snake on his shoulders is light red in color and there is a crack at the center of its brows. When it looked at me, I felt my skin crawl, could it be... Could it be that it's?'

The Golden Thread Sacred Bat's breathing quickened. Cold sweat broke out on his forehead, and he fled even faster.

'Could it be that the Candle Dragon has resurrected?!'

The Golden Thread Sacred Bat's teeth chattered. Right at the moment that thought that caused fear to crawl down his spine appeared in his head, a powerful roar came from the distance. It was a sound that made him feel such extreme fear that he felt as if his soul was about to leave his body.

That roar was one that could steal other people's souls. It made him instinctively turn his head back to look, and the instant he saw the direction from which that roar came from, his face immediately turned pale, and not a single hint of blood could be seen on his face.

He saw a gigantic shadow in the sky in the distance, and that shadow belonged to a Candle Dragon. It had its mouth opened wide, and as it roared, it looked as if it was devouring something.

That shadow might be barely perceptible, but there was no way he would be wrong about this. He knew that one of his kinsmen was fleeing in that direction, and when he saw the Candle Dragon's shadow, he knew that his kinsman was most likely dead.

With fear still lingering in his heart, the Golden Thread Sacred Bat gritted his teeth and was just about to turn around and charge forward in a mad dash without a care for anything else, but right

when he turned his body, he froze. A feeling as if a chill had run through his entire body rose within him, because at some unknown point of time, a person had appeared right before him, and he was staring at him coldly!

That person appeared calm, and his gaze was aloof, as if he was looking at a dead thing. He stood there silently, causing the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's face to change drastically. Just as he was about to retreat, Su Ming took a step forward, lifted his right hand, and tapped the center of the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's brows.

"Don't you dare!"

The Golden Thread Sacred Bat let out a sharp screech and his wings came forward diagonally to form a shield before him. Right at that instant, he began forming a seal quickly with his hands and pushed forward swiftly. Waves of ripples instantly appeared. As the ripples spread out, they looked like a ferocious face of an evil spirit that was moving forward to devour whatever was in its path.

At the same time, he bit the tip of his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of golden blood. That blood turned into a golden bat, and with a piercing screech, it charged forward.

But it had not ended. Once he finished doing these things, the Golden Thread Sacred Bat seized the air with his right hand. Immediately, a spherical-shaped, golden scimitar appeared in his hand. With a swing of the scimitar, a ray of golden light shot up and charged towards Su Ming.

In his haste, the Golden Thread Sacred Bat could only execute these moves. However, to be able to cast these divine abilities in such a short amount of time was proof of just how powerful he was.

Su Ming's tap had stirred a sound that sliced through the air and sounded as if the earth and heaven were about to shatter. His finger touched the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's wings, which were acting as his shield, and a loud banging sound spread out. Blood

instantly covered the entirety of his wings and the sound of bones being broken traveled forth. If the Golden Thread Sacred Bat had not immediately spread his wings outwards, they would have fallen apart straight away, reduced to pieces of flesh and blood.

Su Ming's finger did not stop moving even after the Sacred Bat spread his wings outwards. He tapped on the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's second layer of defense, and rumbling sounds emerged from the malicious ghost face formed from the ripples. When these ripples completely disappeared, the golden bat that was formed from the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's blood let out a piercing screech and rushed towards Su Ming's finger.

Before the lingering rumbling sounds in the air disappeared, new booming sounds rang out. Under the might of that one jab, the golden bat exploded with a screech. However, the speed on that one jab had been greatly reduced.

As the golden bat disappeared, the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's golden scimitar in the shape of a full moon appeared right before Su Ming's finger. Both of them clashed at that instant. A loud crash that shook the skies rang out, and blood flowed out of the corners of the Sacred Bat's mouth as he was sent rapidly tumbling backwards.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He stood in midair and did not move back even an inch. However, he did not pull back his finger. That one jab had no name. After millions of evolutions, it was completed in the Undying and Imperishable World. Ever since Su Ming walked out, no one had actually managed to survive that one jab of his.

As of then, this Golden Thread Sacred Bat was the first!

The Golden Thread Sacred Bat's face was pale and filled with terror. As he fell back, he could not help but cough out blood. He might not have died, but he was absolutely terrified of that one jab. He might have reduced a large portion of its power with his

multiple layers of protection, but its remaining power still caused his Qi to churn in his body, and he lost a large portion of his life force.

'What is that divine ability?!

As the Golden Thread Sacred Bat retreated, he knew that his life was on the line and that it was impossible for him to escape, which was why he decided to just plunge himself into madness.

"How dare you injure me?! I am a Golden Thread Sacred Bat. I am the messenger of our sacred ancestor's will. If you kill me, then it means that you are declaring war on all Sacred Bats. This is a consequence you cannot bear!"

The Golden Thread Sacred Bat roared, and as he roared, red filled his eyes. He was afraid, extremely afraid. Su Ming's power gave him a feeling that he could not even hope to stand up to him.

As composed as ever, Su Ming took a step forward and lifted his right hand. After testing the strength of his physical body, he wanted to see the power of his divine abilities.

He clenched his right hand into a fist, and when he moved forward, he hurled it straight towards the sky.

This punch was for the Wind Propelling stage. A large, violent gust of wind stirred up and charged straight towards the sky. The sky rumbled, and the clouds dispersed right away, turning into a gigantic vortex that continuously spun in the sky.

"Wind Fusion!" Su Ming said calmly.

With his right fist still lifted in the air, he unfurled his hand, then seized the air in the direction of the sky. Immediately, the vortex in the sky grew several times its original size. Once it filled up half of the sky, it charged towards Su Ming's right hand like a whirlwind. At that moment, wind and thunder billowed in the sky. Su Ming stood in midair, and his right hand seemed to be holding the reigns for the sky, seemed to be controlling all the wind within

that vortex!

"Sun Genesis!"

The instant Su Ming uttered these two words, he flung his right hand before himself. Immediately, the wind in the vortex that had been in his control charged towards the Golden Thread Sacred Bat with a mighty momentum.

From the distance, this was a picture that could strike fear and shock in people's hearts. In that picture, Su Ming's hair danced in the air while he looked incredibly calm, and that scar under his eyes gave him a strange charm.

On the other hand, the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's face was laden with terror. His eyes were crimson red, and his actions became even more crazed!

Between the both of them was a whirlwind that connected heaven and earth. That whirlwind was sweeping in all directions at that moment, and as it howled, it charged straight towards the Golden Thread Sacred Bat as if it wanted to drown it within.

In his madness, the Golden Thread Sacred Bat found that the shadow of death looming over him was becoming greater. He could not accept just dying here like this. As he struggled, he lifted his head and roared, then lifted both his hands, and after forming a strange seal before himself, he slammed his hands on his body. Immediately, he began trembling, and all his feathers began falling off. Once the golden feathers fell off, they turned into rays of golden light that stirred up a sharp whistle as they charged towards that whirlwind.

Once he was done, that Golden Thread Sacred Bat bit the tip of his tongue once again and coughed up a huge mouthful of blood. Right after that, his upper body bent downwards so that his back was pointed towards the sky. He lifted his forehead and veins popped up on his face. He looked quite ferocious as he let out a hoarse cry.

"Sacred Bats mountain bearing Art, Eternal Autumn Rain. Come forth, our origin stone monument!" As he roared, a gigantic stone monument manifested out of thin air!

That stone monument was incredibly big and was one thousand feet in size. There were multiple complicated words carved on its surface. Once it appeared, it pressed down swiftly on the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's back, making it seem as if he was carrying the stone monument!

A vast and mighty power started spreading out of the stone monument, and to resist that incoming whirlwind formed by Sun Genesis, it started slanting downwards in the direction of where the whirlwind was charging forth!

Both sides crashed into each other instantaneously. Su Ming's wind formed through Sun Genesis came first into contact with the light formed by the endless golden feathers. Loud booming sounds shot into the sky, and those feathers completely shattered. The whirlwind swept them aside, and without stopping even for a moment, it crashed into the stone monument that was formed by the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's divine ability.

Booming sounds swept through the entire world. Those sounds entered the Shamans' valley, causing all the Shamans to look at the sky with trembling hearts. Those sounds then traveled further away.

The stone monument started cracking inch by inch and eventually completely shattered, but similarly, a large portion of Su Ming's wind dissipated as that stone monument crumbled. However, that gust of wind still had power lingering within it, and it swept through the land to charge straight towards the Golden Thread Sacred Bat.

The Sacred Bat coughed out blood once again, and his body instantly shriveled up. Despair appeared in his eyes, along with a madness that screamed of ending his own life. He no longer

dodged, but instead knelt down on one knee and let out the strongest howl he could muster towards the sky.

"Moon progenitor! The sacred ancestor we Sacred Bats have worshiped since ancient times! With my body of a Golden Thread Sacred Bat, I ask to borrow your power to worship the moon, and allow me to bow to you three times to perform the burning of my blood!"

As the Golden Thread Sacred Bat roared, he kowtowed once towards the nine moons in the sky.

When he kowtowed towards the moons, Su Ming's heart shuddered, because he could clearly feel that the ninth moon among the nine moons in the sky had grown slightly larger!

"With this one bow, please borrow me the power to call forth a sea of fire that would surge into the skies and burn everything!"

The Golden Thread Sacred Bat looked as if his body could no longer endure it after kowtowing once towards the moons. From within his body, a blast of violet flames could be seen erupting forth; from his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. In an instant, that fire filled the entire area, turning into a sea that surged into the skies. If anyone looked up towards the sky from the ground, they would be able to clearly see that the sea of fire looked like a person's hand!

The hand formed by the sea of fire lifted itself, and as if it contained some sort of will on its own, it pressed down on Su Ming!

'I knew it. They are indeed related to the Wings of the Moon and to the Fire Berserkers! The Fire Berserkers' burning of blood and the Art of worshiping the blood moon nine times has truly appeared here, but... something is slightly different!'

A sharp look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He already had his suspicions when he saw the Sacred Bats, but now, when he saw this scene right before his eyes, he became certain of his own

guesses.

'Art of worshiping the moon, the Fire Berserkers' Art... Moon progenitor?'

A cold sneer appeared on Su Ming's lips. He retained his composure even in the face of that incoming hand made from the sea of fire. Fire Berserker? He, Su Ming, was the Fire Berserker!

He lifted his right hand, bit his finger, and pressed it against his left pupil!

Chapter 488: Eternal Li Mountain![1]

The instant Su Ming pressed his finger on his left pupil, the world in his left eye turned red, and when his finger swiped past his entire right eye as well, his entire world was dyed in a bloody, red glow.

As brilliant as blood, and burning as if it was engulfed in flames!

The instant Su Ming executed the burning of blood, powerful flames burst forth from his body. These flames did not have the imposing presence of the gigantic hand formed from the sea of flames, but when it surrounded his entire body, it caused his hair to dance in the wind. As he stood there and lifted his head to look at the sea of fire, he gave off a feeling of a man of great fortitude who could retain his composure even in the face of the sky and earth shattering.

"I am the scion of the Fire Berserkers. If you're talking about the Art of worshiping the moon, I know it as well!" Su Ming stood in midair and lifted his hands. He wrapped his fist in his palm, then bowed swiftly towards the ninth moon in the sky.

When he bowed, the ninth moon in the sky started distorting, and a shadow that seemed to be overlapping with the moon appeared right beside it!

The hand formed from the sea of fire charging towards Su Ming shuddered, as if it could not withstand the act of Su Ming bowing towards the moon, and started showing signs of extinguishing.

The Golden Thread Sacred Bat's mouth was hung open in shock where he stood not too far into the distance. A bang went off in his head, and a look of pure, disbelief-filled shock appeared on his face. He already knew just how powerful Su Ming was, and by right, no matter what sort of divine ability Su Ming executed to fight against the sea of fire, the bat's expressions wouldn't be changing as they were doing now. However, he absolutely did not

expect that Su Ming would be using the exact same Art of worshiping the moon to fight against the sea of fire!

This was something that had never crossed his mind and practically overturned all his thoughts and beliefs. This Art of worshiping the moon was handed down by masters to their direct disciples among the Sacred Bats, and only the Golden Thread Sacred Bats could master it. It was practically impossible for outsiders to obtain it.

This was the Art given to them personally by the moon progenitor they worshiped. It was the sacred Art that belonged to the Sacred Bats!

Yet right at that moment, he saw Su Ming casting that Art right before his eyes, and in fact, when he cast it, the Golden Thread Sacred Bat even had the feeling that Su Ming's version of the Art of worshiping the moon was even more authentic than his!

After all, if he wanted to cast this Art, he needed to borrow power from the moon progenitor; he could not just perform that Art with his own hands. More importantly, he only knew how to worship the moon, he did not know how to perform the burning of blood!

The moon progenitor would only give the Great Elder and their chief leader the method to practice performing the burning of blood. This was the Sacred Bats' strongest Art.

But that was not all. What really made the Golden Thread Sacred Bat feel as if his will was about to break was the presence and aura that spread from Su Ming's body when he performed the burning of blood and bowed towards the ninth moon in the sky. The Golden Thread Sacred Bat actually felt as if he had come face to face with sacred ancestor's statue in Eternal Li Mountain. Fear and respect grew in the depths of his heart.

"Who are you?! Just who are you?! Why do you know the Art that is given to us by our moon progenitor?!" the Golden Thread Sacred Bat screamed with a voice that signaled he was near a mental

breakdown. As he did so, he swiftly retreated.

"The Art of worshiping the moon you speak of is a divine ability only given to the direct descendants of Fire Berserkers. Who even are you?"

Su Ming's expression was dark and cold when he took a step forward. He swiftly spread out his divine sense to form a wave of pressure, and with the imposing air brought forth after he performed the burning of blood, he started pressing onward towards the Golden Thread Sacred Bat.

"I am a member of the Sacred Bat..." The Golden Thread Sacred Bat had only just begun uttering his sentence when he was immediately cut off by Su Ming's words.

"I am the direct descendant for the Art of worshiping the moon. I am the only Fire Berserker in the world. How dare you ask me that question?" Su Ming smiled coldly, and his words traveled forth along with that overbearing pressure from his body.

"You Sacred Bats look incredibly similar to the Wings of the Moon. I am the one who is curious as to what sort of connection you have with the Wings of the Moon." Su Ming took a step forward.

"Who is the moon progenitor you speak of? Why does he know this Art?" Su Ming words continued, and he had absolutely no intention to give enough time for that retreating Golden Thread Sacred Bat to think. With the imposing pressure coming from his powerful divine sense, he continued his interrogation as the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's mind was thrown into complete chaos!

"How did you Sacred Bats start worshiping this so called moon progenitor of yours?"

"The Fire Berserker's Art you practice isn't complete, you only know a part of it. Do you know how to perform the burning of blood?"

"You practice the Fire Berserker's Art, but how dare you execute it before me. I won't even be talking about how grossly you overestimated yourself for the moment. Who gave you the authority to launch such a large scale attack?"

After asking several questions in a row, Su Ming's voice suddenly became louder, and with a voice like a clap of thunder, he asked his next question! "Who let you come?!"

That question was like a roar of thunder, and under the continuous barrage of questions and the pressure from his divine sense, it caused the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's will to eventually break.

"The moon progenitor..." He staggered backwards, his head filled with buzzing noises. Su Ming's thunderous question gave him a feeling that he had to answer that question. It was as if some sort of will had descended on his body, and he could not go against that will.

"Where is the moon progenitor?!" Su Ming moved forward once again, and his voice boomed in the air even louder this time.

"Eternal Li Mountain..."

"When did your people start worshipping him?!" Su Ming continued closing in on him, and his voice turned increasingly louder, causing blood to pour out of the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's eyes, nose, mouth, and ears as his mind continued breaking down.

"A very long time ago... I don't know... AH!"

By the end, the Golden Thread Sacred Bat could no longer withstand the pressure and let out a shrill cry of pain. He pressed his hands to his head and moved swiftly backwards while his screams echoed in the air.

His eyes were clouded and blood trickled down the corners of his mouth. Su Ming's voice was reverberating in his head at that moment, and it was becoming louder and clearer with each passing

moment. It was as if that voice was trying to make his mind break down.

Su Ming stopped moving and cast the staggering Sacred Bat a glance. He then retrieved his divine sense and his presence of a Fire Berserker after he performed the burning of blood. He lifted his right hand and flicked his wrist in the direction of that Golden Thread Sacred Bat. With that flick, a gigantic shadow immediately appeared behind the mentally breaking down Golden Thread Sacred Bat, and that shadow belonged to a Candle Dragon!

Su Ming frowned and sank into a moment of pensive silence as he stood in midair.

‘It’s not He Feng... By what this Sacred Bat said, this so called moon progenitor has been worshipped for a very long time. The time doesn’t really match. But I’ll still can’t tell just how much time has passed in the world outside while I was in the Undying and Imperishable World.

‘Eternal Li Mountain...’

As Su Ming was gathering his thoughts, he found that the name seemed somewhat familiar to him, but he just could not remember what part of it rang a bell in his head. While was immersed in his thoughts, he turned around and walked towards the valley housing the Shamans.

Even when he saw the valley where the Shamans stayed in the distance, he still could not remember why that Eternal Li Mountain sounded familiar. However, he was absolutely certain that he had never heard of that mountain before.

When Su Ming returned to the valley, he received a grand welcome. All the remaining Shamans walked out of their cave abodes, and when they saw Su Ming, all of them knelt down on the ground in worship.

"We are all people who have been abandoned, and we identify

ourselves as Fated Kin. Greetings, Sir Mo Su!"

Hundreds of people bowed down to him, and hundreds of voices fused together to form a wave of sound that echoed in the air. Those voices were filled with sincerity and gratitude, along with zealous reverence.

To them, Su Ming's appearance was like a lamp in the dark, like a beacon of hope in the midst of despair.

Su Ming descended slowly from midair and stood right before these people who called themselves Fated Kin. He looked at this group of people, who were mostly just skin and bones, who were all dressed in ragged clothing, then looked into their eyes, which were all shining with excitement and respect.

"Why do you call yourselves Fated Kin?" Su Ming asked calmly.

"We were abandoned by the Shamans. We have no future, no hope, and we decided that we might as well create our own future and control our own hope, just as if we are controlling our own fate. That's why... we call ourselves Fated Kin!" Nan Gong Hen was also kneeling on the ground. At that moment, he lifted his head and spoke firmly.

Su Ming remained silent and swept his gaze past these people once again. He saw a resolve that burned like a flame within those gazes besides the feverish zeal and respect. That resolve was a desire to control their own fate, a desire to become powerful warriors that could decide their own fate so that they could show the Shamans who abandoned them that they... no longer needed anyone to pity and save them. They... were Fated Kin!

There were very few elderly folk among these people. Besides some people who were in the prime of their life, most of this group were young children. These children were born in this place. In their minds, Shamans was just a name. Ever since they were young, they watched their tribesmen die. Even if they were children, their gazes when they looked at Su Ming were similarly

filled with zealous respect and resolve!

This was a race born after being oppressed by fate. This was a race that was completely unrelated to the Shamans, a group of people that possessed a will of their own, a will that even the Shamans did not have!

That will was still relatively weak, but if Fated Kin had enough time to grow stronger and eventually develop themselves, then this race would become an incredibly terrifying existence!

"We are all willing to receive you as our master, respected senior Mo. From now on, we will only listen to your orders!" Nan Gong Hen gritted his teeth. As he spoke, all Fated Kin kneeling behind him said the same words.

"We are willing to receive you as our master, respected senior Mo. We will only listen to your orders!"

Those voices were like waves of sound that raged towards the sky, reverberating in all directions, not disappearing even after a long time had passed.

"If the Fated Kin have a master, then can they still call themselves Fated Kin?" Su Ming remained silent, and only opened his mouth to ask slowly after some time.

"We are willing to worship you as our sacred spirit, respected senior Mo. We are willing to worship your sacred statue for all eternity and throughout all generations!" Nan Gong Hen was momentarily stunned, then right after that, he spoke once again.

"How long has it been since I disappeared?" Su Ming avoided answering to Nan Gong Hen's request and asked what he wanted to know.

"It's been fifteen years since your disappeared, respected senior Mo..." Nan Gong Hen answered in a low tone.

"Shaman City has been reduced to ruins. The landscape within one million li has changed. All of you stayed here, but did the

others leave? Just what happened during these past fifteen years?" Su Ming's gaze was grave as he looked at Nan Gong Hen. This was the goal as to why he came to this valley!

Bitterness appeared on Nan Gong Hen's face. After remaining silent for a moment, he spoke slowly.

"Fifteen years ago, three months after you disappeared..."

When Nan Gong Hen spoke up to that point, suddenly, the small snake on Su Ming's shoulders lifted its head and opened its eyes swiftly. A freezing glare appeared in its eyes and it let out a piercing howl. A fierce and brutal glint appeared in its gaze, and it was looking straight at a cave abode that was sealed within the valley!

Translator's Notes:

1. Eternal Li Mountain: 萬黎山 (wan li shan), 萬 is 10,000, but can also mean eternal. 黎 is a surname, and 山 is mountain.

Chapter 489: Welcome Back!

The change in the small snake's behavior caused Nan Gong Hen's words to die in his throat. He was momentarily stunned, and he immediately whipped his head around to look at the source that brought out the small snake's ferociousness. When he saw that sealed cave abode, a glint appeared in Nan Gong Hen's eyes.

Su Ming narrowed his eyes and his gaze fell on the sealed cave. The small snake's howls grew even louder as it sat on his shoulders. The hatred in its eyes caused all the people who saw it to feel fear blooming in their hearts.

"That is senior Hei Ya's cave abode..." Nan Gong Hen muttered softly.

With a calm expression, Su Ming lifted his right hand and seized the air. Immediately, a wisp of green smoke appeared in his hands. As that smoke swirled around his hand, it turned into an illusory shadow that looked like it was drifting towards that cave abode as if it was being absorbed. That shadow looked like the old man in black that had plotted against Su Ming in the past!

The green wisp of smoke had been extracted from the wisp of divine sense of the old man when Su Ming was still in the Undying and Imperishable World. Back then, he'd thought of using it to search for him when he was in the world outside. Once he saw the small snake's abnormal behavior, he fell into a moment of deep thought, then brought out that green wisp of smoke to test it out, and immediately, a bone chilling murderous intent appeared in his eyes.

"So you're here!" Su Ming smiled coldly, then took a step forward. The small snake on his shoulders charged out and rushed towards the sealed cave.

Almost the instant Su Ming took that step forward, a low roar traveled out from that sealed cave. The door to the cave exploded

with a bang, and a black figure flew out from within.

Right when that black figure appeared, he immediately ran into the small snake charging towards him. Sparks flew into the air, and the black figure let out a muffled groan, but he still managed to cast some sort of divine ability that caused the small snake's body to freeze.

Right at the instant its body froze, the black figure charged to the sky.

With a cold harrumph, Su Ming took a step forward and disappeared. When he reappeared, he was already standing in midair, right above the black figure. When he lifted his right hand and pressed down, the black figure let out a roar. He lifted his right hand as well, and their palms crashed against each other in the air.

A loud bang rang out. Su Ming did not even budge an inch, but the black figure coughed out a huge mouthful of blood and his body plummeted straight to the ground. At that moment, his appearance was revealed.

The black figure was wearing a black robe, and he was indeed the old man in black who Su Ming wanted to kill. As he fell to the ground, the hood covering his head was blown off by the violent gust of wind that stirred up, revealing a face that was covered in rotten flesh!

That face looked incredibly ugly. Most of the flesh and blood was already rotten, and bones could even be seen in certain parts of the face.

"Destiny!" The old man let out a piercing howl and glared at Su Ming. He originally thought that he could avoid Su Ming's divine sense, and like the darkness residing under a lamp, he could remain undiscovered, but he forgot about the snake!

When the small snake had been in his grasp when he used it to threaten the Candle Dragon and Su Ming, it might have looked like

it had fallen unconscious, but in truth, it was still awake. It thus had engraved the old man's presence deep in its memories. Although that presence only belonged to a wisp of his divine sense, once the small snake obtained its legacy from the Candle Dragon, it was no longer the snake it was in the past. That was why it could recognize the person hiding in the cave based on his presence even when he had avoided Su Ming's divine sense!

"So what if you escaped from the Undying and Imperishable Realm? You can't escape from my master's arrangements. You can't escape from your destiny!"

The old man laughed sinisterly. He knew that he could not escape from death, that was why he swallowed a medicinal core before he ran out just now. That core gave a tenth of a chance to break the Curse, but there was also a nine tenths of a chance where he would quickly lose his will, his memories would fall apart, and he would end up like a wild beast.

A hint of murderous intent shone in Su Ming's eyes. He had originally held his suspicions about the old man's origins, and now, he no longer had any doubts. This person was indeed Di Tian's lapdog!

He took a swift step forward and appeared before the old man in a moment. Madness appeared in the old man's eyes, and he formed a seal, thinking of executing a divine ability. Yet his body was already incredibly weakened. Before he could even execute that divine ability, his hands were pushed aside by Su Ming's right hand. Su Ming grabbed his black robe, yanked it, and tore the entire black robe from the old man's body.

Once the black robe was pulled off, the old man's emaciated body was revealed, along with that rotten stench that spread through a large area in the sky.

"You look neither a human nor a ghost!" Su Ming immediately tapped his right index finger on the old man's chest. Once his

finger touched him, the old man shuddered and staggered back a few steps, black blood starting to flow out from his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth.

"So what if I die? At least I have all my memories with me! What about you? Take those fragmented memories of yours and your confusion to walk down your path as Destiny." The old man was incredibly weakened and did not show even a hint of resistance before Su Ming, but his laughter, containing all his madness, continued ringing in the air and reverberated through the area.

Su Ming did not speak. He took a few steps forward and lifted his right hand to tap the old man's chest once again. Once he tapped several spots on his body, black wisps of smoke instantly surged out of the old man's chest and charged straight to his right hand, causing his entire right arm to look completely black. It started rapidly rotting away.

"Destiny, you will only be Destiny throughout your life! I'll wait for you in hell!" The old man's Curse completely burst forth once Su Ming jabbed those few spots. In his pain, he roared, and he looked as if he had descended into madness.

However, the moment he started shouting, Su Ming appeared beside his right hand, grabbed it, and then with his left hand positioned straight like a blade, he cut down. A crack rang in the air, and the old man's blackened right arm was instantly torn off.

The intense pain caused the old man to descend further into madness. With the Curse around, his Nascent Divinity could not leave his body, and he could not even self-destruct. In the midst of that pain, his screams became even stronger.

"Master's clone will come at any time now. I'd like to see just how you'll stand up against him. Destiny... Haha, in the end, you'll still be walking on the path you should take..." As the old man shouted, Su Ming's right index finger swiftly tapped a few spots on his chest, causing his left arm to instantly turn dark as well. Then Su

Ming cut off the old man's left arm.

As the old man who had lost both his arms screamed in pain, he continued shouting out those malicious words without stop.

"Even if you've walked out of the Undying and Imperishable World, fifteen years are already gone. Fifteen years... I've trapped you for fifteen years, it's already enough!

"I die for my master. With his divine abilities, when he eventually achieves greatness, he will definitely revive me. Why should I be afraid of death? But you, Destiny, you will never know just what your memories are and just what you lack!" As the old man shouted, the spark of intelligence gradually disappeared from his eyes, and he started howling like a wild beast.

His body shuddered. Not only had the full power of the Curse erupted forth in his body, it was also rapidly eating away his life force.

"Haha, I didn't die in your hands, but in the Curse's hands... I'm free now! But you, you'll never know where your little sister, you'll never know just how many mysteries surround you. You will lose yourself as you remain in your daze..."

Before the old man finished speaking, his eyes had already completely lost their spark, and he completely turned into a wild beast that had lost all form of intelligence.

"It's not so easy to die," Su Ming said calmly. When the old man was reduced to a wild beast that had lost all intelligence, he straightened his fingers and swiftly pressed his palm on the old man's chest.

Black smoke gushed out of the old man's chest once again and charged straight to his legs. With a swing of his arm, the old man's legs immediately exploded, and the Curse could be seen rapidly fading away from his body.

His Curse came from the Candle Dragon. Su Ming had been in the

Undying and Imperishable World for a countless number of years, and the small snake had also acknowledged him as his master. His knowledge and understanding towards this Curse was already greatly different from before.

When he pressed down on the old man's chest, the old man's dull eyes gradually brightened up as if life force had started growing within him after experiencing some form of stimulus. However, as his eyes brightened up, his intelligence slowly returned, and he gradually saw what was around him clearly, his expression instantly changed drastically.

He originally thought that he had died, but right then, right before his eyes, Su Ming saved him. This should have been a joyous occasion for him, but to him, it was something that was even more terrifying than death!

He could already imagine just what sort of punishments and pain he would have to go through once Su Ming captured him when he was no longer under the Curse and in a weakened state. In fact, all his memories in his head could even be continuously forced out of him with all the methods Su Ming could think of.

To him, this sort of thing was several times more severe than death. He knew that if he had died just now, then at least he would have died for his master. He would still have had a possibility of being revived in the future.

But if Su Ming used some sort of method and learned of everything from him, then he would truly die. Not only would his master not revive him in the future, there was also a high chance that his master would be angered, and the old man would drag down his entire family in the land of the Immortals!

"You... you..." The old man's heart trembled and great terror appeared in his eyes. He watched Su Ming tap a few more spots on his body, and even though he was in a weakened state, he could still clearly feel a large part of the Curse dissipating from inside

him.

During these fifteen years, he had always been struggling. He was afraid of death, but when he met Su Ming, he no longer feared. He wanted to die, but once he found out that he could not die, a surge of fear that was even greater than the fear he felt towards death rose within him.

His words that he had used to provoke Su Ming just moments ago had now turned into the source of his extreme terror.

The sight of Su Ming saving that old man in black robes fell into the eyes of all the people around him. Nan Gong Hen saw it as well. All their hearts shuddered, and a deep chill rose within their hearts due to what they saw.

Just what sort of hate could a man possess that killing his enemy would still not be enough for him to resolve that hate, and he would save his own enemy?!

Just what sort of grudge could a man possess that would make him think that death was not relief, and that living was the greatest form of torture?!

Just what sort of resolution must it be for a person to be able to do this? That he would not even let a person die? Then just what sort of hell would await the old man in black robes?!

Nan Gong Hen looked at Su Ming, looked at him doing all these things with an apathetic and cool expression, and his heart was filled with a deep chill. He sucked in a sharp breath.

"Welcome back."

When the old man's eyes completely regained their clarity, Su Ming lifted his right hand and pressed it against the top of the old man's head. His power surged in and sealed all the old man's power. Once he did so, he looked into the old man's terrified eyes, and he whispered those words softly.

Chapter 490: Fifteen Years Ago

"Fifteen years ago... There wasn't just one End Shaman in the World of Nine Yin, but three! Besides the powerful Shaman from the God of Shamans Temple who was originally supposed to be here, there were also other powerful Shamans from other tribes.

"Right after the treasure gambling event was over, quite a number of Shamans parted ways to head to the three grounds that would allow them to receive their inheritance...

"The nightmare started at that time...

"I will never forget that day for all eternity. All sorts of changes kept appearing without stop within those one million li around Shaman City, and those changes were like a strong repelling force that was trying to chase all of us outsiders out from the World of Nine Yin.

"The ground shook and numerous cracks appeared on the land. The Sacred Bats flew out from those cracks, and at that time, the ninth moon in the sky was blood red. The entire ground was dyed in a bloody glow.

"Those forests that spanned endlessly seemed as if they had been revived. The trees started moving, and strange, piercing screeches that sounded like crying sounds echoed in all directions.

"Vortexes that spun rapidly appeared one after another in the sky. As they spun, black rays of light descended from within, and all those who came into contact with them would immediately find that light fusing into their souls, causing their souls to leave their bodies, turning them into a part of one of the three sacred races in this land, the Drifting Roamers.

"A change also happened to the Spirits of Nine Yin at that moment. They no longer complied with the promise made between them and the Shamans in the past. Instead, they started

killing and chasing away all the Shamans in the World of Nine Yin.

"The source for all this is because of a plan made by the Shamans, a plan that was made by the God of Shamans Temple and was agreed upon by all the big tribes!

"That plan was to completely open the passages leading to the World of Nine Yin so that all the people from big tribes could come to the World of Nine Yin at the same time and without any sort of restrictions!

"The Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands is approaching and we are forced to fight against the Berserkers to snatch their land. As the main instigators, the God of Shamans Temple coordinated with all the big tribes and the Immortals who came to the land of the Shamans to execute the plan, all for the sake of preserving as many lives and obtain the highest levels of protection when the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands fell on the entire Land of South Morning!

"They laid out the structure for a powerful Relocation Rune so that they could turn the World of Nine Yin into a safe haven for the big tribes in the land of the Shamans and the God of Shamans Temple when the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands arrived!

"Perhaps the God of Shamans Temple had been making preparations for this plan since a long time ago. Perhaps they weren't even thinking about using this place as a safe haven, but were thinking of using it for some other purposes. But at that time, as the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands continued closing in on us, the God of Shamans Temple worked with the big tribes and the Immortals and eventually laid out this Rune in Shaman City!

"If you go to the ruins of Shaman City, you should still be able to see the Rune's remains.

"The eventual activation of the Rune caused a series of drastic changes in the World of Nine Yin. When we opened the passage and allowed all the people from the big tribes to enter, the Spirits

of Nine Yin cast some sort of unknown divine ability, and the head hoisted on the stone pillar that reached the sky in Shaman City was revived...

"His revival marked the beginning of this disaster.

"The Rune collapsed. The passage in the sky that was opened by the Rune was sealed, and Shaman City was destroyed... These are the things I know and saw. Perhaps there are some other secrets that aren't privy to common people. I don't know about those things.

"But the Spirits of Nine Yin didn't expect that there was more than one Rune. The Shamans laid out three Runes in three different spots in the World of Nine Yin. But... the sudden appearance of this terrifying storm caused the Shamans' plan to fail entirely.

"I still can't forget that storm. Sandstorms raged through the sky and turned into a gigantic figure. Wherever it went, all the living beings would be reduced to skeletons.

"The other two Runes were destroyed, and most of the Shamans in this place escaped through the last Rune before it was destroyed, but perhaps it was because the races here left us a small path of survival intentionally that they managed to do so...

"There were some people who didn't manage to escape. When the Rune was destroyed, they were forcefully made to stay in this place, and after going through a cycle of death and elimination among their numbers, these people gathered together. At that time, they numbered to ten thousand people, but now, only several hundreds remain. These people are us."

The nine moons hung high in the sky and shone brightly. The land was not really dark, but if anyone looked into the distance, they would find that the spots in the distance were still dark and they could not see those places clearly. There were only a few areas illuminated well by the moonlight.

A bonfire burned weakly in the valley. Wisps of green smoke twisted with the wind as they floated into the sky and fused with the darkness.

Nan Gong Hen sat beside the bonfire. His soft words echoed in the sky, and just like the green smoke, they eventually fused with the darkness.

Su Ming sat before him in silence as he listened to Nan Gong Hen describing the events from fifteen years ago. In his mind, he began drawing the scenes that had happened in the past.

He was shocked by the Shamans thinking of using this place as a safe haven. If they had truly succeeded, then when the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands was over, the Shamans' big tribes would have not suffered even the slightest bit of damage.

"Are these Drifting Roamers you speak a group of souls that drift through the land as if they have no intelligence whatsoever?" When Su Ming recalled seeing Ahu in Shaman City, he sighed.

"Those are Drifting Roamers of the lowest level. They don't have any sort of will as they did when they were alive. Based on the experience I have fighting against them over these past fifteen years, this is a sacred race that acts as leeches. This is the only way for them to grow.

"They will attach themselves to the souls of the living and absorb their power to grow. The moment that soul is destroyed marks the completion of their growth. Their strength will also differ based on how strong the soul they have attached themselves to was," Nan Gong Hen said calmly.

"Is there a way to save them?" Su Ming looked towards Nan Gong Hen.

"We tried before, but even after we used everything at our disposal, we had no success. Once these Drifting Roamers attach themselves to the souls, they will be as one, and it'll be difficult to

separate them... But I did hear that you Berserkers have a Phantom Dais Tribe [1]. Rumors have it that they have researched Arts about spirits deeply, perhaps they could save these souls."

Nan Gong Hen lifted his head and looked towards Su Ming. If he still did not know that Su Ming was a Berserker at this point, then there was no way he could have become the leader of Fated Kin.

In truth, once Su Ming stopped wearing his mask, his Berserker Mark had told Nan Gong Hen everything. Many people had also been able to tell through his conversation with Di Tian's servant and their different Arts when they fought.

However, they were no longer Shamans. They were Fated Kin. It did not matter to them where Su Ming came from, much less that he was a Berserker.

"These are all the things that happened fifteen years ago. Respected senior Mo, please don't take to heart what happened during the treasure gambling event. I honestly could not make any sort of decision that would be unfavorable for the God of Shamans Temple..." Nan Gong Hen sucked in a deep breath, stood up, and bowed deeply towards Su Ming.

"You don't have to do this, brother Nan Gong." Su Ming shook his head.

"Respected senior Mo, please, become the sacred spirit of Fated Kin..." Nan Gong Hen bowed to him once more.

Su Ming hesitated for a moment.

"With your power, you might still be the best among all Latter Shamans. Even if you can't fight against End Shamans, you will still be one of the powerful warriors in the entire Land of South Morning, and you will definitely shock the world with just one gesture!

"We aren't able to leave, and it's difficult for us to survive here. If you abandon us, then before long, all Fated Kin in this place will

die... I don't mind dying, it doesn't matter to me, but there are quite a number of children who were born here, I..." Nan Gong Hen looked at Su Ming and whispered softly.

Su Ming looked at Nan Gong Hen, and after a long while, he closed his eyes. Time trickled by, and after time taken for the burning of an incense stick, he opened his eyes and gave a nod towards Nan Gong Hen.

"If there is really no way for us to leave, I will protect Fated Kin, but similarly, if I manage to find a way out and return to the Land of South Morning, all of you will still have to respect me.

"Will you agree to this?" Su Ming asked languidly. The existence of Fated Kin touched his heart, and it was also difficult for him to completely reject Nan Gong Hen when he had been begging him time and again.

However, it was unfair if Su Ming only gave and received nothing in the end. That was why he also listed his own demands when he agreed to Nan Gong Hen's request.

"We Fated Kin are an abandoned race. We will never forget the great kindness you have showed us! Once we revere you as our sacred spirit, we will forever abide to your words!" Nan Gong Hen declared solemnly.

Su Ming looked at Nan Gong Hen and nodded his head after some time. Then, he stood up and walked towards the valley. Inside, there was a cave abode that had been specifically emptied out for him.

Nan Gong Hen looked at Su Ming walking into the distance and sucked in a deep breath before casting his gaze at the sky.

"Can we go back? It's been fifteen years. She, too, disappeared from the World of Nine Yin at that time. Where could she be now?" Nan Gong Hen muttered sadly.

When Su Ming entered the cave abode, he sat down with a calm

face, then waved his arm, and immediately, the area before him became obscure. When that obscurity disappeared, the old man in black who had lost all four limbs appeared before him.

"Why do you always call me Destiny?" Su Ming asked unhurriedly.

The old man's face was pale. He had his eyes closed as if he was deep in sleep, and he did not say a word.

Su Ming waited for a moment, then lifted his right hand. As he did so, the small virescent sword instantly appeared. Once it gained its form in his hand, Su Ming wrapped his fingers around the hilt, and then, he stabbed the old man's throat before he started slowly dragging the blade down.

"I've planted herbs in people several times in the past. The seeds from these medicinal herbs will absorb a person's life force and grow through their flesh and blood. All those in whom I have planted these medicinal herbs suffered greatly," Su Ming stated languidly.

The old man remained unmoving, as if he did not hear a single thing, as if he was still deep in sleep.

"You Immortals can Possess others, that's why you don't mind the agony you have to bear in your body." Su Ming's blade had already sliced up a palm sized wound on the chest. Blood gushed out from that wound, but the old man paid no attention to it.

"If that is the case, then let's see just how much you can endure." With the calm words in the air, Su Ming put away his virescent sword and pointed at the old man's wound with two fingers. Immediately, a strong gust of wind howled in the air and seeped into the person's body through that wound.

That gust of wind was a powerful breeze formed by Su Ming as the Wind Berserker. The wind swept through the old man's flesh and blood with a howl, incessantly tearing at his organs. The pain

that came from that barrage caused the old man to tremble furiously. He opened his bloodshot eyes swiftly and glared at Su Ming.

"Why do you always refer to me as Destiny?" Su Ming looked at the old man and asked flatly.

"Bastard, do whatever you want. I'm not even afraid of death, why should I be afraid of your petty tricks? I will not tell you the things you want to know!

"If you want to know, then go on ahead and perform a Soulesearch. But even in my weakened state, with your power in the Soul Formation Stage, you will only be able to torture me, you will not be able to search through my soul!" The old man bore through the severe pain in his body by gritting his teeth and sneering coldly.

Yet in truth, even though he looked incredibly tough, the fear in his heart towards his future was incredibly great.

Translator's Note:

1. Phantom Dais Tribe: The tribe where Su Ming and his senior brothers broke into to save Zi Che.

Chapter 491: Clues about the Crimson Dragon

Di Tian's clone was destroyed, and the servant he placed in the land of the Berserkers to keep track of Su Ming was also captured. All of this caused the fate predetermined for Su Ming to change drastically.

All of this was the source of the old man's fear. He knew many things, but it was precisely because he knew that he feared. The only thing he could rely on now was that Su Ming had still not found the memories that truly belonged to him.

"I have plenty of patience. If you don't want to say, it's fine by me." Su Ming tapped the old man's chest once again with two fingers. Immediately, rumbling sounds shot out from the old man's body, and vortexes could be seen emerging right under his skin.

As those vortexes spun, they started exploding, and whirlwinds shot out from the skin. That sort of pain caused huge beads of sweat to roll down the old man's skin as he trembled.

"It's not as if I must learn everything from you alone. What I want is to cause you torment, to bring endless amounts of suffering on you... We didn't actually have painfully obvious grudges between us in the beginning, but why did you do it?" Su Ming shook his head, lifted his right hand, and flicked his wrist.

Immediately, the whirlwinds in the old man's body raged even wilder, sweeping by his organs as if they wanted to turn everything inside him into mush. That sort of feeling as if he was being ripped apart caused the old man to let out a shrill scream of pain.

That screaming lasted for most of the night, and it traveled out of the cave abode to appear right under the moonlight, causing most of Fated Kin to be able to hear it clearly.

It only started to slowly become weaker when the sky gradually brightened up. Su Ming looked at the old man who was still trembling before him, then lifted his right hand and formed a seal. Han Mountain Bell immediately appeared and covered the old man within. Bell chimes reverberated in the air.

Other people would only be able to hear the soft bell tolls, but when the old man heard them within the bell, it was deafening. It was as if there were countless people roaring nearby, causing booming sounds to echo in his head. His body started trembling so violently that he felt as if his flesh and blood were about to be ripped apart and his bones crushed.

"I'll give you ample time to think carefully," Su Ming said languidly and no longer bothered himself with the old man. Instead, he closed his eyes calmly and immersed himself in nursing his Nascent Divinity.

It had not been long since his Nascent Divinity appeared. If he wanted to bring out the full power of his divine sense, then he needed some time to nurse it back to health.

Time passed as Su Ming nursed his Nascent Divinity. In the blink of an eye, a month was over. During that month, all Fated Kin in the valley would occasionally hear bell chimes, and sometimes, they would hear shrill screams of pain as well.

Su Ming no longer used only strong gusts of wind to bring torment to the old man. He started fusing his attacks with Lightning Arts, Fire Berserker flames, and the Curse.

He did not use them all in a row but added them one by one, slowly and progressively. When the old man was used to the wind tearing at his flesh, he added lightning to pierce through his tendons and flesh, making him go through a hell that felt as if heavenly judgment had fallen on him.

When the old man had gotten used to lightning and wind tearing him apart, Su Ming added Fire Berserker flames to his attacks. The

burning from within and outside the body, the destruction of the passages of Qi, the suffering on the flesh and blood caused the old man to suffer a pain that was worse than death.

He wanted to die, but he could not die, because Su Ming had not completely broken the Curse in his body. He left a small part of it within his body, and this Curse could continue making him weaker, could make him be unable to self-destruct, and could make him be unable to die.

The booming sounds from Han Mountain Bell over the days had also caused the old man to feel a pain that he had practically never felt before, a pain that was akin to being submerged in hell.

If Tie Mu had not passed away, then this sort of torment and Su Ming's continuous nurturing of his Nascent Divinity would have continued; he would not have walked out of his cave abode within a short amount of time.

But in the end, Tie Mu did not manage to escape death. On this day, during dusk, as a light drizzle rained down from the sky, Tie Mu closed his eyes.

Su Ming did try saving him before, but Tie Mu, who was already at the last hours of his life, was already too far gone to be saved.

Rain poured down. It was not rare in the World of Nine Yin, and once it appeared, it would usually last for several months. The entire world turned indistinct under the rain, and no one could see too far ahead.

The hundreds of Fated Kin in the valley walked out of their cave abodes. Right at the bottom of the valley was Tie Mu, who was covered by a sheet by his tribesmen and who laid on the ground as rain poured on him. He had his eyes closed and he looked at peace. He did not seem to be in too much pain, and instead looked as if he had been released.

It was quiet all around the area. Even the sounds of crying were

drowned out by the pouring rain.

Su Ming also walked out of his cave abode and stood beside Tie Mu's corpse. He looked at this familiar face before him and the memories of what happened between them in the past appeared in his head. He might not have had much contact with Tie Mu, but they could still be considered acquaintances.

Su Ming had seen too many deaths, but this time, it was slightly different. When he saw Tie Mu, the scenes of the fight between the both of them came to his mind.

Nan Gong Hen stood beside Su Ming with grief on his face. He had gone through this sort of thing far too many times during the past fifteen years, so he originally thought he would be numb to this, but now, he just realized, he could not. How could he..?

"Senior Tie Mu could originally leave... but he let the other people in his tribe go before him, and in the end, he could no longer follow them, because the Rune was destroyed...

"The other seniors passed away one by one during these fifteen years, eventually, five years ago, senior Tie Mu became the only Latter Shaman left among us. Now... even he has left us," Nan Gong Hen whispered softly in anguish.

There was a young man kneeling beside Tie Mu's corpse. That man's face was filled with grief, and he was the young boy that Nan Gong Hen had brought with him in the past. He had already lost his right arm, and as he knelt beside Tie Mu, tears trickled down his face.

Nan Gong Hen remained silent for a moment, then said slowly, "Send senior Tie Mu off!"

When his words were spoken, all Fated Kin around knelt down. Sorrow could be seen on their faces as rain poured down on them. It was freezing, but no one moved away.

Two tribesmen walked out from among the crowd around Tie

Mu and lifted him up. Then, they started walking into the distance along the path in the valley.

The young man followed behind him as he cried. Nan Gong Hen cast Su Ming a glance, and followed behind them.

In silence, Su Ming walked towards the deeper parts of the valley as rain poured down his body and as Fated Kin continued kneeling on the ground.

The beast bone altar was located deep within the valley. It was also the place where Fated Kin buried their dead during these fifteen years...

The rain caused the area to be indistinct, making the dense layers of white bones and the stone monuments filled with words to not look so frightening, but instead give off a thick air of misery.

Su Ming was not deeply impacted by that misery, but Nan Gong Hen, whenever he came to this place, he would feel as if his heart was being stabbed.

Once they buried Tie Mu, they erected a stone monument above his grave. They carved his name and his affiliation as a Fated Kin on that monument, as well as all his battle achievements in life. When they were done, Nan Gong Hen kowtowed to the monument silently before he turned around and left, bringing his grief with him.

Su Ming swept his gaze past the altar. The rain was pouring even more heavily, and he could vaguely see through the obscure veil of rain numerous heroic souls returning to their heaven after protecting their tribesmen in the valley during the last fifteen years...

Tie Mu's passing turned into grief that coiled up in the hearts of all Fated Kin, causing everyone to speak very few words during the next few days.

As time passed, the rain outside poured even harder. The rustling

sounds of droplets of water falling on the ground remained a constant. Rain and fog covered the entire area, causing it to become even more indistinct. It was as if the rain and fog had turned into a rain curtain that connected the sky and earth.

Su Ming listened to the sounds of rain outside from within his cave abode. He continued immersing himself in meditation, and did not stop with raining down torment on Di Tian's servant either.

Tie Mu's death did not affect him greatly, and it was the same for the grief that filled this place. After all, he had not stayed in this place for fifteen years, and he did not have many memories about this place.

However, for some unknown reason, he was feeling rather depressed.

"When you die, you will want to be buried in your own country, but in the end, your bones are buried in foreign land... Even for Latter Shamans, it is difficult for them to determine where they will die... Tie Mu is still in a better situation. At least he knows where his home is. He also knows the road back to his home.

"But where is my home..? Just... where is Dark Mountain..? Or perhaps... Dark Mountain isn't even my real hometown...

"Elder once told me to go to Berserker's Realm Mountain," Su Ming mumbled, and a lost look appeared in his eyes. The memories of Dark Mountain rose before his eyes, and gradually, they faded away.

Time passed once more, and another month went by slowly. Su Ming's Nascent Divinity had slowly perfected its condition during these two months of nursing.

When Su Ming finished nursing his Nascent Divinity, his divine sense also reached peak condition. While he might be unable to cover an area of one million li, but once he spread it out, he would

still be able to sense his crimson dragon, his Poison Corpse, and Ji Yun Hai.

On this day, with a serious expression, Su Ming slowly spread his divine sense out as while sitting with his legs crossed. As it stretched in all directions, he placed his focus on the crimson dragon, his puppet, and the Poison Corpse. Gradually, his expression turned dark.

The divine sense covering the entire area allowed Su Ming to spread his will outwards as well, and as he called out to these creatures, a ripple coming from the west first responded to him, albeit slowly.

That wave of ripples was very weak. The instant Su Ming's divine sense touched it, a blurry scene appeared in his head, and he saw a vague picture flashing right before his eyes.

The picture was of a large palace, and it was built on a mountain. There were eight gigantic statues within the palace, and right in the middle of these statues was a skeleton kneeling on one knee. Its limbs were chained down, and the chains were impaled in the ground.

The statues were not the ones that responded to Su Ming, neither was it that skeleton. It was instead the picture that was drawn on the ground under the skeleton!

That picture protruded off the ground and circled around the area, and it was the greatly shrunk crimson dragon!

However, it was no longer crimson. Its color had become much duller. There was pain on its face, and it did not move. If Su Ming took a closer look, he could discover that the eight statues were stepping on the crimson dragon's picture as if they were holding it down. As for the skeleton in the center, the spot where the chain was impaled was right where the crimson dragon's head was!

When that picture flashed through Su Ming's mind, it

disappeared without a trace. Immediately after, a new scene appeared, and that scene was a swamp. Right in the depths of the swamp were a pair of green eyes, and they were flashing in the dark. A low growl seemed to travel forth, and the scene disappeared.

Su Ming opened his eyes swiftly, and a freezing glare appeared within them.

"Spirits of Nine Yin!" He stood up, left a wisp of his divine sense in the valley, took a step out of his cave abode, and in the next instant, disappeared.

Chapter 492: Retrieving the Poison Corpse!

None of the Fated Kin in the valley noticed Su Ming's departure, and even though he disappeared, the wisp of his divine sense he left in this place still allowed him to sense everything happening in this place. If anything happened during this period of time, he could just warp and return as quickly as possible.

The pain that reached Su Ming through the faint waves of ripples from the crimson dragon, however, had his heart burning with extreme anger. The crimson dragon might have been created by Hong Luo, but its loyalty could be seen clearly when it returned to Su Ming without any hesitation when it saw him during the treasure gambling event in the World of Nine Yin.

It followed him all along the way, and even when Su Ming entered the Candle Dragon's carcass, the crimson dragon remained outside to wait for him until an accident happened. And Su Ming could already imagine that this so called accident was largely related to the old Spirit of Nine Yin he had rented in the past.

He absolutely had to rescue the crimson dragon. He might have had deep experiences with the strength of the Spirits of Nine Yin, but he was the crimson dragon's master. Giving up on it when it was in danger was something he could not do.

Because he could not find his home, Su Ming valued his relationships!

Because his family was not around, Su Ming valued all forms of love given to him!

While there might not be any form of love between him and the crimson dragon, but just its loyalty alone was enough for Su Ming to not retreat and give up on it in fear.

"Spirits of Nine Yin..." Su Ming charged in midair and turned into a long arc. His eyes shone with a freezing glare. As he lifted his

right hand, Han Mountain Bell appeared on his palm.

His gaze fell on the bell, and after a moment of silence, Su Ming looked at the strand of hair belonging to the first God of Berserkers wrapped around his finger. There was not much left of the strand of hair, but there was a resolute look on his face, and he traveled even faster.

Once he finished nursing his Nascent Divinity, he became much faster than before, especially when he combined his speed with his warps. The long arc that was slicing through the sky would occasionally disappear, and when it reappeared, it would be much further away from where he was previously in the world.

Su Ming's journey took several hours. As he charged forward, he came to a swampland. That swamp did not exist fifteen years ago. As of then, it covered an area of several hundreds of thousands of feet. Occasionally, bubbles would pop up on the surface of the swamp. Once they burst, they would turn into a layer of green fog that filled the air above the swamp, causing all the people who came to this place to only see fog.

Su Ming did not go to the Spirits of Nine Yin in a fit of recklessness. Instead, he came to this place. This was the place that had appeared in his mind when he used his divine sense to sweep through the land, the place where his Poison Corpse was.

If he wanted to go to the Spirits of Nine Yin, then he had to make good preparations. After all, he had incredibly great experiences with the power of the Spirits of Nine Yin in the past.

At that moment, he stood in the air above the swamp. As he lowered his head, golden light shone in his eyes and his gaze pierced through the fog below him to land right in the swamp. A familiar wave of ripples started fighting against his divine sense from the swamp immediately after.

At the same time, a low, muffled roar suddenly shot up from within the swamp. It shook the fog in the area, and the roar was

filled with ruthless brutality, as if it harbored intense dislike towards Su Ming's divine sense exploring the swamp.

"These fifteen years of freedom were hard to come by, and it allowed you to obtain new intelligence... but how dare you not come forth when you see me?! If I could capture you when you were alive, I will be able to do the same even when you have new intelligence," Su Ming declared flatly, then lifted his right hand and pressed it downward swiftly in the direction of the swamp on the ground.

Golden light started flashing violently on his body, and a great force shot out from his right hand, charging straight towards the swamp. Muffled booming sounds reverberated in the air, and a gigantic mark of a palm appeared in the swamp. This sunken mark was created by the force when Su Ming pressed downwards.

As the swamp trembled and the mark of his palm continued sinking downwards, the low roars from the swamp started growing in volume. After a moment, when the mark of the palm had sank several hundreds of feet downward, making it seem as if the entire swamp had sunk deeply into the ground, a green hand swiftly shot out from the swamp. It crashed into that mark of Su Ming's palm as it continued sinking downwards, and a loud, shocking boom rang in the air.

The swamp looked as if it had collapsed. A large amount of mud and water splattered everywhere, but the Poison Corpse that Su Ming was looking for still refused to come out of his hiding place, as if he was evading Su Ming. This was an action born out of his natural instinct!

"I see, so you aren't coming out." A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and he activated the full force of his divine sense to charge into the swamp. It swiftly infiltrated the place, and as it swept through the place, Su Ming saw a large amount of skeletons belonging to humans and beasts. He also saw a figure squatting in the depths of the swamp. His eyes were shining with a dark light,

and he was roaring.

Without even the slightest bit of hesitation, Su Ming had his divine sense charge towards the figure, and in an instant, his divine sense enveloped that figure. Once he did so, he immediately discovered that while the brand he had left on this figure still remained, it was already incredibly dull. Clearly, over the past few years, this Poison Corpse had been constantly attacking it.

"Poison Corpse, return to me!" Su Ming muttered and used his divine sense to pull at the brand he'd left on the Poison Corpse in the past. The Poison Corpse immediately started shivering violently and his roars became more intense. He started moving swiftly in the depths of the swamp, as if he wanted to avoid Su Ming's divine sense.

However, the strength of Su Ming's divine sense was no longer something that the Poison Corpse could dodge or hide from. After a moment, the Poison Corpse seemed to have decided to attack. His roars filled with a murderous air, and without care for anything else, he charged straight towards the surface of the swamp.

Right before his eyes, a green figure rushed out of the swamp, and bringing with it a rotten stench and the miasma of corpses, it closed in on Su Ming in an instant.

Su Ming stood in midair, looking as composed as ever. The instant the green figure approached him, he lifted his right hand and swung it before him. Immediately, a large amount of lightning arcs started swimming swiftly around his body. At the same time, a large amount of lightning sparks flashed in the sky as rain continued drizzling down from the clouds.

As Su Ming swung his arm, those lightning sparks left his body and gathered on the green figure. In the blink of an eye, they came into contact with the green figure, and a large, thunderous rumble rang in the air. From the distance, it looked as if the green figure could attract lightning, because the numerous lightning sparks

that looked like dragons and had crawled out of thin air struck down on it with loud, rumbling sounds!

That green figure let out a muffled groan, but it was completely unperturbed by the lightning strikes. It continued approaching Su Ming without once stopping, and the instant it was only thirty feet away from Su Ming, a puff of poisonous fog gushed out of its mouth. That poisonous fog was black and green in color, and it started spreading outwards rapidly, as if it had exploded, looking as if it could completely envelop Su Ming within.

Immediately, the spot where Su Ming was previously was shrouded completely by poison fog. The poison was so strong that it seemed to contain life. It started spreading outwards without stop, and the green figure let out a smug howl. A murderous glint appeared in its eyes, and it was just about to rush into the fog, but right at that moment, the air behind it that was devoid of fog distorted, and Su Ming walked out of the distortions with just one step.

The green figure immediately noticed him when he walked out. Just as it was about to turn around, Su Ming let out a cold harrumph, then lifted his right hand and tapped the green figure through the air!

Piercing golden light immediately burst forth from the tip of Su Ming's finger. That golden light instantly turned into the strongest ray of light in the place and landed on the green figure.

The green figure let out a screech of pain and quickly retreated, thinking of shrinking back into the poison fog. Su Ming did not wait for it to retreat into the fog and swung his arm forward, which resulted in a whirlwind.

That whirlwind spun rapidly and stirred up endless violent gusts that charged into the fog faster than the green figure could. As they spun, that large amount of poisonous fog was blown away and left with the whirlwind, causing the green figure to be unable to

blend into the poison fog.

The green figure's footsteps came to an abrupt halt, and it turned around to start howling and roaring loudly at Su Ming. It was also right at that moment that its appearance was revealed. This was a person with green fur growing on him. That green fur was like rather sharp looking needles, and they covered his entire body!

His eyes glowed with a green light, and he was glaring at Su Ming. At the center of his brows was a tuft of white fur!

As he breathed, puffs of black poison fog came from his mouth and nose before they were sucked back into his body, in a cyclic manner.

It could still be somewhat seen that this was Su Ming's Poison Corpse from the past!

It was unknown as to what sort of serendipity he had run into during these fifteen years that changed him in this way, but by the ripples coming from his power, he was clearly much stronger than he was in the past. By the looks of it, he was currently equivalent to a powerful Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm!

The poison fog was especially alarming, or else Su Ming would not have chosen to dodge it by warping when it appeared moments ago. He could tell with just one glance that there was an unknown poisonous substance in that poison fog besides the small snake's poison, and the fusion of these two different types of poison in that poison fog was able to instill fear in other people's hearts.

Once the Poison Corpse let out a roar towards Su Ming, he moved but no longer attacked, choosing instead to charge towards the swamp on the ground.

Su Ming remained calm, but there was a whirlwind spinning around him, which could scatter away all poison fog. When he saw the Poison Fog rushing towards the swamp, he did not stop him.

Instead, he lifted his right hand and seized the air. Immediately, a large spiked club appeared in his hand.

Almost the instant that Poison Corpse charged into the swamp, Su Ming lifted the spiked club with his right hand. That spiked club instantly grew bigger, and when it was nearly one thousand feet long, Su Ming rammed it down on the swamp.

A muffled boom that shook the entire region reverberated through the air. The instant the spiked club fell on the swamp, a powerful tremor instantly swept through the entire area, causing it to be instantly squashed, and a powerful rebounding force erupted forth. That force spread out in a moment, causing the Poison Corpse that was about to rush into the swamp to be bounced out against his will.

The instant he was rebounded, Su Ming closed in on him like lightning. With his right index finger, he tapped the Poison Corpse's chest through the air, causing the Poison Corpse to continuously retreat with panic on his face.

"If I can turn you into a puppet, then I can naturally wipe you off of the face of earth. But since you now have intelligence, make your own decision. Will you continue following me, or... suffer a true death here and now?!"

Su Ming stopped moving and had his divine sense envelope the Poison Corpse. The taps he delivered on the Poison Corpse's body all contained a few wisps of his power of Bone Sacrifice. He just needed a single thought, and this Poison Corpse would explode.

In his fear, the Poison Corpse started roaring madly and the poison fog in his body spread out swiftly until his entire body was covered in fog. He was just about to run when Su Ming's lips curled up in a cold smile. He did not chase after the Poison Corpse, merely let a single thought surface in his head, and a loud bang immediately traveled forth from within the fog.

Another six bangs rang out consecutively, and with one wave of

his arm, the whirlwind around his body spread out and swept away the fog, revealing the Poison Corpse in midair. His body was a wreck, eyes dull, and blood was trickling out of his mouth.

He looked incredibly weakened, and when he looked at Su Ming, the fear in his eyes grew stronger.

"Will you die, or will you obey?" Su Ming looked at the Poison Corpse and asked languidly.

Struggle appeared on the Poison Corpse's face. After some time, he lowered his head and knelt before Su Ming, letting out sobbing sounds as he allowed Su Ming's divine sense to charge into his body and fuse with the brand he'd left in the past.

Then, no longer bothering with the Poison Corpse, Su Ming looked in the direction where the Spirits of Nine Yin were and moved there. The Poison Corpse followed behind him obediently, occasionally turning his head back to look at the swamp, not being able to bear parting with the place.

Chapter 493: Breaking into the Spirits of Nine Yin's Territory!

In fact, before Su Ming even managed to take a few steps forward, the Poison Corpse behind him let out a low roar, still swathed in his emotions of not wanting to leave the place. There was no longer any sort of murderous intent in his roar, but he was instead sending out another message.

Su Ming turned his head and cast the Poison Corpse a glance, then nodded.

Immediately, the Poison Corpse's spirits were lifted, and he turned around to immediately charge towards the swamp below him. When he sank entirely into it, Su Ming stood in midair and started waiting without any form of anxiety.

After about the time taken for half an incense stick to burn, the green fog that surrounded the swamp started churning as if some sort of suction force had appeared within the swamp, and was all absorbed into the swamp. After some time, a vortex appeared within the swamp, and it spun faster with each passing moment. Eventually, the Poison Corpse charged out from the vortex!

Su Ming's pupils shrank. He could clearly see a curved knife in the Poison Corpse's hand. That knife was green and was glowing brightly. He could not tell what material was used to make it.

There was also an archaic air coming from it. Clearly, that knife had been around for a very long time!

When Su Ming remembered just how long the World of Nine Yin had been around, he knew that this knife was definitely an ancient treasure, he just did not know how the Poison Corpse had managed to get his hands on it. But now that he thought about it, this knife must have been the cause for the change in the Poison Corpse's poison fog!

As if the Poison Corpse was worried that Su Ming would take away his knife, the moment he flew out with the knife, he immediately stabbed his own chest with it. Su Ming saw the knife melting when it entered the Poison Corpse's body, then watched as it seeped into him and disappeared.

Pain appeared on the Poison Corpse's face. After struggling for a moment, he managed to bear through it by sheer willpower. The injuries on his body also recovered in an instant. In fact, his eyes were sparkling even brighter than before. He was in a much better form than he was previously.

Questions rose in Su Ming's mind when he saw the Poison Corpse in this state. If the knife had such effects, then why did the Poison Corpse not bring it out previously..?

The Poison Corpse might already possess intelligence, but he could only express simple emotions, such as happiness, anger, sadness, and joy. He could not communicate with Su Ming. There was no way for Su Ming to obtain an answer to his questions, so he kept a mental note in his head and began to observe the Poison Corpse in secret while maintaining his guard.

However, this was not the time for him to delve too deeply into it. Once he was certain that his brand on the Poison Corpse had become much more secure and he could control the Poison Corpse without problems, he averted his gaze. He looked in the direction of where the Spirits of Nine Yin were, and charged towards that place.

The Poison Corpse turned into a ray of green light and followed closely behind him.

'It's a pity that I still can't find the puppet that was formed from Ji Yun Hai's body even with my divine sense covering the area, or else my battle prowess would reach its peak!'

Rain continued pouring from the sky and covered a large area in the World of Nine Yin.

When dusk arrived, a dense forest region took form before Su Ming as he continued charging forward. Vaguely, he could see several tall mountains located deep in the forest. There were also many palaces that surrounded the mountains. In fact, Su Ming could even see numerous statues standing stock-still outside those palaces.

It was as if everything in this place was in deep slumber. The entire forest was dead silent. Not a single sound could be heard coming from within. However, when Su Ming used his divine sense and covered the area, he could feel the crimson dragon weakly crying out in pain!

This was the place where the Spirits of Nine Yin resided. It was also the spot where the ripples from his crimson dragon were coming from!

Su Ming swept his gaze across the area, and eventually, he focused his attention on one of the towering mountains. At the top of that mountain was a palace, and that palace was in the picture that had appeared briefly in his mind.

Su Ming did not stop moving. With his gaze fixed on the palace in the mountain, he charged towards that place, his body shining with a brilliant golden light.

Almost the instant Su Ming got closer, the stone of the unmoving statues standing outside the palaces at the foot of the mountain before him started to look as if they were melting. These statues recovered one by one, and waves upon waves of powerful presences spread out, causing the rain falling from the sky to momentarily freeze. The raindrops then floated away, unable to fall straight down. The clouds in the sky also started to become obscure, as if they were covered by those presences, and the clouds started to give off a feeling as if they were distorting.

"This is the territory of the Spirits of Nine Yin. All trespassers will be killed!" A bone-chilling voice reverberated through the air,

and a strong murderous intent could be felt within it. It was as if it contained some form of law that could make all those who heard it feel their hearts lurch in their chests.

Rumbling sounds echoed within Su Ming's body while the piercing golden light shone about him. This was the first time he executed the full extent of his abilities ever since he came out of the Undying and Imperishable World. Even when he killed that Golden Thread Sacred Bat, he had still not used his full power. Yet now, as golden light shone from his whole body and the rumbling sounded, even his hair seemed to have turned gold.

The mark of Dark Mountain appeared on Su Ming's face, and his Nascent Divinity spread out behind him to turn into a gigantic shadow. That shadow looked similar to him, but was several thousands of feet tall. Once he manifested, he formed a seal with one hand, and then with an aloof gaze, walked after Su Ming.

This was the true form of his Nascent Divinity after Soul Formation. It was a pity that Ji Yun Hai was not here, or else Su Ming would be able to call forth even greater strength from his current power of cultivation when he practiced the cultivation methods of Immortals. However, even if his Nascent Divinity appeared only in this state in the world, he could still bring forth a great portion of his power!

The Poison Corpse was at the very end. A fierce light shone in his eyes, and as he breathed, the black and green fog surrounded his body, and as it did so, it made him look like an evil spirit.

Su Ming charged forward. There were eight palaces between this place and that palace at the top of the mountain. Each of these palaces had numerous stone statues stationed outside, and right at that moment, the stone statues of the first palace, which was located at the outermost layer of the forest, had all woken up!

There was also an invisible seal placed over there, causing him to be unable to warp. It was as if space itself was being squeezed

together by the seal until there was not a single gap left. If he warped forcefully, there was a huge possibility that he would immediately reappear not too far away with his flesh and blood breaking down.

There was an aloof expression on Su Ming's face while a resolute glint appeared in his eyes. As he charged forward, he arrived in the blink of an eye at the first palace that blocked his path. The moment he closed in, the numerous stone statues outside the first palace had already woken up, and they were all looking at Su Ming coldly. Almost the instant he arrived, low roars rose into the sky.

Su Ming let out a cold harrumph. The instant these Spirits of Nine Yin closed in on him, a large amount of lightning arcs immediately appeared on his body. At the same time, lightning emerged in large quantities in the rain falling down from the sky. When Su Ming lifted his right hand and swung it before himself, endless bolts of lightning came crashing downwards.

From the distance, it looked as if a rain of lightning was falling on the first palace. Countless crashes of thunder roared in the air, and the land was instantaneously lit up despite it being dusk!

Su Ming had called forth all these bolts of lightning with his Lightning Crystal of Inheritance. Lightning covered the area, causing the incoming Spirits of Nine Yin to momentarily freeze, and right at the moment they froze, Su Ming had already arrived at the main door to the first palace. Just as he was about to step in, a roar came from within the palace, and soon after, a figure that was around a hundred feet tall charged out from inside.

Before the figure even closed in, a powerful pressure forced itself down on Su Ming's heart and soul, but he did not stop for even a single moment. He clenched his right fist, then hurled it straight towards the incoming gigantic figure.

That gigantic figure also hurled his fist towards Su Ming. Their fists crashed into each other in an instant. One of them stood

within the hall, and the other outside the hall. Right in the middle was the palace door.

One of them was around a hundred feet tall, and the other looked rather tiny in comparison!

One of them was ferocious, and the other was indifferent!

Time seemed to have frozen up during that instant. As lightning flashed through the sky, it illuminated everything. At the moment their fists clashed, the armor decked Spirit of Nine Yin in the palace shuddered violently and his armor shattered into pieces with a bang, revealing his face, which looked like dried wood. He even coughed out a huge mouthful of blood and staggered a few steps back!

Su Ming did not even take a single step backwards. With one single move, he leaped through the first palace and charged towards the second palace.

"Who are you?!" The shocked filled voice of the spirit from the first palace chased after Su Ming. The strength of their physical bodies had always been the pride of Spirits of Nine Yin. Even if their levels of cultivation did not differ too greatly from their opponents, they could still use the might of their bodies to suppress their enemies!

Yet what happened just now had filled the spirit's heart with a level of shock that could not be described with words. He could clearly feel that this person had not used any sort of divine ability and had just used his physical strength, just like him. And in such a situation, he had practically lost completely!

"I am Su Ming! And I came here to take back the spirit you Spirits of Nine Yin took with you!"

The instant Su Ming stepped into the second palace, the stone on the statues outside the second palace started melting. All of them had dark expressions on their faces, and without saying a single

word, they charged towards him.

This time, Su Ming did not attack. His Poison Corpse did. That Corpse rushed out with a roar, and the black and green poison fog spread out rapidly. In the blink of an eye, it covered the entire area. Su Ming knew that if he wanted to save the Crimson Dragon, he had to be fast!

He had to use the fastest speed he could muster and charge towards the place where the crimson dragon was sealed!

Without stopping, he arrived before the door to the second palace. At the instant he stepped in, a huge spirit walked out of the second palace. He held a long spear in his hand, and the moment he walked out, he sent that spear charging straight towards Su Ming's face. It brought with it a piercing sound as it sliced through the air, and it was so loud that the sound was deafening.

It was as if he had prepared this attack since a long time ago and chosen to unleash it right at that moment!

The spear was just about to touch Su Ming when he lifted his right hand, and immediately, Han Mountain Bell appeared in it, as if his fist had turned into the bell itself. The bell crashed into the long spear in an instant, and a loud chime that shook the skies rang through the world.

The body of the spirit with the long spear lurched forward, and the long spear in his hands started shattering inch by inch. He fell several steps backwards and blood trickled out of the corners of his mouth. Without a hint of hesitation, Su Ming went past the palace and charged towards the third palace.

Yet the instant he stepped into the third palace, not only did all the statues outside the palace wake up, even the guardian in the palace had walked out with a long spear in his hand. When the spirit lifted the spear, all the Spirits of Nine Yin around lifted their spears and tossed them at the same time. Sharp, piercing whistles charged towards Su Ming.

Su Ming still looked as calm as ever. In the face of all the long spears charging towards him, he lifted his left hand and pressed at the air before him gently.

"My left hand symbolizes time that has passed... as if your bodies are all searching for the signs of time... move back..." Su Ming muttered softly.

The instant those words left his lips, he pushed against the air, and the numerous long spears that were charging towards him no longer moved forward, but backwards! At the same time, before the Spirits of Nine Yin even managed to take a step forward, they started moving as if their actions were flowing in reverse, and all of them took a step backwards!

The shock of when they took that step backwards was enough to strike anyone who witnessed this scene dumb with amazement!

Then, like a bolt of lightning, Su Ming leaped over the third palace and headed towards the fourth palace!

For some strange reason, the Spirits of Nine Yin in the fourth palace had not woken up. Only a powerful spirit of three hundred something feet tall stood outside the palace, looking at Su Ming with a complicated gaze!

"Are you going to stop me as well?" Su Ming asked calmly.

Chapter 494: Ze Long Shen

Once Su Ming mastered the fusion between the past and the future, Destiny was contained between the back and front of his hands!

This method which allowed him to cause time to flow back came through the epiphany he gained when he isolated himself during those two months and nursed his Nascent Soul back to health - his Destiny Style!

This was his creation, the third style that came after Berserker Obliteration and that extreme speed, this was Destiny's Past!

This style looked simple and as if it could change the course of time, but in truth, that was not so. Su Ming still could not truly do that. What he could do, however, was channel his understanding towards that one word into wind, and make it seem as if the wind's memories were flowing backwards based on that understanding.

Is he truly turned into Destiny, then he could bring forth the power of this one style to its greatest extent, but he had not transformed at the moment. That was why when he executed this attack, he could only cause things to move in reverse for a single moment.

Nonetheless, even if it was just for a single moment, it was still enough to stir up enough shock among the Spirits of Nine Yin, because this sort of divine ability had already reached an incredibly abstruse level!

At that moment, that was exactly how the three hundred something feet tall spirit standing outside the fourth palace felt!

He did not even bother hiding the complicated look on his face as he looked at Su Ming. His name... was Li Huo!

Su Ming also looked at the huge spirit before him, and he felt as if he could still hear the words the spirit had once said echoing

faintly in his ears. "My name is Li Huo. According to the treaty made between my tribe and the Shaman Tribe, I am willing to serve you."

In the face of Su Ming's question, the conflicted look on Li Huo's face became even greater. He lifted his head swiftly, and resolution appeared in his eyes.

"There are certain things that a man can and cannot do! Because of personal reasons, I shouldn't stop you... but as a member of my race, I must stop you! You saved me before, I..." The spirit lifted his right hand abruptly and seized the air. Immediately, a gigantic axe appeared out of thin air with a huge boom. Once he held it in his hand, he placed it on the ground.

The ground shuddered, and thin cracks spread out with loud, rumbling sounds ringing in the air.

"...have wronged you in this matter!"

Li Huo let go of his right hand. His battle axe stood straight on the ground, and he turned around, slamming his right hand against his chest roughly. He staggered a few steps backwards and coughed out a huge mouthful of blood. His helmet shattered, revealing his dried wood like face, and he opened up the path!

"Go!" Li Huo gritted his teeth and growled.

All the Spirits of Nine Yin around him were starting to awaken slowly. All of them looked at Li Huo, and in the midst of their silence, they remained still.

Su Ming wrapped his fist in his palm towards Li Huo, and a complicated look also appeared on his face. With one move, he leaped up and was about to rush into the fifth palace, but right at the instant he jumped up, all the other Spirits of Nine Yin in the fourth palace lifted their heads.

"Let him go!" Li Huo spoke once again, and there was a tone in his voice that told Su Ming he was bidding him farewell. He might

have only gotten to know Su Ming for a short amount of time, but the things that had happened during the time they were briefly acquainted with each other were things that Li Huo would never forget.

He had not managed to complete Su Ming's last request, bringing only the girl back to the Shaman City. The boy had run into an accident on their way back.

He would forever feel guilty about this.

Su Ming turned into a long arc, and in the blink of an eye, he charged into the fifth palace!

The instant he stood in the air above the courtyard of the fifth palace, a powerful, imposing air came crashing into him. There were nine gigantic stone statues in the courtyard, and all of them were waking up one by one. At the same time these spirits looked towards Su Ming with an aloof gaze, a Spirit of Nine Yin that wore no helmet walked out from within the fifth palace. He seemed to be a middle-aged man, and his face that was formed of dried wood contained no hint of emotion.

"Stop!" the middle-aged Spirit of Nine Yin said languidly. His voice gave off a feeling as if he was rotting away. Right then, powerful presences erupted forth from the nine Spirits of Nine Yin, and all of them were spirits that held power equivalent to a Latter Shaman!

It was especially so for the middle-aged spirit who walked out of the palace. The ripples that were spreading out from his body told Su Ming that even if he did not have the power equivalent to an End Shaman, he would still have the power equivalent to a Latter Shaman who had reached the peak!

These Spirits of Nine Yin were enough to trap Su Ming in this place and stop him from reaching the sixth palace in a short period of time!

Almost the instant all the Spirits of Nine Yin in the courtyard revealed their full power and lifted their heads, ready to charge towards Su Ming, who was closing in on them from midair, a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and the small snake on his shoulders lifted its head to let out a piercing howl.

As it howled, the small snake charged out. With one twist of its body in midair, the illusory shadow of a gigantic Candle Dragon immediately appeared in the sky!

That shadow of the Candle Dragon roared and opened its mouth wide before sweeping its head across the ground underneath. At the same time, Su Ming turned into a long arc and shot through the Candle Dragon's shadow to rush forward.

The Candle Dragon formed by the small snake blocked the Spirits of Nine Yin in the palace underneath, buying an instant for Su Ming. It allowed him to swiftly charge out of the fifth palace and arrive at the sixth palace in a rush!

The small snake's power as the Candle Dragon might not be weak, but it was not fully grown. It could only trap the Spirits of Nine Yin in the fifth palace for a short period of time. It could not do so for long.

Su Ming knew that he... did not have much time!

With his full speed, he stepped into the courtyard of the sixth palace, and right at that instant, seven presences that were equivalent to Latter Shamans that had reached the peak charged towards him, causing Su Ming to have absolutely no chance of dodging or retreating as he was in midair!

The seven presences were about to close in to him in the next instant. A glint flashed past Su Ming's eyes. He lifted his right hand, and the full power of the Wind Crystal of Inheritance in his body erupted forth. A vortex started spinning around his body, and as that vortex spun, a hot wave of air appeared, as if the vortex had turned into a cyclone that contained great heat!

Once that wind appeared, Su Ming pointed towards the sky with his right hand.

"Lunar Burial!"

The instant those two words fell out of his mouth, a gigantic whirlwind formed in the sky as well. The temperature of that wind was different from the hot whirlwind on the ground - it contained a freezing chill. All of this seemed to have happened over a long span of time, but in truth, everything happened in an instant.

As the freezing vortex and the burning wind on the ground continuously spun in the world, they crashed into each other abruptly, and as they did so, a gust of wind that was much stronger than the wind summoned through Sun Genesis burst forth out of nowhere. And as it howled, it also contained a power that could blow apart life. This... was Lunar Burial!

The second style of Wind Separation - Lunar Burial!

Under that gust of wind that came forth to bury life, the seven powerful Spirits of Nine Yin that were closing in on Su Ming became like corpses. As the wind blew, their bodies rapidly dried up and a large amount of their life force flowed out from their bodies. That wind howled and swept about in all directions. Su Ming stood in that gust of wind, and it caused his long hair to dance, his robes to flutter, and his eyes to look ghostly!

However, this was the sixth palace of the Spirits of Nine Yin. Almost the instant that gust of wind formed, an old spirit walked out of the sixth palace, and that old spirit was also another person Su Ming was familiar with!

The old spirit was naturally... the spirit that Su Ming had rented in the past, one that possessed power that was equivalent to that of an End Shaman! He was also the one who had taken away the crimson dragon with some unknown method and caused the crimson dragon to be sealed in this place!

He also had a complicated look on his face, but different from Li Huo stepping aside to clear the path, he took a step forward, and as that gust of wind swirled in the air, he lifted his right hand and pointed at the wind!

It was the same attack he executed when he had helped Su Ming fight against the God of Shamans Temple all those years ago during the treasure gambling event!

"Ze Long Shen..."

As Su Ming stood in the gust of wind, he saw the incoming attack of that one point. At that moment, all seven figures that had been closing in on him moments ago were revealed, but they could not get closer to Su Ming. In the gust of wind that aimed to bury their lives, they could only do their absolute best to fight against it.

The might of that wind would not have been so powerful if it had been executed by a person with average power, but when Su Ming cast it with the full power of all his Berserker Bones, this Lunar Burial reached an incredibly powerful state.

"In the past, I could not hope to even become your opponent... Now, I'd like to see just how far apart we are!"

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he took a step forward, walking straight out of the vortex that was the gust of wind that buried lives. He lifted his right hand, and with the jab he created after numerous evolutions during those countless years in the Undying and Imperishable World, he pointed forward, and that one jab traveled forth like lightning. It swiftly closed in on the attack from the old Spirit of Nine Yin's finger in midair.

In the past, Su Ming had been so weak that he could not put up a fight against the old spirit in his own eyes!

As of now, he already had the right to truly fight against this old spirit!

'It's a pity... that the timing isn't right.'

At the same moment Su Ming pointed forward, he moved his body slightly. He sighed in his heart, and when that one jab of his clashed against the old spirit's attack from his finger, a loud bang that shook the skies rose into the air.

Amid the rumbles, blood trickled down the corners of Su Ming's lips. His body tumbled backwards, and due to the slight rearrangement in his position, he did not fall back in the direction of where he came. Instead, as if he had borrowed the old spirit's power, he charged straight towards the seventh palace!

The old Spirit of Nine Yin's body shuddered. He could tell that Su Ming had not used his entire power when he executed that one jab. He had just wanted to borrow its power to charge forth. When he saw that Su Ming was heading straight to the seventh palace, a glint appeared in his eyes. At the instant he was about to give chase, the shadow of Su Ming's Nascent Divinity, who was still following right behind Su Ming, whipped his head around.

Right at the moment the Nascent Divinity turned his head around, he lifted his right hand and swung it against the sky. That one swing immediately caused a blood-red hue to spread out, making it seem as if the entire sky was being rapidly dyed in blood.

This was one of the stronger styles among all of Hong Luo's Arts - Purge the Heavens!

It was difficult for Su Ming to bring out much of the power in this Art if he cast it at just the Soul Formation Stage. Even if he used up all the energy contained within his Nascent Divinity, he would still only be able to bring out half of the Art's power. Yet even though it was just half, it could still bring about a purge!

The sky was dyed crimson red as if a sea of blood had manifested. The sea tumbled in all directions and appeared right behind Su Ming, as if it was serving as a blockade, cutting off the old Spirit of Nine Yin's path when he tried to chase Su Ming down. The sea of blood surged about, and as if the sky had collapsed, all the red in

the sky fused into Su Ming's Nascent Divinity, and once it did so, his Nascent Divinity charged straight towards the old Spirit of Nine Yin.

Su Ming did not turn his head back. Borrowing the power from that one point and using his Nascent Divinity's Art to block the old spirit off was all so that he would not be trapped within the sixth palace. At that moment, as he charged forward like a long arc, Su Ming stepped right into the courtyard of the seventh palace!

His face was slightly pale. After all, that one attack from the old spirit's finger was equivalent to an attack from an End Shaman. If his physical body had not been strong enough and allowed him to bear the brunt of the attack, Su Ming might have immediately exploded.

However, the guards for the palaces belonging to the Spirits of Nine Yin were all stronger with each new level.

Even if there were only two palaces left standing before him until he reached the mountain sealing his crimson dragon, these two palaces, the seventh and eighth palaces, were definitely incredibly dangerous.

But Su Ming had no regrets!

Chapter 495: God of Berserkers, Lie Shan Xiu!

The instant Su Ming stepped into the courtyard of the seventh palace, he found out that there were only five statues standing around. These five had already woken up, and at the instant he came close, they all took a step forward at the same time.

When their feet landed on the ground, the ground shook. Every single one of these five statues contained a power similar to the sixth palace's Ze Long Shen. As they took that step forward, a mighty pressure that felt like the seas were overturned and mountains were toppled over instantly rushed towards Su Ming.

His body suddenly froze. Under that pressure, he had a feeling as if his entire body was going to be crushed into smithereens. Once he coughed out a mouthful of blood, he formed a seal with his right hand and pointed forward. Immediately, bell chimes reverberated in the air and spread out. Han Mountain Bell instantaneously appeared right in between Su Ming and the five powerful statues!

As Su Ming changed the seals in his right hand, Han Mountain Bell grew larger, and when a loud roar rose up and reverberated through the nine heavens, the Nine-Headed Dragon appeared as an illusion in the air above the seventh palace!

At that moment, many of the heads belonging to the nine-headed beast roared and charged towards the five powerful Spirits of Nine Yin.

However, each and every single one of these five Spirits of Nine Yin possessed power equivalent to an End Shaman. The level of their strength was simply unimaginable, and right at the moment the Nine-Headed Dragon appeared, an old spirit walked out of the seventh palace.

That old spirit wore a green robe, and while he looked like a

block of dried up wood, he was not tall. In fact, his physique was not that much different compared to Su Ming. He looked incredibly tiny as he stood there, but despite his tiny stature, his gaze gave others a false impression. He looked at Su Ming coldly, and the instant he took a step forward, Su Ming had a feeling as if the earth was shaking and the mountains were trembling. It was as if the world had become dull when the old man appeared.

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath, then lifted his right hand into the air with his palm facing downwards and the back of his hand facing upwards. His left hand was also lifted up, but his palm was facing upwards, and the back of his hand was facing downwards!

"My palms symbolize my past, and the back of my hands represent my future...

"The fusion of the past and present will happen when these two hands come into contact, and the power when the past and future fuse together will bloom.

"I call the power where I fuse the past and future together as... Destiny," Su Ming mumbled.

As he spoke, his left and right hands connected with each other! His body immediately started trembling, and veins popped up on his face. His long hair danced wildly in the air, and an illusory shadow appeared behind him.

The illusory shadow was that of a baby that did not cry nor wail. His eyes were dark and gray, and he looked as if he was dead!

That baby seemed to be looking at the sky as he remained still and unmoving. If anyone took a closer look, they would be able to see that there was resentment burning on his dull face, and it was aimed towards the world!

Almost at the instant that baby appeared, the air before Su Ming distorted, and a purple figure manifested right in front of him. The face of this man with purple hair was filled with grief, as if he

contained an endless amount of sorrow within him. He looked at the sky and seemed as if he was mumbling, but no one could hear what he was saying clearly.

"The Fusion of Destiny: First Fusion!"

The instant Su Ming said those words, the man with purple hair before him and the baby with the dull eyes behind him immediately charged towards him and fused into his body. Right at the moment they fused into him, Su Ming's body turned into a gigantic vortex. It began rotating with booming sounds, and all those standing around could not see what was happening within.

However, that rotation did not last for a very long time. Almost the moment the Nine-Headed Dragon began its mad attack while roaring and the green-robed old spirit from the seventh palace walked forth, the vortex suddenly fell apart, spreading in all directions rapidly like a violent gust of wind sweeping through the land.

When the vortex dissipated from midair, a boy with a sickly pale face along with half a head of purple hair and the other half in white appeared right before all the Spirits of Nine Yin!

That boy was only about eight or nine years old. Not only was his face completely void of blood, even his skin had a grayish hue that gave off a dreary air. He had his head lifted to look at the sky, and at that moment, he slowly lowered it to look at the old spirit who had walked out of the seventh palace. Their gazes met.

The old man's feet came to an abrupt halt, and a powerful sense of danger swiftly rose in his heart. He could even sense a feeling of time and age from this person's gaze!

"Only fifteen breaths..." Su Ming, who had turned into a young boy, mumbled. This time, when he turned into Destiny, he could clearly sense his time limit. It was different from when he was in the Undying and Imperishable World, when he executed the fusion outside, he would only have the span of fifteen breaths in this

form.

A glint appeared in his eyes. Without a single bit of hesitation, he took a step towards the old spirit from the seventh palace. In the process of taking that one step, while his body looked as if he was still rooted to his original spot, the old spirit that had walked out of the seventh palace lifted his right hand and pushed forward swiftly.

Booming sounds reverberated through the place, and distortions appeared in the air before the old man. Su Ming walked forth without stopping. As he moved towards the old man, he lifted his right hand and seized the air. Immediately, a ray of purple light manifested in his right hand, and then, he pointed towards the old man.

The ray of purple light immediately charged towards the old man. A grim expression appeared on the old man's face, and just when he was about to execute a divine ability to resist that purple light, Su Ming lifted his left hand and swung it in the air.

Immediately, the old man froze, and as if time had turned back on him, he took a step back against his will. The divine ability he was about to cast was also interrupted and cut off. His right hand started moving until he had it lifted up in the air, just like he had held it moments ago. Shock and disbelief appeared in his eyes. He could only watch the ray of purple light close in on him, and when that light enveloped his entire body, a loud bang traveled through the air.

As that bang echoed in the sky, the old man coughed out blood. His body tumbled backwards, but before he could move much further down, Su Ming lifted his right hand and seized the air. Immediately, the direction the old spirit's feet and body were moving changed once again. He took a few steps forward and returned to the spot before he suffered the attack from the ray of purple light.

In fact, even that ray of purple light that had crashed into the old spirit's body moved out from within him, and the scene just then repeated itself. Booming sounds rang out in the air once more.

The process continued repeating itself, and in a short instant, the old spirit had already gone through thirteen cycles of falling backwards and moving forward, as well as thirteen cycles of being attacked and the ray of light flowing out of his body to attack him again. Only when Su Ming walked past him and out of the seventh palace to arrive at the eighth palace did the old spirit's body stop suffering from the barrage of attacks caused by the endless loop between the past and the future.

However, once the cycle stopped, thirteen loud bangs erupted from his body, and a ray of purple light surged into the sky while illuminating the entire area. Once those thirteen bangs ended, the old spirit coughed out a huge mouthful of blood, and as he staggered, he whipped his head around. With a pale face, he looked towards Su Ming in shock!

He could tell clearly, if it was not because this person did not harbor strong killing intent, then if he had to bear through the barrage of attacks caused by the loop between the past and the future a little longer, he would have died!

This sort of attack, this sort of divine ability, and this sort of unbelievable change caused fear to instinctively rise in the old spirit's heart towards Su Ming.

He was not the only one afraid, the other five Spirits of Nine Yin were all the same!

At that moment, Su Ming was not Su Ming. He was... Destiny!

Seven breaths had gone by since Destiny appeared till the moment he walked into the eighth palace. When the eighth breath was over, Su Ming arrived in the eighth palace. There were only three statues in the eighth palace, and at that moment, those three were rapidly recovering. In the blink of an eye, they had already

awakened.

At the same time, a cold harrumph came from the eighth palace itself. A foot also took a step outside. The owner of that foot was still largely hidden in the darkness of the palace, and as he moved forward, his figure was gradually revealed.

However, all of this started rapidly changing the moment Su Ming stepped into the eighth palace. As he, with half his hair purple and the other half white, walked forward, the three statues that had already awakened and opened their eyes immediately closed them. Their recovered bodies started turning to stone from their heads, and when Su Ming walked past them, the three powerful statues had fallen asleep once again, as if time had reversed around them.

The cold harrumph that came from the eighth palace also became weaker from the initial strength it had. The one step its owner had taken was also moving backwards slowly, but Su Ming could see that the leg was trembling, as if the owner of that leg was doing his absolute best to struggle against that force!

Nonetheless, as Su Ming continued moving forward, the struggle turned into powerlessness in the end, and that leg retreated back into the palace without appearing again...

Su Ming moved past the eighth palace, and right before him was the mountain that sealed his crimson dragon. At the top of the mountain was the final palace that kept his crimson dragon captive!

The ninth palace in this area!

Su Ming walked past the eighth palace and stepped on the mountain. Right at the instant he stood outside the ninth palace, an illusion surrounded his body. Destiny's body gradually grew up, and in an instant, he regained his original appearance. The boy who was about eight or nine years old was gone.

The color of his hair also returned to normal. However, his face still looked slightly pale. Blood trickled down the corners of his mouth. Clearly, casting the divine ability in the world outside to turn himself into Destiny was also incredibly demanding on Su Ming.

"You... are the fourth outsider over the countless years... who has managed to force his way through the eight palaces and arrive at this place!"

An ancient voice traveled forth from within the ninth palace. The door to the palace opened slowly, causing Su Ming to be able to see the skeleton impaled to the ground right in the middle of the eight statues, along with the picture of the crimson dragon under that skeleton.

The person who said those words was no one else but the skeleton who was impaled to the ground. At that moment, the skeleton lifted his head slowly and looked towards Su Ming!

At the instant he lifted his head and the moment Su Ming saw the skeleton, he immediately recognized that the skeleton's head was the exact same as the head that was hoisted up by that stone pillar in Shaman City all those years ago!

"That divine ability of yours just now is very strong... If you could last in that form for more than the time taken for an incense stick to burn, then you could come and go as you please in our territory, and no one would be able to stop you... Even I would have to pay a huge price to stop you..."

"But clearly, you can't." The skeleton looked at Su Ming, and there was infinite wisdom shining in his eyes. There was also an ancient glint that lasted through an unknown amount of years within his gaze.

"As the fourth person who managed to force his way through to this place over the long history we have, you have earned our respect... Go. This soul formed from Earthen Aura is very useful to

my people. We won't give it to you."

Su Ming remained. He did not speak, but he did lift his right hand slowly. There was a strand of hair on his finger, and at that moment, it was showing signs of burning.

A mighty pressure that had surpassed Su Ming's by an immeasurable level was slowly spreading out from that strand of hair on his finger. The strength of that pressure instantly covered the entire area, causing the expressions of all the Spirits of Nine Yin to immediately change!

It also made a powerful light appear within the eyes of the skeleton in the palace.

"This presence... This is the presence of the God of Berserkers, Lie Shan Xiu!"

Translator's Notes:

Lie Shan Xiu: Pronounced lɪɛ, not lɪɪ.

Chapter 496: Then why are You here as Well?

The skeleton in the ninth palace shuddered, pulling at the chains and the spike, making them tremble as well. He also caused the mountain to start shivering faintly. He stared at Su Ming's palm, stared at the strand of hair on his finger. A dim light gradually appeared on his dried up face. As that light spread through his body, life also seemed to have returned to his dried up body.

"Lie Shan Xiu..." Su Ming's expression remained calm, but there was already a huge wave raging in his heart. This was the first time he heard that name, and based on this person's words, this name belonged to the God of Berserkers... the first God of Berserkers!

"I could leave without bringing along the Earthen Aura dragon's soul, but with this power of the God of Berserkers, not only can I just rain death upon you Spirits of Nine Yin, I can destroy this place sealing my crimson dragon. And judging by how it is acting as a seal, this place must also be a very important place to you Spirits of Nine Yin!

"It'd be to my best interests to destroy this place, but if I can't, I can still leave unscathed if I coordinate the power of my cultivation with the power of the God of Berserkers... And from then onwards, I would search for every single one of you Spirits of Nine Yin who strayed off from your kind, and I will not stop until I kill every single one of you!

"You've already seen my divine ability just now. I can do what I just said!" Su Ming quelled the shock in his heart and declared languidly. He possessed the power of the God of Berserkers, and with it, he could even destroy Di Tian's clone. This was also the reason why he was confident he could save the crimson dragon. It was also the reason why he chose to bear through so many difficulties and hardships to arrive at the ninth palace!

If he had revealed the power of the God of Berserkers before he got close, then he would not be able to be as threatening as he was now. Only by showing off his abilities and bringing out this threat could he bring out the best result he desired!

As the skeleton in the palace recovered, the dim light in his eyes grew stronger. He stared at the strand of hair on Su Ming's finger, and a complicated look mixed with nostalgia appeared on his face.

"Lie Shan Xiu was the first person who forced his way through the palaces... That was a very long time ago... This presence does indeed belong to him. I didn't expect him to have taken that step..."

When he finished saying those words, the skeleton let out a long sigh and looked towards Su Ming. He did hear Su Ming's threat clearly, and if he did not possess the power of the God of Berserkers, the skeleton would have just treated it as a joke. However, right at that very moment, what he said was not a joke!

"We can make a deal..." The skeleton had already completely recovered. He stood up from the ground slowly, and as he did, the chains on his body melted, and the spikes stuck to the ground loosened one by one before they disappeared without a trace.

When the skeleton stood up, Su Ming saw that he was not tall. He was just about the same height as him. As he stood there, a yellow robe gradually appeared on his body.

Su Ming did not speak. He only looked at the skeleton.

"I need the Earthen Aura dragon's soul because the power of the Earthen Aura it contains is extremely useful for my people... But now, if you are willing to use the power of the God of Berserkers to help my people, then we will naturally no longer need this puny dragon soul!" The skeleton spoke slowly, and as he spoke, he lifted his right hand and pressed downwards.

Immediately, the crimson dragon's picture on the ground

distorted. As a low roar reverberated in the air, the picture melted, and as if a seal had been broken, the crimson dragon's body manifested and flew up from the ground. It looked listless as it charged towards Su Ming.

At the same time, all the Spirits of Nine Yin within the eight palaces under the foot of the mountain stopped attacking, and instead, they started retreating before they returned to being statues. Immediately after, the Poison Corpse charged forth and returned to Su Ming's side. The small snake also rushed towards him. Nascent Divinity returned last with Han Mountain Bell in tow.

During the entire process, the Spirits of Nine Yin did not try to stop them and simply allowed them to return to Su Ming's side.

"This is a show of my sincerity," the skeleton said slowly as he looked towards Su Ming.

"If you agree to this, not only will I allow you to bring the Earthen Aura away, you will also receive our friendship. This friendship will last for eternity."

Without batting an eyelid, Su Ming put away Han Mountain Bell and his Nascent Divinity, then looked towards the skeleton, and spoke in a freezing voice.

"I heard the Shamans had the same friendship with your people in the past."

The skeleton now looked like an ancient old man. Towards Su Ming's words, he only shook his head.

"There is no friendship between us and the Shamans. There is only a promise and a mutually beneficial relationship. They did not keep to the promise and brought this disaster on themselves. It has nothing to do with us Spirits of Nine Yin."

Su Ming frowned. He did not speak.

"Oh well, there's no harm in me telling you this. The promise

between my people and the Shamans was that we would help them open up an area of one million li and allow them to build Shaman City. We would also willingly serve them if they give us what we want so that they can survive here.

"In return, they had to give us what we required once in a while. And every single time my people helped them, they had to give us what we needed! The Shamans couldn't bring too many powerful warriors in a go either...

"But fifteen years ago, the Shamans broke their part of the promise first and caused the land to fall apart," the old man in yellow robes, who had transformed from the skeleton, explained with an ancient voice.

"Once I give you the power of the God of Berserkers, I will no longer have anything to threaten you with. If you go back on your word, I will be in danger," Su Ming's stated slowly with a glint in his eyes.

The old man in yellow robes fell silent, then walked slowly forward until he moved out of the palace. As he stood outside, he looked towards the world outside.

Su Ming took a few steps back and maintained a certain amount of distance between them.

"Everyone... has their own home..." After a long while, the old man suddenly spoke in a hoarse voice.

"You have one, the Shamans have one, and Lie Shan Xiu also had one... Similarly, we Spirits of Nine Yin also have a home... Now, the World of Nine Yin is sealed, and no one from the world outside can enter, and neither can anyone from within leave. Do you want to leave this place?" The old man turned his head around and looked at Su Ming.

Su Ming's heart shuddered. During the past few days, he had been unwilling to think about this. The things that had happened

to Fated Kin had moved his heart greatly, but he had a vague hunch that it was going to be incredibly difficult for them to leave the World of Nine Yin.

However, he did not give up hope. Instead, he had decided that once everything had been settled, he would go and search for a chance to leave this place, no matter how slim that hope was.

"If you help us, you will also be helping yourself..." the old man said slowly.

Su Ming remained silent.

"When we worked with the Shamans, we thought about using them to gather the necessary materials we needed because they could go in and out with ease. Over the endless amount of years, we only had one wish... and that was to go back home!

"For this, we worked together with the Shamans. For this, we were willing to serve the Shamans. For this, my people brought that crimson dragon back. All of this was just so that we could go home...

"Our home is not here in the World of Nine Yin. Neither is it in this True Morning Dao World. It is instead a world located in a universe that is very, very far from here - the True Sacred Yin World of the four Great True Worlds!" The old man's voice was low, but the words he said made Su Ming's breathing quicken and a great wave that surged into the skies raged in his heart.

"For this, we could give up on everything... As the evil spirit of my people through the ages, I acted out a show for the Shamans so that they would believe that our people were divided. My head was cut off and placed as an offering in Shaman City. I was turned into the Shamans' war achievement and into the emblem of their glory as they stayed within these one million li...." the old man mumbled.

'True Sacred Yin World... True Morning Dao World... The four

Great True Worlds!' Su Ming remembered the Candle Dragon's words before it had truly died.

"The Shamans did not keep to their promise and set up a Rune in this place fifteen years ago. They wanted to transfer a large amount of Shamans here in one go, but the Shamans didn't know that once they truly did so, then they would bring forth a disaster that would affect the entire World of Nine Yin!

"If too much Yin Death Aura [1] from outsiders came into this place, the World Spirit would definitely activate its defenses and begin destroying all the lives here, even if it was still deep asleep...

"That is why I attacked. Before the World Spirit activated its defenses and began its massacre, I destroyed that threat!" The old man in yellow robes shook his head.

"World Spirit?" Su Ming was momentarily stunned.

"You are a member of Lie Shan Xiu's race. With his power protecting you, you aren't considered an outsider... This World of Nine Yin may seem like a world, but in truth, it is an Enchanted Vessel of the True World belonging to us Spirits of Nine Yin!

"This Enchanted Vessel is incredibly big, and it is used by the Cultivators in the True Sacred Yin World to move back and forth through universes, and only these sort of Enchanted Vessels can obtain the power to break the barrier between worlds so that we can travel between two True Worlds!

"But many years ago, when we Spirits of Nine Yin went out on a mission by the orders of the True Sacred Yin Spirit, we ran into a Celestial Storm of the True World while we were moving between worlds... Our Enchanted Vessel was damaged greatly, and we were forced to come to this place...

"And we stayed... till now." There was nostalgia on the yellow-robed old man's face when he whispered softly.

Su Ming's heart shuddered violently. He instinctively took a few

steps backwards, and it was difficult for him to hide the disbelief on his face.

"If that is the case, then why did the Candle Dragon, why..." Su Ming immediately opened his mouth and asked.

"The Candle Dragon, its descendants, one of the nine Sacred beasts... Isn't the creature you see already dead..? The mission we received all those years ago was an order given to us by our Paragon True Sacred Yin Spirit. He told us to go to the other three True Great Worlds and gather the corpses of all the powerful existences in those worlds... What you see now is not even close to the strength the ancestor of my race possessed..." The yellow-robed old man's gaze fell on Su Ming.

'Sacred Bats, Drifting Roamers, Spirits of Nine Yin, Candle Dragons, and these races are just the ones within the one million lis... If what the old man said is true... then no wonder there are so many diverse races here!'

Su Ming's breathing quickened as he quickly processed all that he had heard. He had a vague hunch that this person was not lying.

Su Ming was just about to say something when his heart suddenly leaped in his chest. He suddenly remembered the old man talking about the World Spirit activating its defenses and killing everything, and he mentioned this so called... Yin Death Aura from the outside world!

"What is this Yin Death Aura?"

The old man in yellow robes remained silent for a moment before he cast Su Ming a complicated look. "Over the years, even if we are considered one of the top ten powerful races to the True Sacred Yin Spirit, but... do you really think that my people can remain forever and not die..? It is especially so when we had to suffer the impact of the Enchanted Vessel being damaged, did you think... we would have survived?"

Su Ming was momentarily stunned, then his expression suddenly changed drastically. He suddenly remembered the skeleton in the palace before this old man's life force was restored!

"You... You're already dead?" There were loud, booming noises going off in Su Ming's head.

"You can put it that way." The old man sighed.

"If you're dead, how could you still appear here?! Are you a soul? Or are you a fragment of your will?" Su Ming forced down the shock in his heart. When he remembered the Candle Dragon's will, he found that he could still offer an explanation to this, even though that explanation was very forced.

The old man remained silent and lifted his head to look at the sky. After a long while, he turned towards Su Ming. The complicated look on his face became more prominent with each passing moment.

"Then why are you here as well?"

Translator's Note:

1. Yin Death Aura: A concept derived from another concept that comes in the next chapter. Could have just translated it as sinister death aura instead of giving it such a name, but perhaps you'll understand why I did so in the next chapter.

Chapter 497: The Start of Waking up the World Spirit

As if a hammer had struck his soul, Su Ming staggered a few steps back. With a dismal expression on his face, three scenes rapidly flashed in his head!

The first scene was of when he saw Bei Ling and Lei Chen [1] on the Chains of Han Mountain in Han Mountain City and the one sentence he had heard at that time.

"You died. I buried you with my own hands..."

This scene disappeared in an instant and was replaced by the moment Hong Luo was disappearing. Su Ming stood on the coffin on the mountain in the land of the Shamans, and right at the instant he touched the coffin, he was plunged into a memory of darkness that felt like a dream.

"There were two babies at that time... She was the one alive, and I was the one dead..."

Soon after, all of these scenes shattered and Di Tian's body occupied all of his memories. That one aloof word echoed repeatedly in Su Ming's mind... and did not disappear even after a long time.

"Destiny!"

Su Ming stood there and looked at the old man in yellow robes, then at the world behind him. After a long while, he asked, burdened with anguish.

"Am I... dead?"

"Perhaps, perhaps not." The old man in yellow robes cast Su Ming a glance and shook his head.

"What do you mean?" Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he asked. He did not find it in himself to be unable to accept

what the old man said. In truth, he had already discovered some clues about this many years ago, but he had simply been unable to piece the information together.

"There is a binary opposite that exists in the world. If we say that one side of the binary opposite is being alive, then we can say that the other side of the binary opposite is being dead... but what exactly is death and what exactly is meant by the other side? Who can really say clearly?

"Perhaps we can look at the boundary between these two sides as a mirror. When a person standing outside the mirror looks into the mirror, the person inside the mirror is also looking outside. He will see himself, but at the same time, he might also not be looking at himself.

"Do you understand?" the old man in yellow robes asked.

Su Ming frowned. After some time, he looked towards the world in the distance.

"Do you mean that the people in mirrors have their own lives, and the people outside the mirrors don't know about it, and that you and I are in these mirrors?"

"Your comprehensive abilities aren't too shabby. As the person who is regarded highly by Lie Shan Xiu, you must definitely have something outstanding about you... My home, the True Sacred Yin World, has been examining this binary opposite along with Yin and Yang since a long time ago. The results we obtained are that the universe contains this binary opposite as well!

"We call one side of this binary opposite as Yin Death Void, and the other side as Bright Yang Emptiness[2]." When the old man in yellow robes spoke up to that point, he suddenly stopped speaking and no longer continued. A smile appeared on his lips instead.

Su Ming remained silent, then lifted his right hand and looked at the strand of hair on his finger. After some time, a resolute look

appeared on his face.

"How do I help your people return home?"

"This place is created from my people's Enchanted Vessel. It was damaged when it was weaving through universes, but the spirit of this World, which is the soul of this Enchanted Vessel, is not dead. It is simply deep in slumber!

"It needs a sufficient amount of power to wake up, and only when it wakes up can we reactivate this Enchanted Vessel and return to the True Sacred Yin World based on the path it took all those years ago!

"Over the years, we have gathered quite a large number of materials, but it's still not enough. That's why we worked with the Shamans. That's why we need that Earthen Aura dragon's soul!

"You only need to transfer Lie Shan Xiu's power into the Rune, and you will have done a great favor to us. With Lie Shan Xiu's power, I have a seven tenth certainty that I will be able to make this World Spirit wake up in a short period of time!

"Once the World Spirit wakes up and we reestablish our connection with the World Spirit, we... will be able to go home!" The old man in yellow robes looked rather excited. Once he calmed himself down, he looked towards Su Ming with sincerity shining on his face.

"When the World Spirit wakes up, I will open a Relocation Rune within this Enchanted Vessel. We might not be able to use this Rune too many times due to the power of the Enchanted Vessel, but I can send you and your tribesmen away from this place, return you to your own world!

"I will also tell you the connection between Yin Death Void and Bright Yang Emptiness at that time. I hope it will be of help to you...

"And if you want to see the world as it really is, if you are

courageous enough to take the risk, then you can be the last to use the Rune to leave. At that time, you will be able to see the universe and the heavens..." When the old man in yellow robes said these words, he took a few steps back, wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming, and took a deep bow.

"Every single word I've said is true. I hope that you will help us. If the day comes that you are able to leave True Morning Dao World and head to True Sacred Yin World, you can search for Sacred Spirit Continent. That is where we Spirits of Nine Yin are. I hope that we will be able to meet each other in True Sacred Yin World someday!"

Su Ming remained silent as he looked at the old man before him. He nodded his head.

Everything the old man said felt like a dream to Su Ming, but when he connected those words to his own assumptions, he found that the old man was perhaps not speaking nonsense.

Yet no matter what, Su Ming would still agree to this to obtain the answer for the question in his heart. Even if the old man had lied about everything, even if all of this was fake, Su Ming still chose to believe that what the old man said was true.

When he saw him nodding, the old man in yellow robes let out a breath of relief. With a wave of his arm, the palace in the mountain where he was immediately started twisting and distorting before it gradually disappeared. The eight gigantic statues inside also disappeared, as if everything had just been an illusion. Only a gigantic Rune was left behind on the ground where the crimson dragon had been before!

"Please transfer Lie Shan Xiu's power into the Rune!" The old man wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed once again.

In silence, Su Ming walked towards the Rune slowly. When he stood within it, his gaze fell on it. After a long while, he lifted his right hand swiftly, and a strong ray of light instantly burst forth

from the strand of hair on his finger, along with a mighty and imposing presence that surged to the skies.

That presence echoed in the air and caused the sky to rumble, the space all around them to seem as if it could not bear with that pressure, and signs of space being torn to start showing. Almost the instant Su Ming's finger came down, he suddenly turned his head around, and swift as lightning, his gaze landed on the yellow-robed old man's face.

He saw excitement, melancholy, nostalgia, and the yearning for home.

"I'll believe you this once!"

Su Ming's right hand was brought down swiftly, and the instant he tapped the Rune, the strand of hair on his finger started burning rapidly. A large wave of power that was simply unimaginable burst forth, and it all surged into the Rune.

At the same time, the mountain where Su Ming stood at the moment started cracking and breaking apart, inch by inch, turning into dust, but the Rune remained. It floated in midair, and the light on it started becoming brighter!

Soon after, all the palaces in the disappeared mountain vanished into thin air in an instant. All of them turned into dust and ashes, and those statues fell to the side to become one with the ground, as if a gust of wind that aimed to vanquish everything had swept past them.

When that windstorm was over and the light from the Rune became so bright that it was piercing to the eyes, there were no longer any mountains or palaces in the area, and there were also only ten of the statues that were transformed from the Spirits of Nine Yin!

These ten statues were all broken and tattered. They gave off a declining, ancient air, as if they had lived through a countless

number of years.

The Rune in midair was becoming brighter with each passing moment and eventually turned into a pillar of light that was so bright that it pierced the eyes. That light erupted forth from the Rune and charged straight towards the end of the sky.

The instant the pillar of light shot into the sky, another one shot into the clouds from the distant land. Soon after, pillars of light started appearing one by one without stop in the boundless World of Nine Yin.

Su Ming might not be able to see all of them, but he could sense the world shaking!

There was only a little left of the strand of hair on his finger. When the pillar of light erupted, his body was bounced off by a great power, and he was forced back several thousands of feet. His face turned pale, and he coughed out a mouthful of blood. He looked around him dumbly, and saw the vanishing palaces and the disappearing statues. All of this felt incredibly real to him, which also meant that whatever the old man told him just now was indeed not fake.

"We will remember your kindness!" With an excited look on his face, the old man in yellow robes wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming, then charged straight into the pillar of light in the Rune.

"We will continue activating the Rune, and with all my strength, I will call upon the World Spirit to wake up. If I am quick, it'll take half a month, and if I am slow, then it'll take a month. The World of Nine Yin will be overturned by then, so please gather your tribesmen quickly, our lord benefactor. When the World Spirit wakes up, I will open the passage for all of you!"

Su Ming watched the old man in yellow robes disappear into the pillar of light, and after remaining silent for a moment, he gave up thinking about turning into Destiny once again without care for

everything. A melancholic expression appeared on his face instead.

This was the final move he had in case any accidents happened. If everything that the old man had said been false, then Su Ming could use the span of fifteen breaths and revert things slightly.

However... it did not matter whether it was the drastic change around him or the yellow-robed old man's actions, all of them were proof that the person bore no ill will. Based on that alone, the believability of his words had almost reached the level where he was absolutely telling the truth!

This was what Su Ming wanted to know desperately, but also something that he did not want to face.

In silence, he put away his crimson dragon, causing it to turn into a picture on his left arm once again. The dragon had spent too much of its energy and had entered into deep slumber. Su Ming did not know when it would wake up again.

With the Poison Corpse and the small snake, he turned around and headed towards the Fated Kin's valley.

His back looked incredibly desolate, and there was an air of lonely befuddlement about him. Gradually, he left into the distance. Behind him was a pillar of light that surged into the skies. The ground under his feet shook, and the clouds tumbled about in the sky above his head. All of this signified that a change turning the world upside down was happening right at that moment.

"Half a month... A month... I will obtain all of these answers the instant I leave this place," Su Ming mumbled under his breath. A determined light gradually shone in his eyes. It did not matter what sort of answer he would obtain, he would still walk down his path.

It did not matter what that answer signified. Su Ming simply believed that he should know all these things!

His body disappeared into the distance. As he walked in the sky, he spread out his divine sense far and wide. When he saw the ruins of Shaman City in his divine sense, he saw a wandering soul drifting about in the ruins. It was Ahu's soul.

There was also a group of invisible Drifting Roamers wandering about outside the ruins of Shaman City, and among them was a woman that Su Ming was familiar with.

‘Did... she not leave all those years ago..?’ His footsteps came to a halt as he walked in midair, and he turned around and looked in the direction where the woman was in his divine sense.

Translator's Notes:

1. Bei Ling and Lei Chen: Su Ming's childhood friends. Bei Ling taught Su Ming how to use the bow when he was younger, grew to resent him later, but during the migration, they reconciled. Lei Chen is Su Ming's best friend.

2. Yin Death Void (陰死之虛, yin1 si3 zhi1 xu1) and Bright Yang Emptiness (皓陽之空, hao4 yang2 zhi1 kong1): This is a concept the Spirits of Nine Yin came up with, as you can tell.

Since these two words exist as a binary opposite, I thought it was only logical to assume that the words 陰 and 陽 were translated based on what was already officially given and accepted, which in itself is already a binary opposite, which is Yin and Yang, which also means negative-positive/life-death.

Next is 死 and 皓. 死 means death, and 皓 means illustrious/brightness/white/vast. Now, given that black and darkness is commonly associated with death, and life filled with vibrant colors, these two words were translated as Death and Bright respectively.

Finally, we have 虛 and 空. These two are not binary opposites, however. 虛 means void, and 空 means emptiness/sky, but 空 is only used as sky when it is written as 天空. So, both sides of the

binary opposite are talking about emptiness, though one refers to life, and the other death.

Which is why we have 陰死之虛 → Yin Death Void, and 皓陽之空 → Bright Yang Emptiness.

Yin Death Aura, if you recall from chapter 499, is derived from Yin Death Void, hence the name.

Chapter 498: Your Personal Celestial Maiden

It was a fragile soul, a soul that had lost its intelligence and had been floating about the land for many years, lost...

She floated about without any focus in her eyes, and no one knew just where she was headed.

Her body could not be seen with a naked eye, she could only be detected through divine senses. Only then would her beautiful face be seen clearly. Only then would her befuddled eyes be seen clearly...

She wore a white satin dress that was formed from her soul. She drifted about, with many other similar souls by her side. It was as if they could see each other and were just floating about in a group.

She originally did not have any memories and had already forgotten how she died. She forgot how she became this way, only remembering vaguely that she seemed to be searching for something...

Yet she could not remember exactly what she was looking for.

As she moved, she continued floating about, searching for that something, over and over again. Was she searching for her home? Was she searching for the warmth she had when she was alive? Was she searching for where her sect was..?

She... was the Celestial Maiden.

With her status, she should have originally left fifteen years ago during the great change. She was an Immortal, this was not her place. With her status, she should have left the World of Nine Yin with her sect members...

Yet she still appeared within Su Ming's divine sense as a Drifting Roamer.

Su Ming stood there and looked at her, who could not be seen with a naked eye but could be detected clearly among the dozen something Drifting Roamers. He saw her pale face, her floating soul, and the dazed look in her eyes.

At that time, during the treasure gambling event, when Tian Lan Meng had lowered her head, when Wan Qiu had averted her gaze, when no one had spoken for him, this was the one and only person who had been worried about him.

Su Ming really did not have a lot of information about this woman. He had only seen this woman once during the war between the Shamans and Berserkers, and he had heard her call him 'Destiny'...

After that, from Hong Luo's memories, he knew that he had come into brief contact with this woman. They remained without any form of contact after that, and only met each other again in the World of Nine Yin.

Even the woman's name remained incredibly obscure to him.

He only knew that there were people who called her... Celestial Maiden.

This was a very strange title. What did that 'Celestial' mean? Was it somehow related to 'Destiny' [1]? Su Ming looked at her and fell silent.

There were Drifting Roamers floating past Su Ming to arrive before him. They seemed to be unable to see him and treated him as if he did not exist. When eight Drifting Roamers moved past him, the woman in the white satin dress approached him.

With her befuddled gaze, she got closer to Su Ming slowly. At the instant she was about to float past him, she suddenly froze!

She seemed to have noticed something, because she turned around to look at him. Yet in her gaze, she only saw emptiness... However, for some unknown reason, she felt that the spot was

incredibly warm, as if... that was the place she was searching for.

She slowly lifted her hand as if she wanted to touch that warmth. Su Ming looked at her and simply allowed her to place her hand on his body and touch his face.

Cold. That was the first thing Su Ming felt.

He looked at the woman's soul. She originally did not have any emotions on her face, but her lips gradually curled up into a faint smile. That smile was incredibly beautiful, and there was a sort of innocence contained within, along with an indefinable attachment.

She touched Su Ming's face and got closer to him slowly before gradually snuggling into his embrace. She closed her eyes, and a contented expression appeared on her face. She looked as if she had been searching for a very long time and had finally found the place she could call home.

She was a Celestial Maiden, and the word Celestial in her title was affiliated with Destiny...

She could have left fifteen years ago, but she did not. She chose to stay. If Destiny was not in the world outside, then she was no longer the Celestial Maiden. She could only stay here. This was where Destiny was. Only when she was here could she be the Celestial Maiden that belonged to Destiny...

When she was still a young girl with a weak personality, her entire life had been changed because of a single name. Even if she was one of the many Celestial Maidens who came to this place, she had come from the land of the Immortals because she had had only one goal in her mind - to see Destiny with her own eyes...

That was why she did not want to go. That was why after searching for several years, she turned into a Drifting Roamer on a rainy night. Yet even though she had turned into a spirit and forgotten everything, even lost her intelligence, she was still

searching. She had never stopped searching.

Su Ming looked at the woman's soul before him. In silence, he allowed himself to sense her attachment to him. He stood there. A day went by, then night arrived...

A sentimental feeling that he had never had before appeared faintly in his memories...

In that memory, he saw endless darkness. It was very cold, very, very cold. Loneliness and a sense of isolation became a constant. This was some time after he had lost his little sister's voice, though he had no idea how many years it had been since then.

He still continued lying there. He could sense everything happening in the outside world, but he was already numb to it all, had forgotten about everyone.

Until a voice started whispering softly by his side, bringing with it a hint of naivety and timidity.

"Big brother, hello... My... My family name is Bai, it means white, and my given name is Ling Er... I'm from Hidden Dragon Sect..."

"Big brother, are you Destiny..? What does Destiny mean? Why do all of them call you Destiny?"

"Big brother, I miss home. I don't want to be here. Do you miss home? Where is your home..? Let me tell you. My house is really pretty. I also have a younger brother, but it's been a long while since I've seen him..."

"Big brother, grandpa Mo said I can become a Celestial Maiden now, just like everyone else. But I don't want to be like them. I want to become your personal Celestial Maiden from now on... No matter where you are, I will always be by your side..."

"Big brother, I want to... see you when you're awake. I'll go find you, will you remember me..?"

The darkness in his memories gradually disappeared, and what

was revealed before Su Ming was still the chaotic sky above him and the trembling earth beneath him belonging to the World of Nine Yin. It was still night, and he could still see the pillars of light in the distance connecting the sky and earth.

Su Ming dipped his head down and looked at the woman in his bosom. She had her eyes closed as if she was deep in slumber. Happiness radiated from her contented smile.

"Bai... Ling...[2]" Grief gradually filled Su Ming's eyes. Suddenly, he seemed to have come to understand something, but the answer still remained rather fuzzy to him.

After remaining silent for a long while, he let go in anguish, but the woman's soul continued clinging to him. Even if she did not manage to catch him, she did not want to let him go. Su Ming put her away into his storage bag, then moved to the ruins of Shaman City and found Ahu's soul. He did the same thing to Ahu. Then, alone, he walked towards the Fated Kin's valley in the darkness.

When morning arrived, Su Ming returned to the Fated Kin's valley. As he stood in the valley and looked at these hundreds of Fated Kin before him, he suddenly could not tell whether these people were alive or dead...

He sat down, looked at the sky, and felt lost.

The sun rose and set. One day went by, and another day passed as well. Su Ming continued sitting there, but he did not obtain the answer.

'Perhaps I will only obtain all explanations when I eventually leave.' When the third midnight arrived, Su Ming opened his eyes.

'The World Spirit in this world is about to wake up. This place is about to be overturned in the next few days. I still have one place that fills me with questions. Then, before I leave, I have to go there to get my answers... Eternal Li Mountain...'

A sharp, focused look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He quelled the

shock and befuddlement that had arisen within him when he went to the Spirits of Nine Yin, stood up, and looked towards the distance in the night.

After a long while, he turned into a long arc and disappeared into the dark sky. He spread out his divine sense and charged towards the territory of the Sacred Bats.

This place would be his final stop in the World of Nine Yin. He would find out why the burning of blood existed, why the Fire Berserker's Art in his memories existed in this place, and exactly what parts of his memories were wrong.

He also had to find out why Eternal Li Mountain sounded familiar to him. He already had an answer in his heart, and he was going there to prove it right.

Su Ming had spread his divine sense outwards several times as he continued charging in the sky, but he still could not detect Ji Yun Hai's presence. The puppet that was formed from Ji Yun Hai's corpse seemed to have disappeared, and he could not find it.

When first slivers of light arrived at the crack of dawn, the territory of the Sacred Bats appeared before Su Ming, and he still could not find the ripples of aura that belonged to Ji Yun Hai.

Right before Su Ming was a ground filled with countless ravines. All those ravines were so deep that they seemed bottomless. Freezing waves of air spread out and filled the area.

There was one spot in the land that was located in the distance. All the ravines on the ground would meet there. There was no pit there, neither were there a lot of ravines. There was instead a mountain over at that spot!

It was a black mountain that towered into the clouds, and it was exuding waves of eerie, chilling air!

This mountain did not exist fifteen years ago. It was as if it had crawled out of the earth and was now standing tall between the sky

and earth!

Almost at the instant Su Ming approached the place, he saw numerous pairs of aloof eyes suddenly appearing within the innumerable ravines on the ground around him.

Those eyes were shining in the darkness, and they were all staring at him. Not only were the ravines filled with these sort of eyes, Su Ming also saw many of these gazes gathering on his person from the towering mountain.

Aloofness, emotionlessness, bloodthirstiness, and other sorts of emotions were contained within those pairs of eyes on the ground. It was enough to shake the hearts of all those who saw them.

However, Su Ming was not affected. He moved silently forward. He only had one goal in his mind, and that was the mountain - the mountain that was known as Eternal Li by these Sacred Bats!

As Su Ming closed in, piercing shrieks shot out from the ground and reverberated in the air. This was not the voice of one Sacred Bat alone, but came from all the Sacred Bats in this place screaming together.

That voice was like a wave of sound containing a presence that could shake the sky and earth. At the moment the wave surged into the air, even the slivers of light lighting up the sky during dawn seemed to have been forced away, but the wave of sound did not manage to cause Su Ming's footsteps to pause even for a single moment.

When the sound reverberated through the air, the flapping of wings also appeared. Right before Su Ming's eyes, those pairs of eyes in the darkness closed in on him with light shining in them, and all of them turned into an endless amount of Sacred Bats!

At the moment these Sacred Bats charged towards Su Ming, an ancient voice suddenly traveled forth slowly from the top of the mountain.

"Sacred Bats, my worshipers... Do not cause a ruckus... This is my guest. I have been waiting for him for a long time... for a very long time..."

As that voice reverberated through the air, the charging Sacred Bats all ceased making any sound. Instead, they returned to the ravine, and the sparkle within their eyes slowly faded away as well, causing the land to be swathed in darkness once again.

Translator's Notes:

1. When I gave her the name Celestial Maiden, I was thinking constellations, and since constellations were related to destinies as well, I decided to stick to this term instead of changing them all to Destiny Maiden. The first characters between Celestial Maiden and Destiny are the same, that's why Su Ming's wondering about it. But if I put Destiny Maiden, I couldn't get away with the play of words. Also, Destiny can only happen when I fuse 宿命 together.

2. The exact same characters as the name of the first Bai Ling that was first introduced to us.

Chapter 499: Path of Life Cultivation!

Su Ming continued walking forward. Heplane moved past the ravines on the ground and headed to the core of the territory belonging to the Sacred Bats - the peak of the mountain.

Over there, he saw a stone monument. The stone monument stood high and erect. From the distance, it looked like the peak of the mountain. There were a large amount of words carved on that monument, and at the foot of it was an old man, sitting there with his legs crossed.

The old man's clothes were tattered and shabby. His hair was messy and spilled all over his shoulders. His face could not be seen clearly, because he had his head lowered as if he was meditating.

"Millions of years ago, the God of Berserkers, Lie Shan Xiu had developed the land of the Berserkers and created his own cultivation methods and skills to give to the world, and had thus brought the Berserkers to greatness, had thus built the Great Yu Dynasty, and had made all races and tribes bow down to worship him. All the leaders of these races and tribes had to be acknowledged by the God of Berserkers ere they could taketh their position... Then, to search for his own Plane Timeline, he left our world, leaving behind his legacy among us...

"There wast a man who made a name for himself. His family name was Chi Shan, and he introduced himself as Po. He gained an epiphany from the God of Berserkers' will in Great Yu Dynasty and hath receiveth one half of the legacy, yet not the other... He was known as the second God of Berserkers, Chi Shan Po!

"The Immortals and Evil Immortals found it that they were unable to accept this, and a great calamity fell on us again. The will of Morning Dao itself joined in, causing our land to be torn to pieces. Chi Shan Po was torn limb to limb and was buried in the five continents..."

An ancient voice reverberated through the mountain. Su Ming stood before the old man, who still had his head lowered, and listened to his slow voice.

As the old man spoke, the words on the stone monument behind him started disappearing slowly. The words seemed clear at first glance, but when Su Ming took a closer look, he found that they were actually indistinct, and he had no idea what was written up there.

At that moment, he was already certain that his decision to come to Eternal Li Mountain was correct. He still remembered that he had heard the word 'Eternal' from the Berserker corpse in the Candle Dragon's body. It might only have managed to say one word, but when Su Ming heard about Eternal Li Mountain, he had begun having suspicions.

"Ten thousands years later, I was born in the Eastern Wastelands. Twas writ in mine destiny that I could receive the God of Berserkers' will, and after much trials and hardships, I arrived in Great Yu. I saw him, heard his voice, sensed his will, but... I didst not receive the half of the second God of Berserkers' legacy. I might call myself the third God of Berserkers, but I know that I lack what it doth take to become God... I searched for the signs of mine ancestors and died in the World of Nine Yin...

"I thought I could awaken on this day, but alas, I could not..." That ancient voice gradually faded away. At that moment, the old man sitting under the stone monument lifted his head slowly.

His was a very average looking face. However, the signs of time and his old appearance gave others the impression that time was flowing from him, and that he had gone through many things in his life.

"I knew that I would be able to see thee." The old man looked at Su Ming and spoke calmly.

Su Ming stared at the old man before him. He did not speak.

"It was simply a matter of whether thou wouldst be captured here or whether thou wouldst come on thy own. If't be true thou wast brought back hither captive, then thou art not worthy of receiving the cultivation method of mine people, the Berserkers, for thou lacketh the power to make thy statue of the God of Berserkers!

"It is better for thee to stay hither and become a Berserker soul, then sink and lose thyself forever.

"If't be true that thou can arrive on thy own, then thou shalt receive mine inheritance..." the old man said slowly, and a Berserker Mark gradually appeared on his face. That Mark was at the center of his brows, and it looked like a burning moon!

"After my will scatters hence, return mine soul to Great Yu. When mine soul returns home, I wilt become the catalyst for those in the Berserker Soul Realm to breakthrough and reach a new Realm...

"After the Berserker Soul Realm, our blood wilt change. The cultivation for our blood, bones, and souls is done, and everything from the outermost parts of our body to the innermost of our souls is perfect. From hence, we shalt cultivate our bodies no more, but our Life Matrices!

"We must break our Life Matrices and tread on the path to find what is lacking in our lives. This is called Life Privation!

"We must learn of what we lack in ourselves like we know of the regrets the world possesses and like we understand the changes in the world. This is Life Palace!

"When we have the Life Palace in our hands, then we wilt receive endless glory. We wilt be able to use the power of the World Plane, and this is called the World of Life!

"Life Matrix, Life Privation, Life Palace, World of Life [1], these are all after the Berserker Soul Realm, and it is the path of Life Cultivation that belongs to us Berserkers. If we step onto this

path..." The old man looked at Su Ming. His words spread out and his voice echoed in the air. However, Su Ming simply continued standing there, only listening and not speaking.

"I lacked fire in my life, hence I absorbed all manner of fire in my path of Life Cultivation. Yet... in the end, to mine shock, I discovered that the fire I lacked was not of Yang properties, but the flames possessing extreme Yin properties...

"These flames only exist in the moon, hence I worshiped the moon and called myself a Berserker walking down the path of Fire Cultivation!

"But alas, I could not understand the fire of the moon, and neither could I sense the flames that bring about brightness. Mine will was split into two, Yin and Yang. One of them was the Fire Berserker, and the other the God of Berserkers, just as the sky hath night and day. All that was left was my anguish, and I asked the blue sky why it cried...

"I received an innumerable amount of serendipities in mine life, but in the end, I died in the Enchanted Vessel belonging to Sacred Yin. I had been sad, I had grieved, I had felt bitterness, I had been overcome by greed..." the old mumbled as he looked at Su Ming, and his words were filled with endless regrets.

Most of the words on the stone monument behind him had disappeared, and soon, there would be no words left.

"I am the third God of Berserkers, Li Shan Huo. Before mine death, I looked at the sky, and mine eyes remained gazing at it even as I closed mine eyes... If thou art one of the descendants of mine race, then doth not forget mine path... The stone monument behind mine body is the legacy of the first God of Berserkers, yet... it ends at the third..."

When the old man finished speaking, the final line of words on the stone monument behind him turned indistinct and finally disappeared. At that moment, the entire stone monument was

empty.

As the words on the stone monument completely disappeared, the face of the old man who had been looking at Su Ming while mumbling began rotting away, and gradually, he crumbled before Su Ming's eyes.

A gentle breeze swept past at that moment and blew away the old man's ashes. It brought them along and floated into the distance. The only things that couldn't be blown away by that gust of wind were three round pearls that remained on the ground where the old man sat. These three pearls were dark, but there was an indefinable mysteriousness about them. They looked as if they could devour light, and were incredibly striking.

The old man had already died a long time ago. What remained of him was perhaps a wisp of his soul or a hint of his will. It might even be another sort of existence, but no matter what, the fact that he had died a long time ago remained.

That was why Su Ming did not speak. He had been able to see since a long time ago that his reflection did not exist in the old man's pupils, even if he was looking at him.

Right at that moment, he understood. What the old man saw was something left behind since an unknown amount of years ago, not Su Ming himself.

Su Ming did not understand this whole concept of gaining consciousness. However, the instant he stood on the mountain and saw the old man, he had only been able to see the three pearls that were left on the ground.

The old man had been an illusion. He was a semi-transparent entity floating above the three pearls, as if he was just an illusory shadow that persisted through time. The only thing he wanted to do was to say those words and pass down the legacy of the God of Berserkers...

At the same time the old man disappeared and the words on the stone monument vanished, the Sacred Bats in the numerous ravines on the ground at the foot of the mountain started shuddering. Gradually, their bodies began degenerating. They started shrinking, and their human forms eventually turned into those of bats. They flew in the sky in circles, and it looked as if they had covered the entire sky. They shrieked, and after a long while, they slowly returned to the ravines on the ground in large crowds, disappearing without a trace.

As they left, the mountain where Su Ming was started trembling and began to sink down slowly. By the looks of it, it wanted to return to the depths of the ground, to the state it was before it rose all those years ago.

Su Ming stood on the mountain, experiencing the mountain sinking down. He closed his eyes.

He might not have obtained the answers he wanted despite having come here, but somewhere in the depths of his mind, he felt as if he had still obtained some form of an answer.

‘After the Berserker Soul Realm is Life Matrix, Life Privation, Life Palace, and World of Life. This is known as the path of Life Cultivation...’

Su Ming lifted his right hand and waved his arm, sweeping up the three pearls on the ground and that stone monument. Once he put them into his storage bag, he opened his eyes and cast a glance at the spot where the old man disappeared, then turned around and walked towards the sky.

After he left, the mountain sank down while rumbling, eventually disappearing from the land. The ravines on the ground closed up once again, and gradually, not a single crack could be found on the ground.

Su Ming stood in midair with a rather befuddled look on his face. He only snapped out of his daze after a long while.

He had seen the words and the illusion left behind by the third God of Berserkers before he died. Perhaps the Berserker in the Candle Dragon's body had also heard these words before, but why would he appear in the Candle Dragon's body? Why did he not take away those three pearls belonging to the third God of Berserkers? This was a mystery, and Su Ming could not figure out the answer.

'The first God of Berserkers' legacy will end at the third... This might be the reason why the words on the stone monument disappeared. So he will only pass his legacy up to the third..?'

Su Ming turned around and headed towards the direction of the Fated Kin's valley. As he walked in midair, the heaviness he felt in his heart could be seen from his footsteps.

"It will end at the third..." Su Ming mumbled. He could already somewhat imagine a huge and tall figure bringing the people under his command to move towards the sky as he stood in the air above Great Yu Dynasty, before the land of the Berserkers was torn into five continents. Before he left, he turned his head back and cast a glance at the land.

'It will end at the third!

'When Lie Shan Xiu obtained the power of the first God of Berserkers, his so called Great Yu Dynasty and his people were no longer important. He brought the Berserkers to glory, left behind the God of Berserkers Song for his descendants as a song of praise, but it was impossible for him to protect the Berserkers forever.

'Leaving behind his legacy up to the third God of Berserkers was already his final show of reluctance to part with us. If there is someone who can surpass him among the next two God of Berserkers, then his legacy would continue, but if no one could surpass him, then the Berserkers... would no longer be of his concern.'

Clarity gradually appeared in Su Ming's eyes as he came to a sudden realization - the first God of Berserkers might never return

to the Berserkers.

Su Ming shook his head and disappeared into the darkness.

Right at that moment, the Land of South Morning located outside the World of Nine Yin was going through a great disaster that could alarm the skies. This catastrophe could not be hidden away, and over the years, all the Cultivators in the entire continent had learned about it.

The Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands!

This disaster should have fallen on their heads a few years ago, but the Shamans and Berserkers had done everything they could to push it back, yet now, no matter what they did, they could not stop this catastrophe's arrival.

The seawaters raged to the east of South Morning and huge waves surged into the sky. A large amount of seawater had already drowned out a small part of the land of the Shamans. Numerous mountains had already sunk into the sea as that seawater that surged into the sky came upon them. A large amount of lives lost everything in this catastrophe.

The numerous ferocious beasts in the seawater and the giants that had half their heads exposed above the sea walked onto the land belonging to the Shamans as the seawater flooded the place. They started moving forward.

The seawater roared endlessly. If anyone stood at the edge of the continent, right behind the land of the Shamans that had been submerged, and looked ahead, they would be able to see that there was a gigantic, black shadow not too far away. That shadow seemed so big that it seemed to have no end, and it was a gigantic continent, a continent that was known as the Eastern Wastelands!

It was finally here!

What awaited South Morning was a fate that was much worse than seawater spreading to the land, and in fact, the fate of having

their land submerged in seawater could not even be compared to this, their true catastrophe... the clash of two continents!

One among the two would definitely crumble and shatter!

Translator's Notes:

1. Life Matrix: 命格 (ming4 ge2), officially translated as birth chart/natal horoscope. It basically means the alignment of stars during your birth, which will affect your future. There are sayings that whatever little thing you do can change your future too, though, so your destiny isn't set in stone.

Now then, I chose to translate it as Life Matrix because I thought that birth chart/natal horoscope gave off the feeling that it only affected you when you were born, which really didn't sound that impactful to me, that is why I chose Life.

The reason why I chose Matrix was because it gave off a feeling that while something has taken shape (your predetermined destiny and your life, in this case), it can still be developed/changed. Chart and horoscope sounded as if they were set in stone, which wasn't really suitable in this novel.

Life Privation: 命缺 (ming4 que4), a term in Fengshui. Usually those Fengshui masters say "Oh, the water/earth/wind/fire/metal element is missing from your life and it's going to affect you yada yada yada, you should do this, and this, and this to balance your life and then you will something something", and then they sell you gemstones for you to wear so that you'll compensate for the element you're missing in your life.

Life Palace: 命宮 (ming4 gong1), the term specially used in a fortune telling style among the Hans called Purple Star Astrology/Zi Wei Dou Shu (紫微斗數). The official translation for this term is Self Palace/Ming Palace. There are twelve palaces in total. It's named Self Palace because this palace/star governs your abilities, talents, how you conduct yourself, your will, your emotions. Basically, it is your 'Self'. But here, the Berserkers don't

really just look at themselves. They're understanding how the entire world and themselves work too, hence Life Palace.

World of Life: 命界 (ming4 jie4). This is made up. But since it concerns World Planes, it naturally became World of Life to me.

Chapter 500: The World in the Mirror

Once the Sacred Bats disappeared, with mixed feelings in his heart, Su Ming went back to the Fated Kin's valley, bringing with him the three pearls that were transformed from the third God of Berserkers.

The rainy season was still not over. The rain in the world was like a curtain of beads that continued falling without stop, causing most of the people living in the valley to meditate quietly at the entrances to their cave abodes while they looked outside.

With the rain falling on him, Su Ming returned to his own cave abode in the valley. Once he sat down inside, he closed his eyes, and the things that happened when he was in the land of the Sacred Bats flashed in his head.

A long while later, he dipped his head down and flipped his right hand over. The three pearls shone with a dark light on his palm and were absorbing the light around the area.

'These three pearls should be the soul the third God of Berserkers mentioned. He also asked me to return this to Great Yu. But... Is Great Yu Dynasty still around?'

In silence, Su Ming clenched his fists. Once he put away the three pearls, he recalled the stone monument that was now void of words.

"The first God of Berserkers' legacy will end at the third... Lie Shan Xiu, what an unrelenting man," Su Ming mumbled. He could somewhat sense how the first God of Berserkers felt when he left all those years ago.

"If that is the case, then it's impossible for the fourth God of Berserkers to appear. We've lost the legacy of the God of Berserkers, now it depends on us Berserkers as to how we'll go on with our future..." Su Ming lowered his head and looked at the

strand of hair on his finger. A sparkle suddenly appeared in his eyes.

‘Has Lie Shan Xiu really completely washed his hands clean of us Berserkers and cut off all blood ties with us..? If that is the case, then how am I supposed to explain the presence of this strand of hair..?’

‘Besides, with how strong Lie Shan Xiu was in the past, how could he not have predicted the crisis that would fall on us Berserkers after he left? If that’s the case, even if the legacy he left for us would end at the third God of Berserkers, there’s no way I would believe that he didn’t leave anything else for us behind!

‘He must have had an incredible amount of confidence before he left nonchalantly... Also, the old skeleton from the Spirits of Nine Yin once said that I am the fourth person who managed to pass through the eight palaces and stand before him. The first must have been the first God of Berserkers, Lie Shan Xiu. Perhaps the third is the third God of Berserkers. Then who... is the second?’

Su Ming frowned and immersed himself in his thoughts.

‘The third God of Berserkers did not mention the second God of Berserkers coming to the World of Nine Yin in the words he left behind. If that’s the case, who could this second person be..? It might be the second God of Berserkers, but it might... also not be!’

Su Ming remained silent for a moment. He did not have a lot of clues about this, and it was difficult for him to discern the truth, which was why he eventually decided to just force down his questions and stop thinking about this matter for the time being.

‘The World Spirit the Spirit of Nine Yin mentioned will wake up earliest in half a month, and latest in a month. Several days have gone by now. We don’t have much time left...’

As Su Ming remained seated, he spread out his divine sense. When he covered the entire valley in his divine sense, he found

Nan Gong Hen meditating, and he told the man about him wanting to leave this place.

Nan Gong Hen opened his eyes swiftly as he was in the midst of his meditation. His breathing instantly quickened, and without a single hint of hesitation, he immediately walked out of his cave abode and ran towards Su Ming's cave.

After a moment, Nan Gong Hen could be found standing respectfully beside Su Ming in his cave abode.

"Keep an eye out on the stars and the sky. A tremendous change is coming. When that moment arrives, I will leave this place, but my journey might be filled with dangers. I might not even be able to come back.

"Tell all the other Fated Kin about this, and then tell me whether you are staying or leaving," Su Ming stated languidly, looking at Nan Gong Hen.

Nan Gong Hen remained silent for a short moment, nodded his head, then turned around and left.

Once he was gone, Su Ming immersed himself in his thoughts for a little longer before he also stood up and left his cave. It was pouring outside. The raindrops that were as large as beans fell on the mountain rocks with light pattering sounds. However, those sounds were very dense and had connected with each other to form a wave of sound, causing it to be difficult to discern just how much rain was falling in an instant from those pattering sounds.

Su Ming walked through the valley in the rain, then along the gorge. He moved towards the deeper parts of the valley. Over there was the altar made of beast bone, and it was also the place that gave birth to Spirit Mediums in the World of Nine Yin.

Since they were about to leave soon, then before Su Ming left, he wanted to go to the beast bone altar and experience the mysteriousness of this place.

When Su Ming moved into the altar's area, the first thing he saw were the graves that filled the entire place under the veil of rain. The names of all those who had died during the past fifteen years were carved on these stone monuments.

As Su Ming walked past these graves, he saw Tie Mu's grave. He stood there in silence for some time before he continued walking forward.

Before long, Su Ming heard a soft voice calling to him as he moved forward. It was not a single voice calling to him, but an entire crowd. It gave him the impression that there was an uncountable amount of people calling out to him. The rain around him poured even harder, causing his view to become even more obscured. There were even wisps of fog seeping out of the ground and floating into midair, filling his vision.

Su Ming came to a halt. Right before him was a gigantic altar. It towered into the sky, and because the view here was obscured, he could not see the top of the altar. He could only see a flight of stairs leading up to it.

The stairs were dark and gave off an air of bloodiness, as if a large amount of blood had been spilled and sunk into the altar over an innumerable amount of years. As it dried up, the blood became one with the altar, causing all the rain that fell on them to also turn into red streams of water. Yet the rain could never wash away the blood stains.

Su Ming looked at the altar and the flight of stairs. After a moment of thought, he took a step onto the stairs. The instant he took the first step, a low roar that reverberated in all directions suddenly rang out by his ears.

"ROAR!"

It was just a sound, but it gave off a feeling that it could shake the sky and earth. It sounded like a clap of thunder as rain fell. It also caused wisps of indistinct souls to instantly appear from all the

graves in this place. These souls had all howled at the same time, and their howls had merged together into that roar!

‘The birthplace of Spirit Mediums...’

A glint flashed in Su Ming’s eyes. He stepped on the second step and continued onward until he stood on the altar. Over there, he saw a bulky, impaled skeleton. It was fixed to the floor at the top of the altar. There was no longer any flesh and blood on the skeleton. Only its bones remained, and it looked as if it had its head lifted with its mouth to shout at the sky.

Su Ming’s pupils shrank. The skeleton that was impaled on the ground made him remember the old man in yellow robes that had transformed from the skeleton in the ninth palace located on the mountain belonging to the Spirits of Nine Yin!

Su Ming regarded the skeleton a little longer, then cast his gaze in the distance. When he looked over, a shiver suddenly ran down his spine, and his eyes sparkled with a brilliant light.

This was the first time he stood on this altar, and this was also the first time he looked into the distance from this place. In his field of vision, he saw a numberless amount of altars like the one he was standing upon lining up to form a long dragon, and this dragon continued stretching to an incredibly far distance.

Su Ming could not tell just how many altars there were. Each one of them had a skeleton on top, but Su Ming would not have been so shocked if that had just been the case. Besides these skeletons on the innumerable altars, he also saw a person standing on the altars!

It was a person dressed in white with his hair dancing in the air as he looked into the distance!

He was Su Ming!

After a long while, Su Ming averted his gaze to look towards the path he had taken when he came here. Everything was as usual there. He could see the graves under the stairs, along with the

gorge behind the graves and the valley behind it.

Su Ming turned around and looked in the distance before the altar once again. He saw the numerous altars and the countless number of skeletons, along with the endless amounts of himself. He frowned. He believed that this was the effects of an illusion.

He turned into a long arc and charged towards the closest altar in his field of vision. However, almost the instant he moved his body, the figures of him on the countless number of altars before him moved together and headed further away. Within that instant, an innumerable amount of new altars were similarly added to the number of altars that were stretching down endlessly.

When Su Ming stood on the second altar, he frowned even more. He might have already guessed that this was an illusion, but he could form an explanation as to how this illusion came to be. It was as if the road ahead was endless, and he could not move to the deepest parts of this path.

‘Is it a Rune..?’

Su Ming moved back, turning into a long arc and returning to the first altar. When he retreated back to the stairs, everything disappeared. Rain continued pouring around him, and the scene he thought was an illusion disappeared.

As Su Ming was immersed in his thoughts with a frown on his face, an ancient voice suddenly spoke beside him. That voice was incredibly weak, and it appeared without a single sign.

"There are still ten days..."

Su Ming turned around, and behind him was a figure that had appeared at some unknown point of time. That figure was the old Spirit of Nine Yin in yellow robes. However, his body was just an illusion. He could be seen through, and he did not seem real.

"Ten days later, the World Spirit will rise from its slumber. You can then take your tribesmen and leave this place. I will also go

back home using the path we took in the past once I activate the Enchanted Vessel..." The old man smiled and looked at Su Ming.

"What is this altar?" Su Ming suddenly asked.

"This is a Relocation Rune within the Enchanted Vessel. It is a unique item from the True Sacred Yin World. Over there, we call it... a mirror," the old man answered slowly, looking at the Rune.

"Don't you think it looks like the world we see when we look into a mirror? We see an innumerable amount of ourselves, an endless amount of scenes that are the same. If you move, it will also move. If you don't move, then it will remain still." The old man's voice filled the area and drifted about without a direction.

"Since it is a Relocation Rune, then where does it Relocate?" Su Ming frowned.

"The world in the mirror! There are two sides in the universe and the heavens. This Rune is the line between them. But it's a pity, because it is still incomplete. This is as much as we can do using the power of the True Sacred Yin World. We can't make it completely whole.

The old man looked at Su Ming and asked softly, "Do you want to see the world in the mirror?"

"How do I do it?" A spark appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

"As long as you can surpass the changes in the Rune that are born when you move and you make this last till the moment it is difficult for even all the copies of yourself in the mirror to imitate you, then you will be able to see the world in the mirror.

"This is a hidden rule within the world. We of the Sacred Yin World call it the rule of Man Dun¹... In the Sacred Yin World, there are quite a number of powerful warriors who believe that if we manage to examine this rule completely, then we will open the path to the Great Dao," the old man said with a sentimental tone, then cast Su Ming a glance. His body started gradually fading away

until he completely disappeared in the end.

"This Rune isn't dangerous, but you can't move back. The moment you move back, you'll have to start over again. I've already activated the Rune for you. You are the first person who has the chance to walk through this Rune in the last countless amount of years. This is a friendly gift from us Spirits of Nine Yin to you."

Translator's Note

Man Dun: 人遁 (ren2 dun4) is actually a part of nine Duns in Qi Men Dun Jia (奇門遁甲), a Chinese divination method. Man Dun is its official (?) translation, aside from Ren Dun. 人 is man/human/people, and 遁 actually means to escape, but 遁 in this case is a special word for this divination method, and it has a completely different meaning from the word's usual meaning, so Dun must be used. It basically means to put you in the correct position so that you will maximize your talents.

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